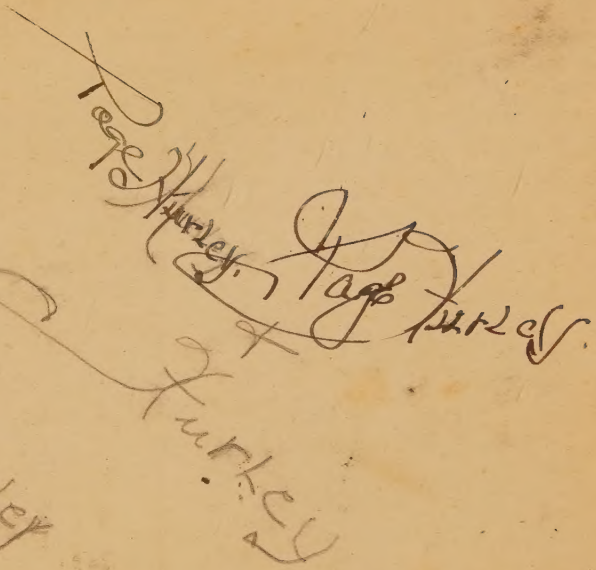
LITERATURE AND LIFE

BOOK TWO

GREENLAW-STRATTON

7, 8; (9 line spencerian)



his brother dying

with a Sayings telling the story The Prisoner of Chalon

Vivian Marie Wrenn

Franklinville
F.H.S. N.C.

"yes that other Negro"

Difference between Hawthorne + Scott
Different Style
" scene - Scott outward + cold
Hawthorne in soul
Deeds - Scott for only what happens
in present Hawthorne - result for world
in Spirit

LITERATURE AND LIFE

BOOK TWO

by

EDWIN GREENLAW
Kenan Professor of English, University of North Carolina

and

CLARENCE STRATTON
Director of English in High Schools
Cleveland, Ohio

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
CHICAGO ATLANTA NEW YORK

Copyright 1922
SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

For permission to use copyrighted material grateful acknowledgment is made to Houghton Mifflin Company for "In School-Days," by John G. Whittier, for "Mezzo Cammin," "Nature," and "Victor and Vanquished" by Henry W. Longfellow, for selections from "A Good Word for Winter" in *My Study Windows* by James Russell Lowell, and for "A Japanese Wood Carving" and "A Winter Ride" from *A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass* by Amy Lowell; to Charles Scribner's Sons for "My Springs," "The Waving of the Corn," "Evening Song," and "The Marshes of Glynn," from *Poems* by Sidney Lanier, and for "The Master" from *The Town Down the River* by Edwin A. Robinson; to Johnson Publishing Company for "At Magnolia Cemetery," "I Know Not Why," and "Most Men Know Love but as a Part of Life," by Henry Timrod; to Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., for "The Mocking-Birds," "In Harbor," and "Aspects of the Pines" by Paul Hamilton Hayne; to P. J. Kenedy and Sons for "The Conquered Banner" by Abram J. Ryan; to Doubleday, Page & Co., for the nine selections from Walt Whitman; to Alfred A. Knopf for "The Steam Shovel" by Eunice Tietjens and for "America" by Alfred Kreymborg; to The Century Company for "Songs and the Poet" from *Challenge* by Louis Untermeyer; to Dodd, Mead and Company for "Romance" from *Post-Impressions* by Simeon Strunsky; and to George H. Doran Company for "Our Mothers" from *Mince Pie*, by Christopher Morley, copyright 1919.

The following selections are reprinted by arrangement with and special permission of the publishers, Henry Holt and Company: "The Birches" and "The Woodpile" from *North of Boston*, by Robert Frost, copyright 1915; "The Harbor" and "Chicago" from *Chicago Poems* by Carl Sandburg, copyright 1916; "In an Office Building" from *The Old Road to Paradise* by Margaret Widdemer, copyright 1918; "Romance" and "A Winter Lyric" from *These Times* by Louis Untermeyer; and "Snaring a Boa Constrictor" from *Jungle Peace* by William Beebe, copyright 1918.

"The Falconer of God" from *The Falconer of God* by William Rose Benét is reprinted by special permission of the author and the publisher, the Yale University Press.

PREFACE

This volume is the second in a series of four books that present a course in literature for secondary schools, marked by effectiveness, originality, and vitality of organization. The basis of the course is the body of material tested for many years by teachers in every part of the country. These books contain, in complete form and with adequate editorial apparatus, more material than the list of the National Conference on English requires for admission to college. They also comply fully with the requirements of the comprehensive list of that Conference and with the recommendations of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Teachers who desire to supply classes with abundance of contemporary literature will find that these books answer their needs. For the study of literary types, for the study of the history of American and English literature, and for elementary literary criticism, this series also provides adequate equipment.

Nevertheless, the books are not merely anthologies made up of masterpieces chosen from the various published lists, such as those of the *Report on Reorganization of English.* In continuity, emphasis, and progressive plan, the series constitutes an initiation into literature. This means that the problem of the teaching of literature in the high school is here regarded as a unity, like the problem of teaching composition. For the vague effort to arouse interest in good reading, definiteness of purpose and of means is substituted.

Many good courses in literature have been organized by teachers, and their component parts have been published in syllabi or lists of readings. Such guides are useful to the teacher, who through experience and skill may be reasonably clear as to what he wishes to accomplish. But one should remember that to the pupil the course of study, if printed, is just a list of "classics," and that his study through the years seems to be just one masterpiece or book of selections after another; he can have little clear idea of the connection between them, or of the meaning of the course as a whole.

But the course outlined and printed in full in the four volumes of *Literature and Life,* is organized *for the pupil.* The connections between the units to be read are explained for him in the editorial apparatus. The result is a growing consciousness of power and interest impossible when one small separately edited classic succeeds another, in an endless succession. The masterpieces of literature, old and new, short and long, are here used as chapters or paragraphs or songs in the great Book of Literature, which is the true subject of study.

The present volume is planned for the second year of the high school course. It features literature as story: Stories in Verse, Stories in Prose, Dramatic Story, and the Story of American Literature. To secure appreciation, the general Introduction to the book is devoted to the subject, "How to Read." From the very beginning, therefore, the pupil is taught to see more in his reading than merely the story. The Introduction points

out, through concrete examples, what is involved in creative reading. It shows that learning to read is a never-ending process, intimately related to pleasure and to wisdom. The fundamental reason for the failure of many college freshmen to keep up with their work is that they do not know how to read. They do not know, because they have not been taught. The Introductions to the four books in the series are therefore fundamental to the plan. They constitute a progressive course in the method of creative reading, made concrete in scores of ways as the pupil advances in his study.

In Book Two, as in Book One, abstract and ethical ideas are kept subordinate to the necessity for gaining interest through objective and concrete story material. But this material differs from that of the earlier book in the fact that it represents somewhat more complex ideas of literary art. Thus verse story, represented in Book One by epic, ballad, and the long metrical romances of Scott, here passes into modern narrative poetry, picturesque in style, poetic in diction, and making great demands upon the imaginative power of the reader.

Furthermore, the Introductions in Book One to the types of literature (ballad, epic, etc.) are here carried farther. Metrical romance goes back into medieval times; a little chapter of literary history is once more inserted, corresponding to similar chapters in Book One, to become a part of that comprehensive study continued during the four years' work. Another case in point is the Introduction to *As You Like It*, the Shakespearean play chosen for study in the second year. Here the stress is on comedy, especially on Shakespearean comedy, and on the Elizabethan stage. It should be noted, in passing, that a great advantage of the course in Shakespeare given in these four books is that in each year a different point of approach is chosen. Opportunity is thus given for building up, step by step, a knowledge of Shakespeare and of his art that will become a vital and permanent element in the equipment of the pupil.

Still another illustration of the way in which the study of types of literature is carried on in *Literature and Life*, Book Two, will be found in the case of *Silas Marner*, the chief unit in the prose story group, corresponding to *Treasure Island* in Book One. Here, as elsewhere, the presentation has not been restricted to the bare text, and none of the advantages of the separate "classics" have been sacrificed. Study questions of stimulating character are supplied, along with the Introduction, Notes, and Glossary that are to be expected. But this is not all. *Silas Marner* is here given its definite place in relation to other types of fiction, such as the earlier prose romance of Scott, and the short story. In this way the pupil is *led* to see the difference between realism and romance, to distinguish the novel, the romantic tale, the short story. Opinions of critics are not *dictated* to him, to be memorized temporarily and then forgotten. The method of study here developed has an intimate relation to the reading he will do when he leaves school. It is especially desirable on account of the vogue of realism represented in the enormous popularity of *Main Street* and other books of its type. *Silas Marner* may thus be made a great aid to the pupil's understanding of life through literature by means of the definite scheme of study supplied with it. Here, as throughout the series, the pupil is enabled to

prepare his assignment intelligently. He sees the problems that are to be solved; he is not left to stumble in the dark.

In all this material: verse narrative, prose romance, short story, novel, and drama, the beginnings of the study of character are made. The romantic lovers of St. Agnes' Eve, the political prisoner of Chillon, such varied types of character as Ulysses, Enoch Arden, Sohrab, Tam O' Shanter—all these stories present character as well as incident. In Hawthorne's stories of the wood-carver and of the doctor who dabbles in scientific research, something of psychological analysis is presented under large, symbolic forms, giving way in *Silas Marner* to more subtle analysis, and in the Shakespearean comedy to that marvelous combination of romance and realism that forms a fitting climax to a series of interesting studies. Pupils like discussions of motive and character, and the study topics give abundant suggestions for class debate, project work, and other means for relating their reading to that social activity that is characteristic of the modern classroom. Class discussions will be lively where these books are used.

The last section of the book is devoted to a story of American literature, written especially for students of this grade. In the earlier years they have read many selections from American authors. At this point the whole story of the development of American literature, so far as that story is applicable to high school needs, is told in an orderly way, with an abundance of new selections and with cross-references to work previously done. This part of the book supplies the study of American ideals that is a feature of each book in the series. The approach, as in Book One, is not chiefly political, although the story is so organized as to constitute a powerful stimulus to the historical imagination of the pupil. The method of treatment is fresh and unhackneyed. Traditional headings for the chapters have been avoided. Care has been taken, also, to avoid the danger of making the history of literature merely a collection of facts and critical opinions to be memorized. The pupil is not told what to think about an author; he is supplied with the information that is needed for intelligent reading of the works of the author. Moreover, the selections illustrate not only the phases of the author's work; they illustrate also the successive interpretations of American thought and ideals that make the story of American literature a powerful adjunct to training for citizenship. In this section, also, will be found a carefully prepared Introduction to the literature of today, a matter of importance in view of the great awakening of interest that is characteristic of the present time.

Here, as throughout the series, the editorial matter shows the relationship of literature to the life and interests of the pupil and to his preparation for his career as a citizen. This element is not overdone. It is not introduced in a "preachy" or didactic manner. The effort is made to avoid dictating what the pupil should think. His intelligence is left free. But he cannot very well escape *thinking*.

Other characteristics of this book will be apparent upon examination of the Table of Contents. As in Book One, proper attention has been given to the presentation of the classics named in the various conference reports as essential. In Books One and Two, for example, eight complete units from the "A" list of the National Conference are given in full; only ten from this list are required for the entire four years. In addition, it should be

noted that the books supply very much more than a set of minimum requirements. The four volumes constitute a *Library of the World's Best Literature for Boys and Girls*, a personal book-shelf. They supply a much greater amount of material than can be studied in detail, so that within the one series may be found a library consisting of masterpieces that are to be studied with care and also of masterpieces that are to be read rapidly, with or without class discussion. Thus ample scope is left for the teacher's personal choice of material, and for planning selections suited to special needs. Finally, abundant material for the study of contemporary literature and for the study of prose reflecting current thought and problems, will be found in each book of the series. The relation of literature to life is organic, not formal. This material is not concentrated into one term. It is not put at irregular intervals to lighten the effect of the classics and by implication to drive boys and girls away from the classics. It is woven into the great Book of Literature itself. It is used to show that the impulse to interpret life in terms of beauty and significance was not something known in the time of Shakespeare and Tennyson and lost today, but that it is an eternal principle of life, operative today as well as in the past. This is the solution of the problem of the place of contemporary literature in the school.

LITERATURE AND LIFE

A course in literature for the Senior High School

The complete series includes:

Book One, for the first year.
Book Two, for the second year.
Book Three, for the third year.
Book Four, for the fourth year.

CONTENTS

		Page
PREFACE		iii
LEARNING TO READ (An Introduction)		1

PART I

STORIES IN VERSE

STORIES IN VERSE (An Introduction)		9
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES	*John Keats*	13
THE PRISONER OF CHILLON	*Lord Byron*	20
ENOCH ARDEN	*Alfred Tennyson*	25
ULYSSES	*Alfred Tennyson*	38
ATALANTA'S RACE	*William Morris*	40
SOHRAB AND RUSTUM	*Matthew Arnold*	53
TAM O' SHANTER	*Robert Burns*	69
THE TRAMP TRANSFIGURED	*Alfred Noyes*	73

PART II

STORIES IN PROSE

STORIES IN PROSE (An Introduction)		83
Introduction to Scott's *Quentin Durward*		85
QUENTIN DURWARD (Chaps. II, XIV, XXVII, and Plan for Library Work)	*Walter Scott*	86
Scott and Hawthorne as Writers of Prose Romance		117
DROWNE'S WOODEN IMAGE	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	120
DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	128
GEORGE ELIOT AS A REALIST (An Introduction to *Silas Marner*)		137
SILAS MARNER*	*George Eliot*	139
THE SHORT STORY (An Introduction)		263
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER	*Edgar Allan Poe*	265
THE PURLOINED LETTER	*Edgar Allan Poe*	278
THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE	*A. Conan Doyle*	292
HOW GAVIN BIRSE PUT IT TO MAG LOWNIE	*James M. Barrie*	308
THE MAN WHO WAS	*Rudyard Kipling*	313
THE THREE STRANGERS	*Thomas Hardy*	324
THE THIRD INGREDIENT	*O. Henry*	340

PART III

A STORY IN DRAMA

An Introduction to Shakespearean Comedy		351
AS YOU LIKE IT	*William Shakespeare*	365

*This and all other units in the *Literature and Life* series are printed complete, unless otherwise indicated.

PART IV

THE STORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

Page

An Introduction 411

Chapter One—Founding the Nation 413
1. The Colonial Period 413
Literature in the South 414
Captain John Smith 414
William Strachey 416
William Byrd 416
Early New England 418
Historical Writing in Early New England 418
Beginnings of Verse 419
Anne Bradstreet 419
Other Early Writing 420
The Mather Dynasty 421
Jonathan Edwards 421
2. The Period of Revolution 422
Benjamin Franklin 423
Orators and Political Writers 425
Literature of Fancy and Imagination 427
Philip Freneau 428
Other Prose and Verse of the Imagination 428
Charles Brockden Brown 429
Summary of Chapter One 429
Selections Illustrating the Period:
From The Autobiography . . . . *Benjamin Franklin* 430
Dialogue Between Franklin and the Gout . . . . . *Benjamin Franklin* 436
The Declaration of Independence *Thomas Jefferson* 440
From The Farewell to the Army . *George Washington* 441
The Value of the Union (Federalist, Number IX) . . . . . *Alexander Hamilton* 442
To The Memory of the Brave Americans . . . . . *Philip Freneau* 444
The Indian Burying Ground . . *Philip Freneau* 445
To a Katydid . . . . . *Philip Freneau* 445
The Wild Honeysuckle . . . . *Philip Freneau* 446

Chapter Two—Defining the Nation 448
Washington Irving 449
Selections from Irving: From A History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker; From Life of Washington; Christmas . . . 451
James Fenimore Cooper 466
The Knickerbocker Group 468
William Cullen Bryant 469
Selections from Bryant: Autumn Woods; Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood; Green River; June; A Forest Hymn; The Antiquity of Freedom; The Battlefield 471

Chapter Three—Interpreting the Nation 479
Literature in New England 480
Ralph Waldo Emerson 480
Selections from Emerson: From the Essay on Friendship; Forbearance; The Past; Each and All; Woodnotes I 483

CHAPTER THREE (continued) Page

HENRY DAVID THOREAU 489
Selections from WALDEN 490
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE 495
(For Selections, see pages 120-136)
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER 498
Selections from Whittier: Proem; Dedication to Songs of Labor; Telling the Bees; In School-Days; Skipper Ireson's Ride; Ichabod! 499
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW 504
Selections from Longfellow: Hymn to the Night; The Warden of the Cinque Ports; Endymion; Nature; My Lost Youth; The Ladder of St. Augustine; Mezzo Cammin; The Arsenal at Springfield; Victor and Vanquished; Children; Hawthorne; The Reaper and the Flowers 506
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES 514
Selections from Holmes: My Aunt; The Last Leaf; The Old Man Dreams; The Living Temple; From THE AUTOCRAT 515
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL 524
Selections from Lowell: A Letter, What Mr. Robinson Thinks, The Courtin' (from THE BIGLOW PAPERS); From A FABLE FOR CRITICS; From A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER 526

A GROUP OF HISTORIANS 538
WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT 538
GEORGE BANCROFT 539
JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY 539
FRANCIS PARKMAN 539
From THE OREGON TRAIL 540

ORATORS AND STATESMEN 546
DANIEL WEBSTER 546
ABRAHAM LINCOLN 547
Selection from Webster: Sacred Obligations 548
Selection from Lincoln: Address in Independence Hall 549

LITERATURE IN THE SOUTH 551
EDGAR ALLAN POE 551
Selections from Poe: To Helen; Annabel Lee; The Sleeper; To One in Paradise; Ulalume; Israfel; The City in the Sea; The Coliseum; Eldorado; Shadow—A Parable; The Prose Tale 553
SIDNEY LANIER 563
Selections from Lanier: My Springs; The Waving of the Corn; Evening Song; The Marshes of Glynn 564
WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS 568
HENRY TIMROD 568
PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE 569
ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN 569
Selection from Simms: The Swamp Fox 569
Selections from Timrod: At Magnolia Cemetery; I Know Not Why; Most Men Know Love 570
Selections from Hayne: The Mocking-Birds; In Harbor; Aspects of the Pines 571
Selection from Ryan: The Conquered Banner 573

Page

CHAPTER FOUR—NEW FRONTIERS 574
WALT WHITMAN 575
Selections from Whitman: For You, O Democracy; Beat! Beat! Drums!; Thick-Sprinkled Bunting; Long, Too Long, America; As Toilsome I Wandered Virginia's Woods; Not the Pilot; Joy, Shipmate, Joy!; A Noiseless, Patient Spider; Prayer of Columbus 576

REGIONAL WRITERS 580
THE WEST 580
THE SOUTH 582
NEW ENGLAND 582
ROMANCE AND REALISM 583
POETRY 585

CHAPTER FIVE—TENDENCIES OF TODAY 588
THE NEW POETRY 589
Selections: Chicago (Carl Sandburg); The Harbor (Carl Sandburg); In an Office Building (Margaret Widdemer); The Hotel (Harriet Monroe); The Steam Shovel (Eunice Tietjens); America (Alfred Kreymborg); Fiddler Jones (Edgar Lee Masters); Hare Drummer (Edgar Lee Masters); Birches (Robert Frost); The Wood-Pile (Robert Frost); A Winter Ride (Amy Lowell); A Japanese Wood-Carving (Amy Lowell); The Master (Edwin Arlington Robinson); May Day (Sara Teasdale); Songs and the Poet (Louis Untermeyer); Romance (Louis Untermeyer); A Winter Lyric (Louis Untermeyer); The Falconer of God (William Rose Benét) 591

PREVAILING TYPES OF PROSE 601
THE SHORT STORY 601
THE NOVEL 601
MISCELLANEOUS PROSE 602
Selections: Snaring a Boa Constrictor (William Beebe); Some African Gun-Bearers (Theodore Roosevelt); Our Mothers (Christopher Morley); Romance (Simeon Strunsky) 603

ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY DRAMA 612
A RECENT DRAMA
Where But in America (Oscar M. Wolff) 614

Index of Topics and Special Terms 621
General Index 623

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
Sappho	8
John Keats	12
Atalanta's Race	50
Robert Burns	70
"Oh, Speed You, White-Winged Ship"	82
Nathaniel Hawthorne	116
The Birthplace of George Eliot in Warwickshire	136
A Raveloe Cottage	151
Silas Discovers the Child	211
The Dame School Attended by George Eliot in Her Childhood	233
Eppie Makes Her Choice	251
Edgar Allan Poe	262
The Khyber Pass	316
Shakespeare Memorial Theater, Stratford-on-Avon	350
Interior of the Swan Theater, Drawn by Johannes de Witt, 1596	354
The Globe Theater	363
"Now Hercules Be Thy Speed, Young Man!"	370
"Under an Oak Whose Antique Root Peeps Out"	375
"And Mark What Object Did Present Itself"	399
"To You I Give Myself, for I Am Yours"	405
Washington Irving	410
Benjamin Franklin	430
William Cullen Bryant	469
Ralph Waldo Emerson	483
John Greenleaf Whittier	498
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	506
Oliver Wendell Holmes	514
James Russell Lowell	524
The Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C.	547
Sidney Lanier	563

LEARNING TO READ

AN INTRODUCTION

I

The title given to this Introduction may seem at first sight a strange one. You learned to read, in the usual sense of the term, in the primary school years ago, and since then you have read not only many textbooks in school, to say nothing of books of fairytales and travel and history, but also the newspapers, magazines like *St. Nicholas* and *The Youth's Companion*, and perhaps *The Saturday Evening Post* or *The American*. You have heard the names, at least, of other magazines that seem more like literature—*The Atlantic, The Century;* perhaps you have read them now and then. You have looked up references in encyclopedias and have read the Declaration of Independence. "Learning to Read"—of course you know how to read already! Why, then, an introduction on such a subject, when you feel very sure that if you wished to do so you could sit down this very minute and read every word in these six hundred pages?

But are you sure that you really know how to read?

Thousands of people in the United States do not know how to read or write. Such persons are called "illiterate," that is, "not lettered." They don't know their letters. No doubt they seem very ignorant to you; you express some such idea when you speak of someone as being so stupid that he does not even know his abc's. The World War revealed an appalling amount of illiteracy among men of military age. Thousands could not read.

Now reading, in this sense, is a very elementary thing indeed. All that is required, in order to pass a literacy test, is to be able to read aloud some simple printed matter and to tell what it means. In such a test as this, of course you would come off with flying colors.

Again, among those who could pass a literacy test easily enough are many who can indeed pronounce and define words but who do it in queer ways. You have seen them in street cars or on trains, poring over a newspaper, moving their lips as if pronouncing each word, making strange grimaces, reading with mouth and nose and eyes. They are like some people who write painfully, using nose and mouth and even tongue in comical contortions along with the pencil or pen. Such people, readers and writers alike, may know how to read after a fashion, and yet you would not say that they really know how to read.

So it may seem a matter of speed alone. These people can read, but they have to spell out their words. It is a slow process. You go along much better. When you are interested in a story you can get over a page like lightning. You pursue the end of the story as a dog pursues a flying rabbit. No need for you to learn to read. You have always, or nearly always, been able to do it, provided only you were interested enough.

Of course you are willing to admit that there are a good many things that you call "hard reading." The words may be difficult. The subject may not interest you, and that of course makes any reading hard. Your magazine, your favorite novel —these you read easily and with pleasure. Other magazines and books may seem "too deep." Perhaps you may want to read them later on. And of course you expect to use your dictionary, to "add to your vocabulary," and even to read "deep" books some day. But that doesn't seem like learning; it is merely getting more expert in reading, like getting more expert in swimming or tennis or basketball.

Now it is perfectly true that ability to read depends in part upon the size of your

vocabulary, that is, upon the number of words you recognize and understand without going to the dictionary. Knowing many words, and hard words, and being able to handle them rapidly, shows a certain expertness, just as it might seem to be a bigger thing to be able to spell *dinosaur*, and to know what it means, than it is to be able to spell words of one or two syllables.

Yet very simple words are sometimes hardest to spell, as in the case of *to* and *too*, for example, or the word *separate*. It is the same with reading.

A great writer once said that all the university, or final highest school, can do for us is to teach us to read. Think of this sentence carefully. Not the primary school, or the grammar school, or the high school—"all that the university, or final highest school, can do," it says. The university continues to do what the primary school began to do: it tries to teach us to read.

There must be something in this matter of learning to read that is beyond mere recognition of words, size of vocabulary, expertness in pronunciation. Let us see if we can find out what it is.

II

Learning to read is a fascinating game that you can play at will. Like any other game, it involves several factors. You can learn the rules and apply them in a mechanical manner. You may be able to play a good game in this way; a sure, steady game. But in any game that requires skill, there are many finer points, shades of skill that involve extreme delicacy, niceness of execution. The great player is the one who adds to his physical and mental mastery of the fundamental principles of his game a subtlety and skill that are hard to define, but easily felt. To get the most out of reading you must possess very much more than the merely technical ability to define and pronounce words or tell the meaning of sentences and paragraphs.

Reading is a complex and not a simple thing.

You doubtless remember in *Alice in Wonderland* these charming nonsense verses:

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought.—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

In these verses the delight you feel is due to the mere sound, not to the sense. You couldn't find definitions of many of the words even if you tried. Some of the words may have a sort of meaning, like "Jabberwock" for example. It must be a sort of dragon. There's a sort of meaning, now you come to think of it, in the whole thing. It's a quest, like the quest for the Grail or like the journey of the Red Cross Knight in search of the horrible dragon. Yet even here, your delight is not in any fact about a quest or even a fancied similarity; the lines are a delightful burlesque of the fairytale and romance hero material. They *sound* like poetry. And they *are* poetry.

Reading, then, is a good deal more than a technical mastery of definition and pronunciation. The same stanza may be read in different ways, may seem one thing to a little boy and quite another to you. You add something of your own. Half the delight is in this thing that you add. Let us test this by an example that is a bit more dignified and sedate.

It is said that the young Keats, reading Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, shouted with delight when he came upon the phrase "sea-shouldering whales." Why was this? Not merely because he recognized the meaning of the words, surely, or because he knew what whales look like or how big they are. Reading this phrase, then, meant to him something more than we usually mean when we speak of knowing how to read. In part this something more, as in "The Jabberwock," must be the sound of the words. It is a magnificent, mouth-filling phrase. Repeat it aloud, several times, until you realize this fully. But this is not all. The poet gives you, in a single compound word, a better idea of the enormous size of the whale than you could get from reading, in an encyclopedia, all that is said about the animal. They are so enormous, Spenser says, that they shoulder their way through the waves, can take the ocean on their shoulders.

But whales have no shoulders! Here, then, is a statement that literally is not true, and yet is true, and its truth you see imaginatively. There is a clear picture in your mind's eye of these enormous creatures, inhabitants of the deep. When you see this picture, feel the delight that comes from the perception that in a single phrase the poet has expressed an astonishing amount of matter, you understand why Keats should have "shouted with delight." You have learned to read this phrase that is really a little poem.

Other illustrations could be given without number. Perhaps you can think of a story or a poem or some mere sentence that has always affected you in a quite peculiar way. It might not affect others in that way. This effect that it produces on you is a part of your reading of it. Reading is a complex process. Sound, picture, suggestion, your past reading, your own personality—these are some of the elements that enter into what we call reading.

III

Let us now test the conclusions that we have reached by applying them to a single short poem:

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair.'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

To "read" this poem in the ordinary sense is not a difficult matter. You can soon get the little story that it tells about a traveler who once came upon the ruins of a mighty statue in a desert. There are no difficult words. *Antique* is used instead of ancient, *visage* for *face;* otherwise the language is not even poetic; it is just what you would use in prose. One line may give you a moment's pause, but you soon see that the "hand that mocked" these "passions" was the artist's, and the "heart that fed" them was the tyrant's. If you feel the need of further information, you may try to find who Ozymandias was, but you will get small satisfaction, and will soon come to the conclusion that the poet uses the name simply to indicate some Pharaoh or tyrant of one of the ancient nations, such as Egypt or Babylonia, or Assyria. You can easily find out, if you wish, that the poem was written by Shelley in 1819, and of course, you can look up the life of Shelley and learn the names of his chief poems and the characteristics of his style. You also can make some observations about the poem as a whole: it is a sonnet; it has four-

teen lines; it rimes in a certain way; and it has five iambic feet or measures to a line. Perhaps, if you wish to exhaust the subject, you will notice that the distinction between the "octave," or first eight lines, and the "sestet," or last six lines, is carefully drawn, since in this sonnet the octave introduces the subject, or theme, the point, or application, of which is developed in the sestet.

All in all, you have acquired quite a bit of information. You could make a somewhat elaborate report on the poem, its author, and its form. But you have not yet *read* the poem. If you go over it once more in order to find out just what is its quality or chief characteristic, you will see that while it does not at all seem "poetic" in the witchery of language, melody of verse, or anything rhetorical, yet it does produce a single effect with great vividness. You can visualize it, see it clearly. The scene of desolation that is the setting or framework of the picture; the strength and compactness of the picture—only a few details about the statue; the emphasis on the cold cruelty of the face and on the inscription that remains on the pedestal—all these make up a picture that you could paint if you were an artist. To see the picture is one great requirement in learning to read. "My eyes make pictures when they are shut," said Keats when he was a little boy. It is this picture-making power that is the most precious of all aids to good reading.

Here, then, are two kinds of reading: the gathering of facts about the poem and its author; the re-creation in your own imagination of the picture that the poet saw. But something more than this fact-collecting and picture-making is necessary.

Let us go through the poem once more. If the poet's purpose were merely to put into sonnet form a bit of history he would have been more specific as to the monarch, the nation, and the time. If he wished merely to give a brief but vivid description of a statue or of a scene of ruin, so that his poem should do for us what the painter or sculptor might do, he would not have placed so much emphasis on the inscription. It is not necessary to the picture, and in a picture it could not be read. The last six lines of the poem must be more significant than we at first guessed. The first three of these tell you of the inscription. This king was a mighty monarch. His "works" must have been great buildings, a great city—a city like Babylon—filled with life and glory, the seat of a great king. But the last three lines tell you what you see as you look for these splendid works that were to surpass the achievements of all the kings of the earth. There is nothing. Only the colossal wreck of the statue and the lone and level sands that stretch as far as eye can reach. No ruins even. Not a tree. Only lone and level sands.

We can't find out anything about Ozymandias, yet we now feel that this poem is something more than an accurately written sonnet distinguished for its compact and vivid description. Perhaps if we know something more about Shelley we shall find a clue. So we go once more to the biography, this time with a more definite purpose. We find that Shelley was a hater of tyranny. He wrote one poem about Prometheus, who stole fire from the gods to give to men. Shelley makes him the enemy of tyrants, the representative of the spirit of liberty. He wrote another poem about the West Wind in which he prayed that the wind might bear his words among mankind as it bore the leaves and seeds, so that after the winter ended, the spring might come and stir men to do some deed for freedom. So with many other poems, and with his letters and essays. Shelley hated the tyranny that Napoleon seemed to him to represent. He hated the materialism that based a nation's claim to greatness on its wealth and power. The French Revolution exerted a powerful effect on him, as it did on Wordsworth and Byron, his great contemporaries.

With this in mind, let us turn to the poem for a final reading.

Of the statue only the vast legs remain upright. The body is gone. The broken face, half buried, still preserves the wrinkled lip, the sneer, that showed how the sculptor mocked his subject. That this could have been done without detection

proves the sculptor's skill and the subject's stupidity, or the dense conceit that blinded the king to the sculptor's art. A certain immortality, then, has been gained by the tyrant; his evil passions are revealed after these many ages when all his works are gone and his very image is a wreck. The pedestal, too, remains. Mocking Time has preserved the inscription, filled with insolent pride, now bitter irony since all the mighty works have given way to desolation.

Selfish ambition, whether of individual or nation; overweening confidence in great buildings, vast wealth, as things of permanence—these things perish. Ozymandias coveted an immortality of fame. The lone and level sands of the desert give the answer. To Napoleon, to the England of the poet's time, to individual or nation in our time, the poem may be applied as a test. Ozymandias is not a figure in history whose name and date you may learn; he is the personification of all the selfish greed, lust for power, and insolent pride in this world.

Such is the reading of the poem. To it one may bring even greater stores from his past reading; the prophecies of the desolation that was to come upon the haughty nations of Assyria and Egypt as depicted in the Old Testament; a knowledge of the French Revolution, of the career of Napoleon, of the War for Greek Independence; a study of the life and works of Shelley and his contemporaries. A great English scholar and historian of the last century devoted years of his life to collecting books and documents on the history of human liberty. His books filled a great room; they numbered thousands of titles. He was a lover of liberty; his love of liberty was made wise and sane by his reading.

You cannot hope to bring to the reading of a poem like "Ozymandias" a background of experience so rich and varied as this, nor is it necessary. You need only to keep in mind the fact that the significance of your reading of this poem, or of any poem or prose work that has serious meaning, depends upon your ability to make use of something more than mere mechanical recognition of words and sentences. Power in reading is a constant growth, a power that is to develop with your experience in literature and life. This applies to your reading of prose exactly as much as to your reading of poetry. There are as many varieties of prose as of verse, some of them drawing on your ability to make mental pictures, some requiring from you the most intense thought, and some adding to your stores of information.

Sound, picture, suggestion, your past reading, your own personality—these are some of the elements that enter into what we call reading.

IV

This last illustration has perhaps seemed somewhat long and difficult. In reality its significance may be summed up very briefly. It shows the mistake in thinking that reading is just a process of receiving information or pleasure from a book, just as one may receive a piece of cake at the hands of a hostess. Giving is essential to receiving. You give your past experience in reading and in life; you give your personality. This done, you receive the message that lies concealed within the poem or the piece of finely wrought prose. If you have nothing to give, you receive nothing in return.

This means that reading is creative. It is active, not passive. The poet sees a vision of beauty, and weaves this vision into words. He creates a thing of beauty. Your task is to re-create this beauty in your own mind and soul.

You can tell someone how to swim or play tennis or make a table. But that someone may commit to memory every word you say and yet be unable to swim or play tennis or to make a table. It is the same with reading. You may tell someone what the story was about. You may even deceive yourself into thinking that if you can give an abstract of the story or rattle off some facts about the author you therefore have read it. A lady was once asked if she had read a certain great novel. "No," she said, "but I have had it told to me." She thought if she knew the plot and the names of the characters that was as good as reading it for

herself. But if she had really read it she would have re-lived it, re-created it. Her reading would have been a form of living.

What this means you can see in part if you think of a story presented by motion pictures. You see a series of pictures; they constitute the story. Now if you really read such poems as "The Eve of St. Agnes" or "Atalanta's Race" (both of them are in Part I of this book), you not merely learn a series of imagined events, as if someone should tell you that such a series of events once took place; you actually see the scenes, the persons, and the experiences they represent, just as if you were sitting in a motion picture theater and looking at a story made concrete and visible by art. You create your story of Atalanta's Race, or the story of the lovers who fled away into the storm. Your story is different from mine. Its richness and strength depend upon what you bring to it.

"Richness and strength." There is the picture-making power; there is also a power of interpreting what lies beyond the picture. You read the story of Caesar and Brutus and Mark Antony, or you see it acted on the stage, or presented in motion pictures. But you remember when your class studied Shakespeare's play how you discussed the characters of these people. Was Caesar really a tyrant? Was Antony a sincere friend of the people? You studied every word they spoke. You were trying to determine what manner of men they were who did these things and who justified, or tried to justify, their actions. In this book you will have a similar opportunity in George Eliot's story about Silas Marner, the poor weaver of Raveloe. You will create in your imagination the scenes of the story. You will also live with the people in the story so that you will seem to know them better than many of the people whom you know in real life. You will decide what manner of men and women they were who did and said these things. Thus this story will become your own, because you have really read it. To it you bring the experience of your reading of *Julius Caesar* and many another book; you bring also your own personal experience, and you bring the picture-making power of your imagination.

V

In a poem that you are to read shortly you will come upon the following passage:

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever.

The poet is not thinking of the world of books and reading, yet the words apply to that world. The experiences of life enter into a man's personality, become a part of himself. Yet no matter how rich and varied that experience, a new world yet untraveled beckons him on. It is so with the form of living that we meet in books. To the new poem, the new drama, we bring all that we have known and lived in the past. We bring this experience alive, breathing. It is not buried under the ashes of dead years. The richer this experience, the more glorious is the arch that bends over us, the untraveled world that the new poem embodies. Thus we shall always be learning to read. Life and the Book are but two forms of the same thing.

PART I

STORIES IN VERSE

Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
and battles long ago.

—Wordsworth.

SAPPHO

STORIES IN VERSE

AN INTRODUCTION

I

The poems that make up the first part of our book are not very old, but they illustrate one of the oldest of all the forms of poetry. Centuries before books were known, long before the development of writing into a medium for literary expression, verse-stories were made and handed down from generation to generation by oral tradition. With the development of the art of writing on parchment and other materials, some of these stories were preserved in manuscripts. Few people could own a library made up of such manuscripts; the minstrel or bard was all men's book. In the famous picture on the opposite page we have a view of a small group of people listening to a poet of ancient Greece who is reciting his own poetry. Sappho, who is seated and listening so attentively, is an even more famous poet. Beside her stands her daughter, and the others are her pupils. The poet needs no manuscript; he chants his story to the accompaniment of the lyre.

With some of the old Greek epics you are already familiar. You have also read some ballads, simpler and less formal types of verse-story. In modern poems like *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and *The Lady of the Lake* you have found illustrations of the fact that the old verse-stories are still imitated and still find an audience. Most of the poems in this part of our book, like the two last mentioned, were written within the last century. One of them was written only a few years ago, and though the novel and the short story are now the most popular methods of writing fiction, one still finds, in writers like John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, Edgar Lee Masters, and others, the possession of the power to tell in verse a story that fascinates modern readers much as the Greek poets fascinated lovers of tales long centuries ago.

Most of the poems in this section belong to the type of poetry that is called "metrical romance." The word romance dates from about the tenth century, when the languages of western Europe, which were derived from Latin (the "Roman" language), became sufficiently developed to be used for literary expression. Italian, Spanish, and French are all direct descendants of Latin, and are therefore called Romance Languages. At this time Latin was still the language of scholarship, of business and state papers, and of diplomatic correspondence. English, originally a Teutonic tongue like the languages of Germany and Scandinavia, had become a literary language, before the Norman Conquest (1066), in a form now known as Anglo-Saxon or Old English. After the Norman Conquest a considerable Romance element, chiefly French, came in and greatly modified it, so that modern English is very different from that of Anglo-Saxon times. Besides these two great language groups, Teutonic and Romance, there was a Celtic group, spoken by peoples living in Brittany and ancient Britain and, after the Teutonic conquests, in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.

All these peoples contributed to the stories that have become a part of our inheritance. In Scandinavia and Germany, many sagas, or myths of the Teutonic gods or heroes, were handed down by oral tradition and later written in poetic form. The greatest contribution of the Celtic race has been the Arthurian legend, which

has exerted an influence on all succeeding literature comparable only with that of the stories told by Homer. It was the peculiar property of the Romance languages, and especially of French, to be able to assimilate these legends and folk tales from all races and to give them literary form. Many centuries ago a French writer, speaking of the different subjects used by poets of his race, said that there were three "matters," or sources, of material: the matter of France, the matter of Britain, and the matter of Rome the Great. The first of these refers to the legends about Charlemagne and his knights, and was of French origin. The second, of Celtic origin, refers to the Arthurian legend. The third includes the ancient classical stories retold in French verse.

We are now ready for a definition of "romance." We have seen that it frequently meant something written in one of the Romance languages, especially French; that each of the three great racial divisions of western Europe, Teutonic, Celtic, and the Romance peoples, possessed racial traditions and stories that were ready for literary expression; and that French, the leading Romance language, became the language in which many of these tales were written. Most of this material was fiction. Learned works and state papers, as already stated, were written in Latin. The courtly society that in the tenth century and later began to take delight in stories of love and adventure found the tales of the French poets the most delightful, and these tales soon came to be called romances. Thus the language gave its name to the literary type.

The subjects of these courtly poems or romances were love, religion, adventures in war and in the chivalric tournaments, marvelous and supernatural incidents of every variety. The plots of the tales were loosely constructed: a hero set out on a "quest," or search, for something, and met with all sorts of adventures. Unlike the ancient epics, the romance delighted in stories of love. Incident and adventure were the necessary elements; the tale had to be a thrilling one. Little attention was paid to fine points of analysis of character; the personages of the romance were little more than types of bravery or beauty or cowardice. There was little conversation; the plot was narrated, not revealed through action and dialogue. The tournament in which knights contested before the king for the favor of fair ladies was as important in the life of the centuries from the twelfth to the fifteenth as the championship football match is today, and accounts of it were read as eagerly as we now read stories about our great national game. The heroes of the romances, such as Lancelot, Gawain, Percival, were as popular as movie stars today; therefore a poet who wished to gain fame would write long romances in which the popular hero of the time figured, and other poets would add adventures until romances of thirty or forty thousand lines had been written in beautifully decorated manuscripts. All ladies and gentlemen of the court read or listened to these romances and discussed them. They expressed the finest ideals of their time. Reverence for women, loyalty to friendship, religious devotion, fealty to some cause that entailed years of wandering and hardship, warfare carried on against monsters, Saracens, and other enemies—these were subjects which gave delight and also helped to raise the level of civilization.

Later times have seen a continued interest in these old romances. In every century, including our own, the Arthurian stories have been retold. Part of their popularity has been due, of course, to the inborn love we all have for stories about an ideal world, a world of adventure and romance. Either prose or verse may be used by the writer of romances. If verse, or metrical language, is chosen it is convenient to call such tales "metrical romances" to distinguish them from romances in prose. Sir Walter Scott wrote both forms: prose romance in *Ivanhoe;* metrical romance in *The Lady of the Lake.*

II

The romance, then, may be written in either verse or prose. It may be on

any subject that draws upon the unreal world and introduces strange or marvelous adventures. It is to be contrasted with the novel, which in the strict sense deals with the real world and treats its subject in a realistic fashion. With these facts in mind, we may give some further consideration to the romances written in verse or metrical form.

It is true that not all writers of romance rest content with merely telling the tale. Early poets, whether they be the unnamed revisers of popular ballads or famous poets of courtly renown, practically never mention themselves. Homer in all the forty-eight books of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* is completely unknown to us. We do not know what he thought of the deeds he related, we do not know his opinions of the warriors, we do not know his views of life. He and other early story-tellers were completely detached from the material of their poems. Scott in both prose and verse is very much like his predecessors in this respect. In the poets who followed the lead of Scott, however, you will note a disposition to reveal themselves. No matter what entrancing tale they are relating, they cannot refrain from letting you know how they feel or what they think. To some readers this emergence of the poet's personality is a blemish in his art; to others it is an added charm. In reading and studying the selections in this part of our book you will find it interesting to notice your own critical reactions and varying enjoyment. Poetry which reflects the opinions, thoughts, emotions, sympathies of the writer is termed subjective; that poetry which shows no traces of the author's personality is termed objective. In the poems following, there are passages plainly one or the other, so that you will not be at a loss to find either kind and examine it carefully.

In this section are represented the main kinds of verse-stories produced during the nineteenth century, with differing ideals of personal conduct and of life. Not all of them are romances in the strict sense; yet all the leading forms of verse-romance are represented. All of them reflect to a marked degree a love of adventure. The romantic lover rashly enters the house of his family's sworn enemies in order to carry off his sweetheart, in "The Eve of St. Agnes"; the political prisoner suffers for his liberty-loving convictions, in "The Prisoner of Chillon"; the lonely sailor-husband, returned to find his wife happily married, lives on in silence, nobly sacrificing himself, in "Enoch Arden"; the renowned old Greek warrior recalls the adventurous struggles of his youth, in "Ulysses"; a swift-footed maiden in the far-off days of ancient Greece at last meets someone who can outrun her, in "Atalanta's Race"; a father unwittingly slays his son, in the oriental "Sohrab and Rustum"; a rollicking Scotsman, in a midnight ride, sees wondrous sights, in "Tam O'Shanter"; a tramp has his glorious hour of triumph in fairyland, in "The Tramp Transfigured." In addition to these personal qualities, each of these poems shows a differing social or racial ideal. They offer glimpses of antique Greece, the colorful Orient; haunted medieval castles; they also reveal the quieter romance of the English fishing-village.

JOHN KEATS

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

JOHN KEATS

St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold.
Numb were the beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees.
The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails.
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his deathbell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve.
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinner's sake to grieve.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;
The carvéd angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

1. **St. Agnes' Eve**, January 20. 5. **beadsman**, a dependent who prays for his benefactor. **told his rosary**, counted the beads as he said a prayer for each one.

37. **argent**, shining. 38. **tiara**, ornamental crown. 39. **fairily**, in a fairy-like manner.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline.
The music, yearning like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all. In vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
But she saw not—her heart was otherwhere—
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes;
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short.
The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs
Amid the timbrels and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before tomorrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in; let no buzzed whisper tell;
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel.
For him those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage; not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland.
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here tonight, the whole blood-thirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He curséd thee and thine, both house and land;
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away." "Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly archéd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she muttered, "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days;
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,

58. **a sweeping train,** "skirts sweeping along the floor."—KEATS. 67. **timbrel,** tambourine. 70. **Hoodwinked,** blinded (to all else). **amort,** deadened. 71. **unshorn.** On the day sacred to St. Agnes two lambs were dedicated to her; these were afterwards shorn and the wool woven (line 117). 77. **Buttressed,** hidden behind the support.

105. **Gossip dear,** my good old friend.

And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,
To venture so; it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night; good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time
to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his painéd heart
Made purple riot; then doth he propose
A stratagem that makes the beldame start.
"A cruel man and impious thou art;
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro. "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face.
Good Angela, believe me by these tears,
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves and bears."

126. **mickle**, much. 133. **brook**, check.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never missed."—Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe—

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame.
"All cates and dainties shall be storéd there
Quickly on this feast-night; by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see; no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

158. **plaining**, complaining. 171. **Merlin**, etc. Merlin, the famous wizard of King Arthur's court, was supposed to have been descended from demons, and to have paid for his existence by being killed by one of his own spells. See Tennyson's "Merlin and Vivien." 173. **cates**, delicacies. 174. **tambour frame**, a drum-like embroidery frame.

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;
The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste,
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charméd maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware.
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe, level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ringdove frayed and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died.
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side,
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knotgrass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

198. **frayed**, frightened. 212. **stains**, colors.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast.
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together pressed,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly dressed,
Save wings, for Heaven—Porphyro grew faint—
She knelt so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
Of all its wreathéd pearls her hair she frees,
Unclasps her warméd jewels one by one,
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees.
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothéd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day,
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain,
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray,
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself; then from the closet crept,

218. **gules**, red (lines). 241. **where**, etc., in a land of pagans, where Christian prayer-books can not be seen, without danger.

Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stepped,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!
—how fast she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet.
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettledrum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchéd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent sirups, tinct with cinnamon,
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez, and spicéd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathéd silver; sumptuous they stand
In the retiréd quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite.
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervéd arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as icéd stream.

The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies;
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoiled in wooféd phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute—
Tumultuous—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called "La belle dame sans mercy";
Close to her ear touching the melody—
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan.
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayéd eyes wide open shone;
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep;
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep;
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh,
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep,
Who knelt, with joinéd hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear.
How changed thou art; how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

250. **fear**, a person in fear. 257. **Morphean amulet**, sleep-producing charm. 263. **lavendered**, perfumed with lavender. 266. **soother**, more delicious. 269. **Fez**, a province of Morocco. 270. **Samarcand**, a city in Turkestan, noted for its silks. **Lebanon**, a mountain range in Syria famous for its cedars.

288. **wooféd phantasies**, confused fancies. 292. **La belle**, etc., the beautiful lady without pity.

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet—
Solution sweet; meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet
Against the windowpanes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet.
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark; the iceéd gusts still rave and beat.
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceivéd thing—
A dove forlorn and lost with sick, unprunéd wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest,
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from fairyland,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed;
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand—
The bloated wassailers will never heed.
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see—
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears;
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found;
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge, empty flagon by his side.
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns.
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide;
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone; aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meager face deform;
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

336. **vermeil**, red.

349. **Rhenish**, wine from the Rhine district.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This poem, first published in 1820, is an excellent example of the metrical romance as written in modern times. The setting is medieval Italy: the chapel with its stone images of dead knights and ladies; the "argent revelry" of the Baron and his guests; the cobweb-decked archway and the pale latticed room. The characters, too, are medieval: the beadsman, the aged crone, the Baron and his warrior guests. The language, often archaic in form, adds to this flavor of age and romance. The romantic in poetry and art, it has been said, springs from the addition of strangeness to beauty. In this poem the strange, the unfamiliar, are blended with pictures of almost unearthly loveliness. Part of your study of the poem should be devoted to finding illustrations of these things.

2. The plot of the poem is common in one form or another in the old romances. It is relatively simple: in spite of a feud between two families, the lover, belonging to one of them, braves his enemies to visit his lady. Shakespeare's tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* is based on an old Italian romance of this kind. Often the end of such a story is tragic; in this poem the lovers escape, saved perhaps by the aid of St. Agnes, while the Baron and his guests "dream of many a woe"; Angela and the beadsman die; and suggestions of witches and phantoms are put in to deepen the mystery. The medieval Saints' legends often delight in thus representing a human story of love as brought to a happy end through the favor of a patron saint. But in Keats's poem the true theme is the flowering of this young love out of the age and death and human wickedness that form the dramatic setting for his story. The beadsman, already near death, crawling through dim passages along which are statues of knights and ladies long dead; the sudden contrast of the merrymakers; the old crone Angela; the cold that is everywhere dwelt upon; the end of the Baron's party in drunken slumber that is shot through with horrible dreams; the death of the crone and of the old hermit—these are the pictures of death and decay and hate out of which the story of the maiden and her lover bursts like a glorious flower. Th
impression is heightened by the use of
quaint and innocent superstition, co
among medieval folk, to the effect tha
tain times young girls, by going thr
tain rites, might have sight of t
husbands. Some of these old bel
associated with Halloween. Sin
was the patron of young girls, her day, January 20, naturally attracted some of them to itself.

3. The poem is written in what is called the Spenserian stanza. This stanza was first used by Edmund Spenser, an English poet of the sixteenth century, in his long and epic-like romance called *The Faerie Queene*. The stanza consists of nine lines, the first eight having five accents, or stresses, and the ninth being an Alexandrine, a line with six stresses. The rime-scheme is very intricate. The first and third lines rime; the second, fourth, fifth, and seventh; and the sixth, eighth, and ninth. There are thus only three rimes; the scheme may be expressed as *ababbcbcc*, a formula in which the first rime is denoted by *a*, the second by *b*, and the third by *c*. Such a stanza, because of its length, its recurrence of rime, and the added emphasis given by the long ninth line, is admirably adapted to pictorial effects. In Spenser's poem are some of the loveliest pictures in English literature, a picture to each stanza. This power of making stanza-pictures Keats acquired. You should mark for special study several examples of these picture-stanzas.

Questions and Topics

1. Make a list of proper names and names of places. How do these contribute to the imaginative value of the poem? Make a similar list of words used in unfamiliar or obsolete ways, such as *Gossip, cates, amort, gules, vermeil,* etc., and test them in the same way. Make a third list of familiar words used in strange or archaic forms, like *saith, riseth,* etc. Finally, make a list of adjectives and compound words that have pictorial value, or that compress a great deal of meaning into brief space. For example, explain "churchyard thing" (line 155). Explain your other examples in the same way.

2. What effect is gained by having the poem begin and end with the beadsman? What does he represent? Keats often writes of the swift passing of beauty and joy
yo
p

as many examples of the points suggested in the preceding topics and in the Explanatory Notes as you can. Perhaps you will be able to add other observations of your own.

5. What do you think happened in the castle on the next morning? Was there a pursuit? With what results?

6. On pages 1-6 you learned a new conception of what reading means. Can you apply some of these ideas to your reading of this poem?

Theme Topic. Construct the earlier story of the two lovers. How do you think they may have met? Why were the two houses enemies? Write this story, or be prepared to give it orally.

SONNET ON CHILLON

LORD BYRON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! Thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

LORD BYRON

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears.
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned, and barred—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death.
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
[illegible]
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull, imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp.
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away
[illegible] I have done with this new day,
[illegible]ch now is painful to these eyes,
[illegible] have not seen the sun so rise
[illegible]rs—I cannot count them o'er,

[illegible]'s meteor lamp, phosphorescent light in

I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight.
And thus together—yet apart—
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart,
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound—not full and free,
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three;
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did—my best,
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved.
And truly might it be distressed
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun.
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy—but not in chains to pine.
His spirit withered with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine;
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthralls.
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay—
We heard it ripple night and day.
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunters' fare,
And for the like had little care.
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat;
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den.
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mold
Which in a palace had grown cold,

107. **Lake Leman**, another name for Lake Geneva.

Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side.
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his free-born breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laughed—and laid him there;
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant—
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swol'n, convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread.
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow;
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright;
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listened, but I could not hear—
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonishéd;
I called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him—I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accurséd breath of dungeon-dew;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneathe—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill.
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew;
First came the loss of light and air,
And then of darkness too.
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night—it was not day—
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,

237. wist, knew.

And fixedness—without a place;
There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery.
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!

I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more.
It seemed, like me, to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in wingéd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was—my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall;
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape,
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me.
No child—no sire—no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more upon the mountains high
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed, like me, in frame.
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide, long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channeled rock and broken bush;

336. **Rhone.** This river rises in the Swiss Alps.

I saw the white-walled, distant town,
And whiter sails, go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small, green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor.
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly.
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And, when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save—
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free;
I asked not why, and recked not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.
And thus when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home.
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade;
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This poem was written in June, 1816, and with the prefatory sonnet reflects the passionate sympathy with the cause of liberty that characterized Byron throughout his life. In *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812-1818), the long poem that made Byron famous, he often writes of the onward march of freedom, of the French Revolution, and of those aspects of Nature (mountains, the sea, the storm, etc.) that fed the emotions of his liberty-loving soul. He wrote, in his "Isles of Greece" and elsewhere, of the Greek War for Independence, took an active interest in the progress of the war, and died (1824) of a fever contracted while drilling Greek troops at Missolonghi.

2. François de Bonivard (1493-1570) lived a long and stirring life. He was involved in many political disputes and was twice in prison for political reasons; the last period (1530-1536) being spent in a dungeon in the Castle of Chillon, near Geneva, Switzerland. After his release he devoted much time to writing a history of Geneva from the earliest times. From these statements it will be seen that Byron's story departs from the facts. But it was not his purpose to write a story of Bonivard's life. The sight of the castle, the story that was told him of a prisoner who had spent years in its gloomy dungeon for political reasons, were circumstances sufficient to set Byron's imagination on fire. The poem is not so much a story of a certain celebrated prisoner as it is a picture of the cruelty of tyranny and the sufferings of men in all ages in behalf of liberty. That is, it is a kind of composite picture applicable to many similar stories. In its assertion of the supremacy of the human mind to tyranny it is characteristic both of the sixteenth century, when Bonivard lived, and of Byron's own time.

Questions and Topics

1. The first twenty-six lines constitute the introduction. Do you notice any differences in rime and meter as compared with the body of the poem? How many accents or stresses are typical of each line of the main poem? Is this metrical form regular, or do you find variations?

Of what kind? How does the verse, as a whole, suggest the dreary monotony of the life of the prisoner?

2. As a matter of fact there were no brothers in prison with Bonivard. Does the poet gain any effect by writing of three brothers? What differences do you notice between the two brothers of the prisoner? How does the prisoner differ from them?

3. What effect is gained by putting the story in the first person instead of the third?

4. Into what parts may the story be divided? Summarize each of these parts in a sentence.

4. Point out passages which seem to show that Byron saw in Bonivard a typical representative of all martyrs for liberty.

5. To what state of mind was the prisoner reduced by the death of the second brother? Note the details that make this picture vivid. What effect had the song of the bird? The sight of the mountains through the barred window?

ENOCH ARDEN

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm,
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moldered church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-towered mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach, a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, played
Among the waste and lumber of the shore—
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats up-drawn—
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflowed, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily washed away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff;
In this the children played at keeping house.

Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week:
"This is my house and this my little wife."
"Mine too," said Philip, "turn and turn about";
When, if they quarreled, Enoch, stronger made,
Was master; then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch," and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood passed,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixed his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seemed kinder unto Philip than to him;
But she loved Enoch; though she knew it not,
And would, if asked, deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie; and so prospered that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast

7. **Danish barrows**, burial mounds dating back to the Danish invasions of England.

Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor; and he thrice had plucked a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas;
And all men looked upon him favorably.
And ere he touched his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike halfway up
The narrow street that clambered toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stayed
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climbed the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burned as on an altar. Philip looked,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groaned,
And slipped aside, and, like a wounded life,
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merry-making,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and passed,
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honorable toil;
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renewed,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-reddened with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Opened a larger haven; thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbor, by mischance he slipped and fell.
A limb was broken when they lifted him;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one;
Another hand crept too across his trade,
Taking her bread and theirs; and on him fell,
Although a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seemed, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low, miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her he loved, a beggar. Then he prayed,
"Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
And while he prayed, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,

51. **Full sailor**, "able seaman," one who has passed his apprenticeship on a sailing ship. 68. **feather**, grow more open.

93. **ocean-spoil**, fish he had caught. 94. **osier**, willow basket. 96. **market-cross**. In many English villages an old stone cross stands in the market-place. 98. **lion whelp**, device over the entrance of the one wealthy home of the vicinity. 99. **peacock-yewtree**, kind of evergreen tree trimmed to grow in the form of a peacock.

Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sailed,
Sailed from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appeared
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing; yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weathered in her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone.
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea, twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all;
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will;
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renewed—
Sure that all evil would come out of it—
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it through.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and ax,
Auger and saw, while Annie seemed to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrilled and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand—
The space was narrow—having ordered all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave, God-fearing man
Bowed himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Prayed for a blessing on his wife and babes,
Whatever came to him; and then he said,

131. **isles . . . . offing**, makes a little island of light on the distant water.

"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "And he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one—
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself; but when he turned
The current of his talk to graver things,
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On Providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke, "O Enoch, you are wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day); get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear,
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His; He made it."

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kissed his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,
"Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child
Remember this?" and kissed him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipped
A tiny curl, and gave it; this he kept
Through all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She, when the day that Enoch mentioned, came,
Borrowed a glass, but all in vain; perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not. And while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel passed.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watched it, and departed weeping for him;
Then, though she mourned his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding, "What would Enoch say?"
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less

222ff. See *Psalms* cxxxix, 9; xcv, 5; *Hebrews* vi, 19.

Than what she gave in buying what she sold.
She failed and saddened knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came,
Gained for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
Yet sicklier, though the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care; nevertheless,
Whether her business often called her from it,
Or through the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering—ere she was aware—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hungered for her peace—
Since Enoch left he had not looked upon her—
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,
May be some little comfort"; therefore went,
Passed through the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Entered; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turned her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,
"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."

He spoke; the passion in her moaned reply,
"Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!" half abashed him; yet unasked,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her:

"I came to speak to you of what he wished,
Enoch, your husband. I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man;
For where he fixed his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he willed, and bore it through.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world
For pleasure—nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours; that was his wish.
And if he come again, vexed will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie now—
Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay,
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again,
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school—
This is the favor that I came to ask."

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answered, "I cannot look you in the face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in, my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down.
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me;
He will repay you. Money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours."

And Philip asked,
"Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turned,
She rose, and fixed her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head,
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately
And passed into the little garth beyond.
So, lifted up in spirit, he moved away.

326. **garth**, garden.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and every way,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs; and though for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crossed her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offense of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind.
Scarce could the woman, when he came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, played with him,
And called him Father Philip. Philip gained
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seemed to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where. And so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children longed
To go with others nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then they begged
For Father Philip, as they called him, too.
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanched with his mill, they found; and saying to him,
"Come with us, Father Philip," he denied;
But when the children plucked at him to go,
He laughed, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Failed her; and sighing, "Let me rest," she said.
So Philip rested with her, well-content,
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down through the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
The lithe, reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remembered one dark hour
Here in this wood when, like a wounded life,
He crept into the shadow. At last he said,
Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.
"Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
"The ship was lost," he said, "the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said,
"I thought not of it; but I know not why
Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke:
"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,

376. **whitening.** The husks of the hazelnut turn light yellow when the nuts are ripe.

That though I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. Oh, Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then—let me speak.
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help.
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children. I do think
They love me as a father; I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own.
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad, uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of His creatures. Think upon it;
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
No burden, save my care for you and yours;
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know."

Then answered Annie; tenderly she spoke:
"You have been as God's good angel in our house.
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? What is it that you ask?"
"I am content," he answered, "to be loved
A little after Enoch." "Oh," she cried,
Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait a while.
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long;
Surely I shall be wiser in a year.
Oh, wait a little!" Philip sadly said,
"Annie, as I have waited all my life,
I well may wait a little." "Nay," she cried,
"I am bound; you have my promise—in a year;
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?"
And Philip answered, "I will bide my year."

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up,
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
Then, fearing night and chill for Annie, rose,
And sent his voice beneath him through the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently, "Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
I am always bound to you, but you are free."
Then Annie weeping answered, "I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment, as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways,
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flashed again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise, "Is it a year?" she asked.
"Yes, if the nuts," he said, "be ripe again;
Come out and see." But she—she put him off—
So much to look to—such a change—a month—
Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
"Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."
And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
Till half another year had slipped away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crossed,

Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
Some that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laughed at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds;
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, though he often looked his wish;
But evermore the daughter pressed upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Prayed for a sign, "My Enoch, is he gone?"
Then compassed round by the blind wall of night
Brooked not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
"Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to her,
No meaning there. She closed the book and slept;
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm-tree, over him the sun.
"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest; yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried,
'Hosanna in the highest!' " Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,
"There is no reason why we should not wed."
"Then for God's sake," he answered, "both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ailed her then, that ere she entered, often,
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter. Philip thought he knew;
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child, but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renewed,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? Prosperously sailed
The ship *Good Fortune*, though at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelmed her, yet unvexed
She slipped across the summer of the world,
Then after a long tumble about the Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing through the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage; at first indeed
Through many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking her full-busted figurehead
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows.
Then followed calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last

502. **Hosanna**, etc. See *Matthew* xxi, 9; *Mark* xi, 10; *John* xii, 13.

525. **Biscay.** This bay is famous for its storms. 527. **summer of the world,** hot regions near the equator. 528. **Cape.** What cape is meant?

Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of "Breakers" came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoyed upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatched with leaves of palm, a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning, "Wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The luster of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branched
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail;
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watched or seemed to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him, haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colored seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Though faintly, merrily, far and far away,
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, though he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous, hateful isle
Returned upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere

563. **stem**, tree-trunk. 565. **Fire-hollowing**, burning it out to make a canoe. 575. **broad belt of the world**, ocean.

Lets none who speaks with Him seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perished, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the *Good Fortune*, from her destined course,
Stayed by this isle, not knowing where she lay;
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and filled the shores
With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stepped the long-haired, long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seemed,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what; and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosened, till he made them understand;
Whom, when their casks were filled they took aboard,
And there the tale he uttered brokenly,
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listened to it;
And clothes they gave him and free passage home;
But oft he worked among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his country, or could answer him,
If questioned, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce seaworthy; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind.
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He, like a lover, down through all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall.
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it.
Then moving up the coast they landed him.
Ev'n in that harbor whence he sailed before.

There Enoch spoke no word to anyone,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?—
His home, he walked. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn through either chasm,
Where either haven opened on the deeps,
Rolled a sea-haze and whelmed the world in gray;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of withered holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and through the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down.
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seemed, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reached the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born;

657. **ghostly wall**, white chalk cliffs on the south coast of England. 671. **holt**, woods. **tilth**, cultivated land.

But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleamed through the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking, "Dead, or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crossed antiquity,
So propped, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bowed,
So broken—all the story of his house:
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child; and o'er his countenance
No shadow passed, nor motion. Anyone,
Regarding, well had deemed he felt the tale
Less than the teller; only when she closed,
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,"
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering, "Cast away and lost";
Again in deeper inward whispers, "lost!"

But Enoch yearned to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy." So the thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that opened on the waste,
Flourished a little garden square and walled.
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it.
But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunned, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth.
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
Caught at, and ever missed it, and they laughed.
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,

733. **shingle**, cobblestones.

And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love—
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Savior, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never; no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature failed a little
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As though it were the burden of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up through all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife,"
He said to Miriam, "that you spoke about,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
"Aye, aye, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort"; and he thought
"After the Lord has called me she shall know,
I wait His time." And Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or helped
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
Thus earned a scanty living for himself.
Yet since he did but labor for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Rolled itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had returned, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See through the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despaired of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For through that dawning gleamed a kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking, "After I am gone,
Then may she learn I loved her to the last."

He called aloud for Miriam Lane and said
"Woman, I have a secret—only, swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the Book
Not to reveal it till you see me dead."
"Dead," clamored the good woman, "hear him talk;
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
"Swear," added Enoch sternly, "on the Book."
And on the Book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
"Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"
"Know him?" she said, "I knew him far away.
Aye, aye, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
Slowly and sadly Enoch answered her,
"His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man." At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry,
"You Arden, you! nay—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be." Enoch said again,
"My God has bowed me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flowed the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearned incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only, "See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blessed him too;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come;
I am their father. But she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be.
This hair is his; she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave.
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss. Wherefore, when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her;
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer, promising all,
That once again he rolled his eyes upon her,
Repeating all he wished, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, "A sail! a sail!
I am saved"; and so fell back and spoke no more.

So passed the strong, heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

834. **the Book**, the Bible.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The two poems already studied illustrate two different types of romantic verse-story; "Enoch Arden" illustrates a third type. The high-born lovers fleeing into the storm from the gloomy but magnificent medieval castle, whose story Keats told, here give way to the sailor-lad, his Annie, and the miller's only son. Byron's patriot, beating vainly against the bars of his cage, seems to be a more romantic and heroic figure than Enoch Arden. Tennyson's poem is a tragic romance drawn from commonplace lives, but treated with the same richness of ornament and the same haunting melancholy that we have found in the poems by Keats and Byron.

2. Tennyson had already won fame when "Enoch Arden" appeared in 1864. Sixty thousand copies of the small volume which contained it and a few other poems were sold in a very short time. The first title of the poem, when Tennyson began work upon it, was "The Fisherman," but he changed this before publication. The popularity of the poem is proved by the fact that it has been translated into Danish, German, Latin, Dutch, Italian, French, Hungarian, and Bohemian. Stories with a similar plot have been known in various countries for centuries.

Questions and Topics

1. Study with some detail the plan of the poem. Into what parts may the plot be divided?

2. Study the descriptive passages. By what means are the English scenes made vivid? Tennyson had not visited the tropics. How, then, was he able to make his descriptions of tropical scenes seem so real?

3. Study the introductory lines as an example of the way prosaic details may be made to seem poetic. Why is the time of the story important?

4. Do you like the foreshadowing of the real story in the children's play? What other details give hints of future events? How should Annie's dream have been interpreted?

5. Do you know of any famous book which deals with the life of a castaway upon a tropic island? Tell the class about it.

6. Is Miriam Lane a well-drawn character? Explain. After his glimpse of his family what was hardest for Enoch to keep from doing?

Theme Topics. 1. Imagine you were a sailor on the ship that rescued Enoch and tell your friends at home of the strange man rescued from the island. 2. Compare Tennyson as a writer of description in verse with Keats.

ULYSSES

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel. I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known: cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,

2. barren crags, mountains on the island of Ithaca, the home of Ulysses. **3. aged wife,** Penelope. **mete and dole,** enact and enforce. **6-7. drink life to the lees,** take both joy and suffering as they come.

10. Hyades, certain stars of the constellation Taurus, whose rising with the sun was thought by the ancients to indicate the coming of rainy weather.

To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains. But every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail.
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all. But something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

63. **Happy Isles,** imaginary islands in the Atlantic Ocean, where the souls of the good were supposed to dwell after death. 64. **Achilles,** the chief hero of the *Iliad*, as Ulysses of the *Odyssey*.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This poem first appeared in a new issue of Tennyson's poems in two volumes in 1842. With other poems first published then, such as "Locksley Hall," "Morte d'Arthur," and "Sir Galahad," it won for him world-wide fame.

2. The title and some suggestions for the poem come from the legend of Ulysses, or Odysseus, the hero of the *Odyssey*. Homer's poem, which tells of the wanderings of Ulysses after the close of the Trojan War, ends with the hero's return to his home at Ithaca, his victory over the wicked suitors who had been besieging his wife Penelope, and his happy possession of the little kingdom from which he had been an exile during the war and the long years of wandering that followed it. His son Telemachus, mentioned in Tennyson's poem, aided him in driving out his enemies. Tennyson imagines the old hero, after many years of quiet life at home, as planning another "Odyssey"—this time a voyage to discover lands unknown. There is a suggestion of Columbus in this ambition. Tennyson uses the Greek hero as a forerunner of the great Italian who was to bring to reality the dream of a new world far west of the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) and the famed Hesperides. Thus the poem becomes

a sort of allegory of the questing soul of man: the discoverer of lands unknown; the discoverer of scientific truth, the explorer of knowledge of every kind, the ideal of every man whose motto is "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

3. In the strict sense, this poem is not a verse-story but a dramatic monologue. It is dramatic in that we are conscious of the presence of other persons (Telemachus and the old sailors who had shared Ulysses's wanderings), and in that it reveals the character of the speaker. But it suggests story; it might well be a part of an epic. In the Homeric epic, for example, heroes often make long addresses to their companions or followers, as here. The blank verse of the poem also reminds us of the epic. It is a form of verse of which Tennyson was a master, since it is used in his series of poems, constituting a sort of epic, about King Arthur. (For "blank verse" and other technical words see "Index of Special Terms" at the end of the book.)

Questions and Topics

1. What contrast is drawn between the ideal of life held by the Ithacans and that held by Ulysses? Compare lines 5 and 6 in your answer. What does "know not me" mean? What does he mean by saying, "I cannot rest from travel"? Find other passages in this poem that give meaning to his use of "travel."

2. Explain "I am become a name" (line 11). What does he say of his past life? Give incidents drawn from Homer that illustrate some of these experiences. Explain the line, "I am a part of all that I have met." Explain fully the metaphor (implied comparison) about experience in lines 19-21. Many men think of youth as a time for storing up knowledge, of mature manhood as a time for acquiring wealth, power, fame; and of old age as a time for rest and memory. Is this true of Ulysses?

3. Do lines 30-32 refer to travel alone, or might they be applied to such explorations as those of Columbus, the Cabots, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Ernest Shackleton? Could they also refer to people like Sir Isaac Newton, Madame Curie, Marconi, Edison? Why?

4. What characterization of Telemachus is given? Is this ideal also a worthy one? What two classes of men, then, does the poet seem to make Ulysses and Telemachus represent?

5. Commit to memory some lines that you think are characteristic of this poem and that will recall it to your mind in later times.

ATALANTA'S RACE

William Morris

Atalanta, daughter of King Schœneus, not willing to lose her virgin's estate, made it a law to all suitors that they should run a race with her in the public place, and if they failed to overcome her, should die unrevenged; and thus many brave men perished. At last came Milanion, the son of Amphidamas, who, outrunning her with the help of Venus, gained the virgin and wedded her.

I

Through thick Arcadian woods a hunter went,
Following the beasts up, on a fresh spring day;
But since his horn-tipped bow, but seldom bent,
Now at the noontide naught had happed to slay,
Within a vale he called his hounds away,
Hearkening the echoes of his lone voice cling
About the cliffs and through the beech-trees ring.

But when they ended, still awhile he stood,
And but the sweet familiar thrush could hear,
And all the day-long noises of the wood,
And o'er the dry leaves of the vanished year
His hounds' feet pattering as they drew anear,
And heavy breathing from their heads low hung,
To see the mighty cornel bow unstrung.

Then smiling did he turn to leave the place,
But with his first step some new fleeting thought
A shadow cast across his sunburnt face.
I think the golden net that April brought
From some warm world his wavering soul had caught;

1. Arcadian. Arcadia was one of the divisions of ancient Greece.

14. cornel, a very hard wood.

For, sunk in vague, sweet longing, did he go
Betwixt the trees with doubtful steps and slow.

Yet howsoever slow he went, at last
The trees grew sparser, and the wood was done;
Whereon one farewell, backward look he cast,
Then, turning round to see what place was won,
With shaded eyes looked underneath the sun,
And o'er green meads and new-turned furrows brown
Beheld the gleaming of King Schœneus' town.

So thitherward he turned, and on each side
The folk were busy on the teeming land,
And man and maid from the brown furrows cried,
Or midst the newly blossomed vines did stand,
And as the rustic weapon pressed the hand,
Thought of the nodding of the well-filled ear,
Or how the knife the heavy bunch should shear.

Merry it was: about him sung the birds,
The spring flowers bloomed along the firm dry road,
The sleek-skinned mothers of the sharp-horned herds
Now for the barefoot milking-maidens lowed;
While from the freshness of his blue abode,
Glad his death-bearing arrows to forget,
The broad sun blazed, nor scattered plagues as yet.

Through such fair things unto the gates he came,
And found them open, as though peace were there;
Wherethrough, unquestioned of his race or name,
He entered, and along the streets 'gan fare,
Which at the first of folk were wellnigh bare;
But pressing on, and going more hastily,
Men hurrying too he 'gan at last to see.

Following the last of these, he still pressed on,
Until an open space he came unto,
Where wreaths of fame had oft been lost and won,
For feats of strength folk there were wont to do.
And now our hunter looked for something new,
Because the whole wide space was bare, and stilled
The high seats were, with eager people filled.

There with the others to a seat he gat,
Whence he beheld a broidered canopy,
'Neath which in fair array King Schœneus sat
Upon his throne with councilors thereby;
And underneath his well-wrought seat and high,
He saw a golden image of the sun,
A silver image of the fleet-foot one.

A brazen altar stood beneath their feet
Whereon a thin flame flickered in the wind;
Nigh this a herald clad in raiment meet
Made ready even now his horn to wind,
By whom a huge man held a sword, entwined
With yellow flowers; these stood a little space
From off the altar, nigh the starting-place.

And there two runners did the sign abide,
Foot set to foot—a young man slim and fair,
Crisp-haired, well-knit, with firm limbs often tried
In places where no man his strength may spare;
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
A golden circlet of renown he wore,
And in his hand an olive garland bore.

63. fleet-foot one, Mercury.

But on this day with whom shall he contend?
A maid stood by him like Diana clad
When in the woods she lists her bow to bend,
Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
If he must still behold her from afar;
Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget;
Of all tormenting lines her face was clear,
Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set
Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near.
But her foe trembled as a man in fear,
Nor from her loveliness one moment turned
His anxious face with fierce desire that burned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang
Just as the setting sun made eventide.
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,
And swiftly were they running side by side;
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reached at last,
And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran,
When halfway to the starting-point they were,
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
Unto the very end of all his fear;
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,
And bliss unhoped-for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But midst the loud, victorious shouts he heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeard
His flushed and eager face he turned around,
And even then he felt her past him bound
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little child
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,
Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep;
No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,
Though some divine thought softened all her face
As once more rang the trumpet through the place.

But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,
One moment gazed upon her piteously,
Then with a groan his lingering feet did force
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see;
And, changed like one who knows his time must be
But short and bitter, without any word
He knelt before the bearer of the sword;

Then high rose up the gleaming, deadly blade,
Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place
Was silence now, and midst of it the maid
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
And he to hers upturned his sad white face;
Nor did his eyes behold another sight
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

II

So was the pageant ended, and all folk
Talking of this and that familiar thing
In little groups from that sad concourse broke;
For now the shrill bats were upon the wing,
And soon dark night would slay the evening,
And in dark gardens sang the nightingale
Her little-heeded, oft-repeated tale.

79. **Diana**, goddess of the hunt.

And with the last of all the hunter went,
Who, wondering at the strange sight he had seen,
Prayed an old man to tell him what it meant,
Both why the vanquished man so slain had been,
And if the maiden were an earthly queen,
Or rather what much more she seemed to be,
No sharer in the world's mortality.

"Stranger," said he, "I pray she soon may die
Whose lovely youth has slain so many a one!
King Schœneus' daughter is she verily,
Who when her eyes first looked upon the sun
Was fain to end her life but new begun,
For he had vowed to leave but men alone
Sprung from his loins when he from earth was gone.

"Therefore he bade one leave her in the wood,
And let wild things deal with her as they might;
But this being done, some cruel god thought good
To save her beauty in the world's despite.
Folk say that her, so delicate and white
As now she is, a rough, root-grubbing bear
Amidst her shapeless cubs at first did rear.

"In course of time the woodfolk slew her nurse,
And to their rude abode the youngling brought,
And reared her up to be a kingdom's curse,
Who, grown a woman, of no kingdom thought,
But armed and swift, mid beasts destruction wrought,
Nor spared two shaggy centaur kings to slay,
To whom her body seemed an easy prey.

"So to this city, led by fate, she came,
Whom, known by signs, whereof I cannot tell,
King Schœneus for his child at last did claim;
Nor otherwhere since that day doth she dwell,
Sending too many a noble soul to hell.—
What! thine eyes glisten? what then! thinkest thou
Her shining head unto the yoke to bow?

"Listen, my son, and love some other maid,
For she the saffron gown will never wear,
And on no flower-strewn couch shall she be laid,
Nor shall her voice make glad a lover's ear;
Yet if of Death thou hast not any fear,
Yea, rather, if thou lovest him utterly,
Thou still may'st woo her ere thou comest to die,

"Like him that on this day thou sawest lie dead;
For, fearing as I deem the sea-born one,
The maid has vowed e'en such a man to wed
As in the course her swift feet can outrun;
But whoso fails herein, his days are done.
He came the nighest that was slain today,
Although with him I deem she did but play.

"Behold, such mercy Atalanta gives
To those that long to win her loveliness;
Be wise! be sure that many a maid there lives
Gentler than she, of beauty little less,
Whose swimming eyes thy loving words shall bless,
When in some garden, knee set close to knee,
Thou sing'st the song that love may teach to thee."

So to the hunter spake that ancient man,
And left him for his own home presently;
But he turned round, and through the moonlight wan
Reached the thick wood, and there 'twixt tree and tree
Distraught he passed the long night feverishly,

177. **saffron gown**, saffron was the color used at the marriage ceremony by the Greeks and Romans. 184. **sea-born one**, Venus.

'Twixt sleep and waking, and at dawn arose
To wage hot war against his speechless foes.

There to the hart's flank seemed his shaft to grow,
As panting down the broad, green glades he flew,
There by his horn the dryads well might know
His thrust against the bear's heart had been true,
And there Adonis' bane his javelin slew;
But still in vain through rough and smooth he went,
For none the more his restlessness was spent.

So wandering, he to Argive cities came,
And in the lists with valiant men he stood,
And by great deeds he won him praise and fame,
And heaps of wealth for little-valued blood;
But none of all these things, or life, seemed good
Unto his heart, where still unsatisfied
A ravenous longing warred with fear and pride.

Therefore it happed when but a month had gone
Since he had left King Schœneus' city old,
In hunting-gear again, again alone
The forest-bordered meads did he behold,
Where still mid thoughts of August's quivering gold
Folk hoed the wheat, and clipped the vine in trust
Of faint October's purple-foaming must.

And once again he passed the peaceful gate,
While to his beating heart his lips did lie,
That, owning not victorious love and fate,
Said, half aloud, "And here too must I try
To win of alien men the mastery,
And gather for my head fresh meed of fame,
And cast new glory on my father's name."

In spite of that, how beat his heart when first
Folk said to him, "And art thou come to see
That which still makes our city's name accurst
Among all mothers for its cruelty?
Then know indeed that fate is good to thee,
Because tomorrow a new luckless one
Against the white-foot maid is pledged to run."

So on the morrow with no curious eyes,
As once he did, that piteous sight he saw,
Nor did that wonder in his heart arise
As toward the goal the conquering maid 'gan draw,
Nor did he gaze upon her eyes with awe—
Too full the pain of longing filled his heart
For fear or wonder there to have a part.

But oh, how long the night was ere it went!
How long it was before the dawn begun
Showed to the wakening birds the sun's intent
That not in darkness should the world be done!
And then, and then, how long before the sun
Bade silently the toilers of the earth
Get forth to fruitless care or empty mirth!

And long it seemed that in the market-place
He stood and saw the chaffering folk go by,
Ere from the ivory throne King Schœneus' face
Looked down upon the murmur royally;
But then came trembling that the time was nigh
When he midst pitying looks his love must claim,
And jeering voices must salute his name.

But as the throng he pierced to gain the throne,
His alien face distraught and anxious told
What hopeless errand he was bound upon,
And, each to each, folk whispered to behold
His godlike limbs; nay, and one woman old,
As he went by, must pluck him by the sleeve
And pray him yet that wretched love to leave.

208. **Adonis' bane.** Adonis was killed by a wild boar.
211. **Argive cities,** towns in the Grecian state Argolis.
224. **must,** new, unfermented wine.
254. **chaffering,** bargaining.

For sidling up she said, "Canst thou live twice,
Fair son? Canst thou have joyful youth again,
That thus thou goest to the sacrifice,
Thyself the victim? Nay, then, all in vain
Thy mother bore her longing and her pain,
And one more maiden on the earth must dwell
Hopeless of joy, nor fearing death and hell.

"Oh fool, thou knowest not the compact then
That with the three-formed goddess she has made
To keep her from the loving lips of men,
And in no saffron gown to be arrayed,
And therewithal with glory to be paid,
And love of her the moonlit river sees
White 'gainst the shadow of the formless trees.

"Come back, and I myself will pray for thee
Unto the sea-born framer of delights,
To give thee her who on the earth may be
The fairest stirrer-up to death and fights,
To quench with hopeful days and joyous nights
The flame that doth thy youthful heart consume—
Come back, nor give thy beauty to the tomb."

How should he listen to her earnest speech—
Words such as he not once or twice had said
Unto himself, whose meaning scarce could reach
The firm abode of that sad hardihead?
He turned about, and through the market-stead
Swiftly he passed, until before the throne
In the cleared space he stood at last alone.

Then said the King, "Stranger, what dost thou here?
Have any of my folk done ill to thee?
Or art thou of the forest men in fear?
Or art thou of the sad fraternity
Who still will strive my daughter's mates to be,
Staking their lives to win to earthly bliss
The lonely maid, the friend of Artemis?"

"O King," he said, "thou sayest the word indeed;
Nor will I quit the strife till I have won
My sweet delight, or death to end my need.
And know that I am called Milanion,
Of King Amphidamas the well-loved son;
So fear not that to thy old name, O King,
Much loss or shame my victory will bring."

"Nay, Prince," said Schœneus, "welcome to this land
Thou wert indeed, if thou wert here to try
Thy strength 'gainst someone mighty of his hand;
Nor would we grudge thee well-won mastery.
But now, why wilt thou come to me to die,
And at my door lay down thy luckless head,
Swelling the band of the unhappy dead,

"Whose curses even now my heart doth fear?
Lo, I am old, and know what life can be,
And what a bitter thing is death anear.
O son! be wise, and hearken unto me;
And if no other can be dear to thee,
At least as now, yet is the world full wide,
And bliss in seeming hopeless hearts may hide—

"But if thou losest life, then all is lost."
"Nay, King," Milanion said, "thy words are vain.
Dou't not that I have counted well the cost.
But say, on what day wilt thou that I gain
Fulfilled delight, or death to end my pain?
Right glad were I if it could be today,
And all my doubts at rest forever lay."

275. **three-formed goddess**, Diana—worshiped as Diana on earth, as Luna in heaven, and as Hecate in Hades. 282. **sea-born framer**, see note on line 184.

301. **Artemis**, Diana, swift-running goddess of the chase.

"Nay," said King Schœneus, "thus it shall not be,
But rather shalt thou let a month go by,
And weary with thy prayers for victory
What god thou know'st the kindest and most nigh.
So doing, still perchance thou shalt not die;
And with my goodwill wouldst thou have the maid,
For of the equal gods I grow afraid.

"And until then, O Prince, be thou my guest,
And all these troublous things awhile forget."
"Nay," said he, "couldst thou give my soul good rest,
And on mine head a sleepy garland set,
Then had I 'scaped the meshes of the net,
Nor shouldst thou hear from me another word;
But now, make sharp thy fearful heading sword.

"Yet will I do what son of man may do,
And promise all the gods may most desire,
That to myself I may at least be true;
And on that day my heart and limbs so tire,
With utmost strain and measureless desire,
That, at the worst, I may but fall asleep
When in the sunlight round that sword shall sweep."

He went with that, nor anywhere would bide,
But unto Argos restlessly did wend;
And there, as one who lays all hope aside,
Because the leech has said his life must end,
Silent farewell he bade to foe and friend,
And took his way unto the restless sea,
For there he deemed his rest and help might be.

III

Upon the shore of Argolis there stands
A temple to the goddess that he sought,
That, turned into the lion-bearing lands,
Fenced from the east, of cold winds hath no thought,
Though to no homestead there the sheaves are brought,
No groaning press torments the close-clipped murk,
Lonely the fane stands, far from all men's work.

Pass through a close, set thick with myrtle-trees,
Through the brass doors that guard the holy place,
And, entering, hear the washing of the seas
That twice a day rise high above the base,
And, with the southwest urging them, embrace
The marble feet of her that standeth there,
That shrink not, naked though they be and fair.

Small is the fane through which the sea-wind sings
About Queen Venus' well-wrought image white;
But hung around are many precious things,
The gifts of those who, longing for delight,
Have hung them there within the goddess' sight,
And in return have taken at her hands
The living treasures of the Grecian lands.

And thither now has come Milanion,
And showed unto the priests' wide-open eyes
Gifts fairer than all those that there have shown—
Silk cloths, inwrought with Indian fantasies,
And bowls inscribed with sayings of the wise
Above the deeds of foolish living things,
And mirrors fit to be the gifts of kings.

And now before the sea-born one he stands,
By the sweet, veiling smoke made dim and soft;
And while the incense trickles from his hands,

336. **equal**, just. 340. **sleepy garland**, wreath of poppies, which contain opium. 343. **heading**, beheading. 352. **Argos**, Milanion's home. 359. **goddess**, Venus. 360. **lion-bearing lands**, Africa.

363. **murk**, marc, what is left of grapes or other fruit after the juice has been extracted. 365. **close**, enclosure.

And while the odorous smoke-wreaths hang aloft,
Thus doth he pray to her: "O thou who oft
Hast holpen man and maid in their distress,
Despise me not for this my wretchedness!

"O goddess, among us who dwell below,
Kings and great men, great for a little while,
Have pity on the lowly heads that bow,
Nor hate the hearts that love them without guile;
Wilt thou be worse than these, and is thy smile
A vain device of him who set thee here,
An empty dream of some artificer?

"O great one, some men love, and are ashamed;
Some men are weary of the bonds of love;
Yea, and by some men lightly art thou blamed,
That from thy toils their lives they cannot move,
And mid the ranks of men their manhood prove.
Alas! O goddess, if thou slayest me
What new immortal can I serve but thee?

"Think then, will it bring honor to thy head
If folk say, 'Everything aside he cast,
And to all fame and honor was he dead,
And to his one hope now is dead at last,
Since all unholpen he is gone and past.
Ah! the gods love not man, for certainly
He to his helper did not cease to cry.'

"Nay, but thou wilt help; they who died before
Not single-hearted, as I deem, came here;
Therefore unthanked they laid their gifts before
Thy stainless feet, still shivering with their fear,
Lest in their eyes their true thought might appear,
Who sought to be the lords of that fair town,
Dreaded of men and winners of renown.

"O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for this;
O, set us down together in some place
Where not a voice can break our heaven of bliss,
Where naught but rocks and I can see her face,
Softening beneath the marvel of thy grace,
Where not a foot our vanished steps can track—
The golden age, the golden age come back!

"O fairest, hear me now who do thy will,
Plead for thy rebel that she be not slain,
But live and love and be thy servant still.
Ah! give her joy and take away my pain,
And thus two long-enduring servants gain.
An easy thing this is to do for me,
What need of my vain words to weary thee?

"But none the less this place will I not leave
Until I needs must go my death to meet,
Or at thy hands some happy sign receive
That in great joy we twain may one day greet
Thy presence here and kiss thy silver feet,
Such as we deem thee, fair beyond all words,
Victorious o'er our servants and our lords."

Then from the altar back a space he drew,
But from the queen turned not his face away,
But 'gainst a pillar leaned, until the blue
That arched the sky, at ending of the day,
Was turned to ruddy gold and changing gray,
And clear, but low, the nigh-ebbed windless sea
In the still evening murmured ceaselessly.

And there he stood when all the sun was down;
Nor had he moved when the dim, golden light,

411. **unholpen**, unhelped.

427. **golden age**, mythical time of perfect happiness

Like the far luster of a godlike town,
Had left the world to seeming hopeless night;
Nor would he move the more when wan moonlight
Streamed through the pillars for a little while,
And lighted up the white queen's changeless smile.

Naught noted he the shallow, flowing sea,
As step by step it set the wrack a-swim;
The yellow torchlight nothing noted he
Wherein with fluttering gown and half-bared limb
The temple damsels sung their midnight hymn;
And naught the doubled stillness of the fane
When they were gone and all was hushed again.

But when the waves had touched the marble base,
And steps the fish swim over twice a day,
The dawn beheld him sunken in his place
Upon the floor; and sleeping there he lay,
Not heeding aught the little jets of spray
The roughened sea brought nigh, across him cast,
For as one dead all thought from him had passed.

Yet long before the sun had showed his head,
Long ere the varied hangings on the wall
Had gained once more their blue and green and red,
He rose as one some well-known sign doth call
When war upon the city's gates doth fall,
And scarce like one fresh risen out of sleep,
He 'gan again his broken watch to keep.

Then he turned round; not for the sea-gull's cry
That wheeled above the temple in his flight,
Not for the fresh south wind that lovingly
Breathed on the newborn day and dying night,

457. **wrack**, seaweed on the shore.

But some strange hope 'twixt fear and great delight
Drew round his face, now flushed, now pale and wan,
And still constrained his eyes the sea to scan.

Now a faint light lit up the southern sky—
Not sun or moon, for all the world was gray,
But this a bright cloud seemed, that drew anigh,
Lighting the dull waves that beneath it lay
As toward the temple still it took its way,
And still grew greater, till Milanion
Saw naught for dazzling light that round him shone.

But as he staggered with his arms outspread,
Delicious, unnamed odors breathed around;
For languid happiness he bowed his head,
And with wet eyes sank down upon the ground,
Nor wished for aught, nor any dream he found
To give him reason for that happiness,
Or make him ask more knowledge of his bliss.

At last his eyes were cleared, and he could see
Through happy tears the goddess face to face,
With that faint image of divinity,
Whose well-wrought smile and dainty changeless grace
Until that morn so gladdened all the place;
Then he unwitting cried aloud her name,
And covered up his eyes for fear and shame.

But through the stillness he her voice could hear,
Piercing his heart with joy scarce bearable,
That said, "Milanion, wherefore dost thou fear?
I am not hard to those who love me well;
List to what I a second time will tell,
And thou mayest hear perchance, and live to save
The cruel maiden from a loveless grave.

"See, by my feet three golden apples lie—
Such fruit among the heavy roses falls,
Such fruit my watchful damsels carefully
Store up within the best-loved of my walls,
Ancient Damascus, where the lover calls
Above my unseen head, and faint and light
The rose-leaves flutter round me in the night.

"And note that these are not alone most fair
With heavenly gold, but longing strange they bring
Unto the hearts of men, who will not care,
Beholding these, for any once-loved thing
Till round the shining sides their fingers cling.
And thou shalt see thy well-girt, swiftfoot maid
By sight of these amid her glory stayed.

"For bearing these within a scrip with thee,
When first she heads thee from the starting-place,
Cast down the first one for her eyes to see,
And when she turns aside make on apace,
And if again she heads thee in the race
Spare not the other two to cast aside
If she not long enough behind will bide.

"Farewell, and when has come the happy time
That she Diana's raiment must unbind,
And all the world seems blessed with Saturn's clime,
And thou with eager arms about her twined
Beholdest first her gray eyes growing kind,
Surely, O trembler, thou shalt scarcely then
Forget the helper of unhappy men."

Milanion raised his head at this last word,
For now so soft and kind she seemed to be
No longer of her godhead was he feared;
Too late he looked, for nothing could he see
But the white image glimmering doubtfully
In the departing twilight cold and gray,
And those three apples on the steps that lay.

These then he caught up, quivering with delight,
Yet fearful lest it all might be a dream,
And though aweary with the watchful night,
And sleepless nights of longing, still did deem
He could not sleep; but yet the first sunbeam
That smote the fane across the heaving deep
Shone on him laid in calm, untroubled sleep.

But little ere the noontide did he rise,
And why he felt so happy scarce could tell
Until the gleaming apples met his eyes.
Then, leaving the fair place where this befell,
Oft he looked back as one who loved it well,
Then homeward to the haunts of men 'gan wend
To bring all things unto a happy end.

IV

Now has the lingering month at last gone by,
Again are all folk around the running-place.
Nor other seems the dismal pageantry
Then heretofore, but that another face
Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race,
For now, beheld of all, Milanion
Stands on the spot he twice has looked upon.

But yet—what change is this that holds the maid?
Does she indeed see in his glittering eye
More than disdain of the sharp, shearing blade,
Some happy hope of help and victory?
The others seemed to say, "We come to die;
Look down upon us for a little while,
That, dead, we may bethink us of thy smile."

But he—what look of mastery was this
He cast on her? Why were his lips so red?

526. **scrip**, wallet. 535. **Saturn's clime**, golden age of the world (see note on line 427), in which the god Saturn reigned.

ATALANTA'S RACE

Why was his face so flushed with happiness?
So looks not one who deems himself but dead,
E'en if to death he bows a willing head;
So rather looks a god well pleased to find
Some earthly damsel fashioned to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,
And even as she casts adown her eyes
Redden to note his eager glance of praise,
And wish that she were clad in other guise?
Why must the memory to her heart arise
Of things unnoticed when they first were heard,
Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word?

What makes these longings, vague, without a name,
And this vain pity never felt before,
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
These doubts that grow each minute more and more?
Why does she tremble as the time grows near,
And weak defeat and woeful victory fear?

But while she seemed to hear her beating heart,
Above their heads the trumpet blast rang out,
And forth they sprang; and she must play her part.
Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,
Though, slackening once, she turned her head about,
But then she cried aloud and faster fled
Than e'er before, and all men deemed him dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his hand
And thence what seemed a ray of light there flew
And past the maid rolled on along the sand;
Then trembling she her feet together drew,
And in her heart a strong desire there grew
To have the toy; some god she thought had given
That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she ran,
And in her odorous bosom laid the gold.
But when she turned again, the great-limbed man
Now well ahead she failed not to behold,
And, mindful of her glory waxing cold,
Sprang up and followed him in hot pursuit,
Though with one hand she touched the golden fruit.

Note, too, the bow that she was wont to bear
She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize,
And o'er her shoulder from the quiver fair
Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes
Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries
She sprang to head the strong Milanion,
Who now the turning-post had well-nigh won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it,
White fingers underneath his own were laid,
And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did flit;
Then he the second fruit cast by the maid,
But she ran on awhile, then as afraid
Wavered and stopped, and turned and made no stay
Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast around,
Now far ahead the Argive could she see,
And in her garment's hem one hand she wound
To keep the double prize, and strenuously
Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had she
To win the day, though now but scanty space
Was left betwixt him and the winning-place.

Short was the way unto such wingéd feet;
Quickly she gained upon him, till at last
He turned about her eager eyes to meet
And from his hand the third fair apple cast.
She wavered not, but turned and ran so fast
After the prize that should her bliss fulfill,
That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

632. **Argive,** Milanion's father was king of Argolis.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win
Once more an unblest, woeful victory—
And yet—and yet—why does her breath begin
To fail her, and her feet drag heavily?
Why fails she now to see if far or nigh
The goal is? Why do her gray eyes grow dim?
Why do these tremors run through every limb?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find,
Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this,
A strong man's arms about her body twined.
Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss,
So wrapped she is in new, unbroken bliss;
Made happy that the foe the prize hath won,
She weeps glad tears for all her glory done.

V

Shatter the trumpet, hew adown the posts!
Upon the brazen altar break the sword,
And scatter incense to appease the ghosts
Of those who died here by their own award.
Bring forth the image of the mighty lord,
And her who unseen o'er the runners hung,
And did a deed forever to be sung.

Here are the gathered folk; make no delay,
Open King Schœneus' well-filled treasury,
Bring out the gifts long hid from light of day—
The golden bowls o'erwrought with imagery,
Gold chains, and unguents brought from over sea,
The saffron gown the old Phœnician brought,
Within the temple of the goddess wrought.

O ye, O damsels, who shall never see
Her, that Love's servant bringeth now to you,
Returning from another victory,
In some cool bower do all that now is due!
Since she in token of her service new
Shall give to Venus offerings rich enow—
Her maiden zone, her arrows, and her bow.

663. **mighty lord**, Zeus. 664. **her**, Venus. 671. **Phœnician**. The Phœnicians were the sea-merchants of the ancient world. 679. **zone**, girdle.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. In 1868-70 William Morris published a collection of twenty-four metrical romances called *The Earthly Paradise*. In the Prologue the poet tells how a group of travelers from Norway set out to find the Earthly Paradise (compare "Ulysses," line 63, page 39). After many years of wandering (compare the wanderings of Ulysses as narrated in the *Odyssey*) they find it; it is inhabited by people of Greek descent. At a series of feasts stories are told, the duty falling alternately upon one of the travelers, who tells a Scandinavian or Celtic romance, and then upon one of the inhabitants of the Earthly Paradise, who tells a tale from Greek mythology. "Atalanta's Race" belongs to this second group.

2. The author of the poem lived a life of amazing industry. He was an architect, a painter, a printer, and a founder of the modern Arts and Crafts movement. He wrote both prose and verse, on many subjects, but his literary fame rests on his romances in verse.

3. There were two Atalantas in Greek mythology—both of them followers of Diana—who consented to marriage only after they had been conquered in a test of strength. Morris combines the two myths. The Arcadian Atalanta, who was exposed on a hill because her father wanted a son, not a daughter, was cared for by a bear and was then saved by hunters who made her expert with the bow. At the Caledonian boar-hunt she was the first to hit the monster. She rejected all suitors until she was finally won by a youth named Milanion. The Bœotian Atalanta, daughter of Schœneus, vowed that she would marry no suitor who could not outstrip her in running. The penalty of failure was death, as in Morris's story. She was at last conquered by Hippomenes by means of three golden apples that he had secured from Aphrodite, or Venus, the goddess of love. The story of Atalanta has been often retold; the most famous poetic version, besides Morris's, is "Atalanta in Calydon," by Swinburne.

Questions and Topics

1. The story may be divided into six parts as follows: introduction; the first race; the old man's story; the second visit; the Temple of Venus; and the victory. Notice where these parts begin and end. Summarize each part so that you may make a compact statement of the plot of the poem.

2. As pointed out in the Explanatory Notes, the poem unites the myths of the Arcadian Atalanta with that of the Bœotian. Prove this by reference to the story as Morris tells it.

3. What impressions of the life and the people of King Schœneus's land do you get from the poem? What occupations are mentioned? Compare these people with the people of Phæacia as described in the *Odyssey*.

4. In line 134, the race and the death of the runner are called a "pageant." Does this word seem appropriate? Does the stanza beginning with line 64 help to explain it?

5. Note the references to Nature in this poem. What effect have some of these, for example in lines 137-140? Find other examples. Compare with the bits of Nature description in "The Eve of St. Agnes."

6. Note that you do not get the full situation until the old man's story is told. Yet you were introduced to Atalanta very early in the poem. Can you think of a reason for putting the story of the race and the death of the lover first? How is the girl described in lines 85-88 and 113-119? Does she seem cruel? What if the old man's story had been given first?

7. Why did Milanion go to the Argive cities (line 211)? Account for the phrase "little valued blood" (line 214). Explain the stanza beginning with line 225. What was the lie? Why did he return, knowing the cruelty of the girl? What difference was there in his manner the second time he appeared as compared with the first? How did the people know his errand? Judging from lines 326-329 and 343, do you think that Milanion hoped to win? Find other hints bearing on this point.

8. How did Milanion happen to go to Argolis? Explain lines 375-378. What beautiful woman is one of those referred to in line 378, and what great war did she cause?

9. What change was there in the appearance of Milanion when he returned for the third time? Did he seem different from the other suitors? Had this any effect on Atalanta? Find the lines that prove your answer.

10. What differences do you notice between this poem and "The Eve of Saint Agnes" in the following respects: (a) in stanza, verse, and rime; (b) in the number of incidents; (c) in the season; (d) in the setting or scene in which the action takes place; (e) in the language, especially the adjectives.

11. Choose one or two stanzas for careful study and commit them to memory.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

AN EPISODE

Matthew Arnold

And the first gray of morning filled the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hushed, and still the men were plunged in sleep.
Sohrab alone, he slept not; all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed.
But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold, wet fog,
Through the dim camp, to Peran-Wisa's tent.

Through the black Tartar tents he passed, which stood
Clustering like beehives on the low, flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer-floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere.

1. **And.** The conjunction suggests that what follows is merely an episode in an action of larger scope, as it is in the Persian epic from which Arnold drew the story. 2. **Oxus,** now known as the Amu Daria, the principal river of central Asia; it flows northwest into the Aral Sea. 3. **Tartar.** The Tartars were wandering tribes of central Asia and southern Russia.

11. **Peran-Wisa,** the commander of the Tartar forces. 15. **Pamere,** now Pamir, a plateau region northeast of Afghanistan, in which is the source of the Oxus River. It has an elevation of 13,000 feet.

Through the black tents he passed, o'er that low strand,
And to a hillock came, a little back
From the stream's brink—the spot where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.
The men of former times had crowned the top
With a clay fort; but that was fall'n, and now
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick-piled carpets in the tent,
And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dulled; for he slept light, an old man's sleep;
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said:

"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"

But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa! it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep, but I sleep not; all night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful; and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army marched;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars and bore arms,
I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This, too, thou know'st, that while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone—
Rustum, my father; who I hoped should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field,
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest today; but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man. If I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.
Dim is the rumor of a common fight
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk;
But of a single combat Fame speaks clear."

He spoke; and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sighed, and said:

"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press forever first,
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen?
That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring; in our tents, while it is war,
And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.
But if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight!
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray;
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Seïstan, with Zal, his father old,
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorred approaches of old age,
Or in some quarrel with the Persian King.

38. **Afrasiab**, king of the Tartar tribes. 40. **Samarcand**, a city in Turkestan, Asiatic Russia. 42. **Aderbaijan**, a province of northwestern Persia.

82. **Seïstan**, now Sistan, the southwest province of Afghanistan. 85. **Persian King**, Kai Khosroo, mentioned later; thought to mean Cyrus the Great.

There go!—Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us; fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain. But who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening, and who govern Rustum's son?
Go; I will grant thee what thy heart desires."

So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay;
And o'er his chilly limbs his woolen coat
He passed, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him, and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;
And on his head he set his sheepskin cap,
Black, glossy, curled, the fleece of Karakul;
And raised the curtain of his tent, and called
His herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun by this had risen, and cleared the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands.
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain; so Haman bade—
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse, they streamed;
As when some gray November morn the files,
In marching order spread, of long-necked cranes
Stream over Casbin and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some frore Caspian reed-bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian seaboard—so they streamed:

The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
First, with black sheepskin caps and with long spears,
Large men, large steeds, who from Bokhara come
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.
Next, the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands,
Light men and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
From far, and a more doubtful service owned,
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
And close-set skullcaps; and those wilder hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
Kalmucks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
Nearest the Pole; and wandering Kirghizzes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere—
These all filed out from camp into the plain.

And on the other side the Persians formed:
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seemed,
The Ilyats of Khorassan; and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshaled battalions bright in burnished steel.

But Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.

99. **staff**, in ancient times, the sign of leadership. 101. **Karakul**, a section of Pamir (see note for line 15), noted for its good pasturage. 113. **Casbin**, now Kasbin, a city in northwestern Persia. 114. **Elburz**, a mountain range in north Persia. 115. **frore**, frozen.

119. **Bokhara**, a district of central Asia, north of Afghanistan. 120. **Khiva**, a district northwest of Bokhara. 121. **Toorkmuns**, Turks living near the Aral Sea. 123. **Attruck**, now Atrek, a river of northern Persia. 128. **Ferghana**, a province of Turkestan. 129. **Jaxartes**, a river of Turkestan, now the Sir-Daria. 131. **Kipchak**, the name formerly applied to an extensive region north of the Caspian Sea. 132. **Kalmucks**, a nomadic, Mongolian people, here probably from northern Siberia. **Kuzzaks**, the modern Cossacks, a warring, nomadic tribe in Russia, Siberia, and parts of Asia. 133. **Kirghizzes . . . . Pamere**, see note on line 15. 138. **Khorassan**, a province of northeastern Persia.

And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And checked his ranks, and fixed them where they stood.
And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:

"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!
Let there be truce between the hosts today,
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man."

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearléd ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.

But as a troop of peddlers, from Cabool,
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighboring mountain of milk snow,
Crossing so high, that, as they mount, they pass
Long flocks of traveling birds dead on the snow,
Choked by the air, and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parched throats with sugared mulberries—
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows—
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up
To counsel; Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
Second, and was the uncle of the King;
These came and counseled, and then Gudurz said:

"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up;
Yet champion have we none to match this youth.
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart.
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.
Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up."

So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and cried:
"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said!
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man."

He spake; and Peran-Wisa turned, and strode
Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.
But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
And crossed the camp which lay behind, and reached,
Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.
Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
Just pitched; the high pavilion in the midst
Was Rustum's, and his men lay camped around.
And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found
Rustum; his morning meal was done, but still
The table stood before him, charged with food,
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
And dark green melons; and there Rustum sat
Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,
And played with it; but Gudurz came and stood
Before him; and he looked, and saw him stand,
And with a cry sprang up and dropped the bird,

156. **corn**, grain. 160. **Cabool**, now Kabul, a district of eastern Afghanistan. 161. **Indian Caucasus**, the Hindu Kush mountains.

And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said:

"Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.
What news? but sit down first, and eat and drink."

But Gudurz stood in the tent-door, and said:
"Not now! a time will come to eat and drink,
But not today—today has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand and gaze;
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name—
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart;
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose!"

He spoke; but Rustum answered with a smile:
"Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older; if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely; for the King, for Kai-Khosroo
Himself is young, and honors younger men,
And lets the aged molder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young;
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight, helpless girl I have—
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
And he has none to guard his weak old age.

There would I go, and hang my armor up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."

He spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made reply:
"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed lest men should say,
'Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men.' "

And, greatly moved, then Rustum made reply:
"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?
But who for men of naught would do great deeds?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame!
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched
In single fight with any mortal man."

He spoke, and frowned; and Gudurz turned, and ran
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy—
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.

217. **Iran**, Persia.

257. **plain arms**, i.e., with no distinguishing marks.

But Rustum strode to his tent-door, and called
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel; the arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And, from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume.
So armed, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse,
Followed him like a faithful hound, at heel,
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth—
The horse whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,
And reared him—a bright bay, with lofty crest,
Dight with a saddlecloth of broidered green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were worked
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know.
So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed
The camp, and to the Persian host appeared.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hailed; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—
So dear, to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swath
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare—
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blackened fingers makes her fire
At cockcrow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whitened windowpanes,
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be—so Rustum eyed
The unknown, adventurous youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs. Long he perused
His spirited air, and wondered who he was;
For very young he seemed, tenderly reared;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckoned to him with his hand, and said:

"O thou young man, the air of heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold!
Heaven's air is better than the cold, dead grave.
Behold me; I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe—

277. **Dight**, adorned. 286. **Bahrein**, a group of islands celebrated for their pearl fisheries. 288. **tale**, count.

295. **corn**, see note on line 156.

Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be governed! quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die!
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."

So he spake, mildly; Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streaked with its first gray hairs; hope filled his soul,
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasped his hand within his own, and said:

"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? Speak! art thou not he?"

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turned away, and spake to his own soul:

"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean!
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say: '*Rustum is here!*'
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword, perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast day, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry,
'I challenged once, when the two armies camped
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank, only Rustum dared; then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud.
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me."

And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud:
"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth; make good thy vaunt, or yield!
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee!
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were revealed,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this—
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul—
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer-floods,
Oxus in summer, wash them all away."

He spoke; and Sohrab answered, on his feet:
"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so!
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young.
But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven;
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know;
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,

Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs, uncertain to which side to fall,
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us, in its hour."

He spoke, and Rustum answered not, but hurled
His spear. Down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk,
That long has towered in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet. Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash; the spear
Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide; then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck; Rustum's shield sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield; an unlopped trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough—like those which men in treeless plains,
To build them boats, fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in wintertime
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs; so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke. But again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leaped from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand;
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:

"Thou strik'st too hard! that club of thine will float
Upon the summer-floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I;
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou say'st thou art not Rustum; be it so!
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too,
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men,
But never was my heart thus touched before.
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends;
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they confront thy spear!
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"

He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum had risen
And stood erect, trembling with rage; his club

412. **Hyphasis, Hydaspes,** ancient names of the rivers Sutlej and Jhelum in northwestern India. 414. **wrack,** destruction.

He left to lie, but had regained his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn-star,
The baleful sign of fevers; dust had soiled
His stately crest and dimmed his glittering arms.
His breast heaved, his lips foamed, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage; at last these words broke way:

"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight! let me hear thy hateful voice no more.
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance,
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valor; try thy feints
And cunning! All the pity I had is gone,
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light, skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."

He spoke; and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword. At once they rushed
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west. Their shields
Dashed with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in heaven, and darked the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And laboring breath. First Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bowed his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry—
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pained desert lion, who all day
Hath trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes, at night, to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushed on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bowed
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in the hand the hilt remained alone.

452. **autumn-star**, Sirius, the Dog Star, one of the brightest stars in the heavens.

Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted, "*Rustum!*"—Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed; back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form;
And then he stood bewildered; and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the ground;
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair,
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began:
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent,
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I matched with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till today I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovéd name unnerved my arm,
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear:
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death,
My father, whom I seek through all the world!
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee."

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short, uneasy sweeps
Circles above his aerie, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far, stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers. Never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by.
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

But with a cold incredulous voice, he said:
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."

568. **his ken**, reach of his vision. 570. **glass**, reflect, as does a mirror.

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:
"Ah, yes, he had; and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here,
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce man, bethink thee! for an only son
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be?
Oh, could I live till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old King, her father, who grows gray
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honor, when the war is done.
But a dark rumor will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;
And then will that defenseless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more,
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain."

He spoke; and as he ceased, he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke; but Rustum listened, plunged in thought,
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he called back names he knew;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all—
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms.
And so he deemed that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son,
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deemed he; yet he listened, plunged in thought.
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking ocean sets to shore
At the full moon; tears gathered in his eyes,
For he remembered his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture; as, at dawn,
The shepherd from his mountain-lodge descries
A far, bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds—so Rustum saw
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old King, her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer time;
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskillful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grassplots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass; so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said:

"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved.
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false; thou art not Rustum's son,
For Rustum had no son; one child he had,
But one, a girl who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us;
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."

But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew fierce,
And he desiréd to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die;

592. **Koords**, Kurds, tribes in western Persia. 596. **bruited up**, noised about.

But first he would convince his stubborn foe.
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said:

"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men;
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."

He spoke; and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks.
And his knees tottered, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy-mailéd hand,
That the hard iron corselet clanked aloud;
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said:

"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."

Then, with weak, hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And showed a sign in faint vermilion points
Pricked. As a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift; at early morn he paints,
And all day long; and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands—
So delicately pricked the sign appeared
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old reared Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain-rocks;
Him that kind creature found, and reared, and loved.
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scanned it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touched it with his hand, and said:

"How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"

He spoke; but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless; and then he uttered one sharp cry:
"*O boy—thy father!*" and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips,
And with fond, faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life; and life
Came back to Rustum; and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirched his hair,
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms;
And strong, convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him; and he clutched his sword,
To draw it, and forever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, and said:

"Father, forbear! for I but meet today
The doom which at my birth was written down
In Heaven; and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,

I know it; but fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this. I find
My father; let me feel that I have found!
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say, '*My son!*'
Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."

So said he, and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts,
When they saw Rustum's grief; and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
First to the one, then to the other, moved
His head, as if inquiring what their grief
Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,
The big warm tears rolled down, and caked the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:

"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
Should first have rotted on their nimble joints,
Or e'er they brought thy master to this field!"

But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said:

"Is this, then, Ruksh? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed,
My terrible father's terrible horse! and said
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane!
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuffed the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seïstan,
And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake
Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter, soaked with wine,
And said, *'O Ruksh, bear Rustum well!'*—but I
Have never known my grandsire's furrowed face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seïstan,
Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;
But lodged among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only—Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers—Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream,
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."

And, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewailed:
"Oh, that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"

But, with a grave, mild voice, Sohrab replied:
"Desire not that, my father! thou must live;

763-4. **Moorghab, Tejend, Kohik,** rivers of Turkestan. 765. **northern Sir,** the Sir Daria, which empties into the Aral Sea.

For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age—
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come; thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these!
Let me entreat for them! What have they done?
They followed me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seïstan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me;
Thou, and the snow-haired Zal, and all thy friends.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry:
'Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill!'
And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied:
"Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
And carry thee away to Seïstan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
And I will spare thy host; yea, let them go;
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all that I have ever slain
Might be once more alive—my bitterest foes,
And they who were called champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have—
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown,
So thou mightest live, too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine! and I might die, not thou,
And I, not thou, be borne to Seïstan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine,
And say, *'O son, I weep thee not too sore,*
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end!'
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age;
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied:
"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,
Not yet; but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave."

And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said:
"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."

He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flowed with the stream; all down his cold, white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soiled,
Like the soiled tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank,

By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head drooped low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay,
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,
Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
And fixed them feebly on his father's face;
Till now all strength was ebbed; and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sat by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-reared
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
So, in the sand, lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darkened all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal.
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge;
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon; he flowed
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents, that for many a league
The shorn and parceled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted, rushy isles;
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
A foiled, circuitous wanderer; till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

861. **Jemshid**, a mythical Persian ruler. **Persepolis**, a capital of ancient Persia.

878. **Chorasmian waste**, now Kharezm, a region in Turkestan lying about the lower Oxus. 890. **luminous home**, see note on line 2.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. Matthew Arnold looked to the supreme poetry of ancient Greece for his model of treatment and style. "Sohrab and Rustum" is an imitation of the style and method of Homer. Homer's poetry is direct, rapid, clear, simple. His figures of speech are so rare as to be all the more impressive when they do occur. His use of adjectives is also individual; to one person or thing he applies a single epithet repeatedly, so that ever after when we recall that individual or object, the descriptive term leaps to our mind in association with it. While Arnold did not imitate slavishly these details of style, he believed that their use does make for the most simple, austere, chaste poetry, the kind he considered best. Therefore his blank verse always suggests Homer. He chose no deeply involved plot, no intricate exposition of motives and moods, he dealt with one simple plot from a definite beginning through a single arresting

climax, to a perfect conclusion. This singleness of incident, this unity of effect was in his own mind when he called "Sohrab and Rustum" an episode. A complete incident from an interminable chain was all he wanted to tell.

2. Very much like the deeds of Arnold's favorite old Greeks are the deeds of the ancient Persian heroes as related in the national epic, the *Shah Nameh*, composed in the tenth century, and containing the exploits of the Persian kings during thirty-six centuries. Arnold was enthusiastic about the story, which he called "a very noble and excellent one." As a poet should, he enjoyed writing "Sohrab and Rustum." In a letter to his mother he wrote: "All my spare time has been spent on a poem which I have just finished, and which I think by far the best thing I have yet done, and I think it will be generally liked; though one can never be sure of this. I have had the greatest pleasure in composing it, a rare thing with me, and, as I think, a good test of the pleasure what you write is likely to afford to others."

3. Love of family and pride of race are the two dominant human characteristics of the affecting story. The deeds of the two powerful warriors are not different in themselves from the doughty fighting narrated in a hundred poems. Here the action is the outward contrast of a profound yearning of the heart—Sohrab seeking for his renowned father, Rustum; Rustum, that father, longing that he might have had a warrior son like this youth, Sohrab. Over the poem broods the imposing idea of oriental fatalism. Mortals may strive, but the universe is bound to move as foreordained. Puny humanity may strive to its utmost, yet nothing can change the destiny of an individual. The poem, thus considered, expands to more significant proportions than the modest caption —An Episode—indicates. It becomes a perfect illustration of the purpose its critical author claimed for all real literature—a criticism of life itself.

Questions and Topics

1. Do you like the abrupt opening? Explain its effect. How far do you read before you understand the state of affairs? Does the ignorance of Rustum concerning his son seem probable?

2. Why does Sohrab make his request for a single combat? What details show regard and affection for Sohrab among the leaders?

3. Explain the duties of heralds. Where else have you read of them? What effects upon the two armies has the challenge? Characterize Gudurz and show why he is important to the story.

4. Rustum's behavior—sitting aloof in his tent—is somewhat like that of Achilles (Homer's *Iliad*, Book I). What are the reasons for his action? What arouses him? Why does he decide to fight in unmarked armor? What is the direct result of this? Does this remind you of other combats? In what books? Or periods? What did Rustum mean by "girl's wiles" (line 469)? What made Rustum all the more determined to conquer?

5. What single act spoiled the possibility of an explanation and recognition?

6. Do the proper names help or mar the effect? Explain. What relation do the changes of Nature have with the story? What do you think of such use? Are they possible or supernatural?

7. What is the climax? Is it well developed? Is it effective? Compare the triumphing speech of Rustum with the speech of Sohrab when he had the advantage. Recount the successive details by which the relationship is disclosed. How does this produce suspense? In the original story Sohrab wore an onyx stone which proved his identity. Is the tatooed griffin a better mark? Explain fully. What is the most pathetic detail of the story?

8. Make a study of the similes (a comparison of one thing with another, definitely expressed). Which ones do you consider best? Explain why. Study Arnold's use of descriptive adjectives.

9. Make a list of some new words the poem gives you. Discuss meanings and uses. Fix in your speaking and writing vocabularies some of these words that you think will be useful to you.

10. Note that the poem begins and ends with a picture of the river. Do you see any reason for this? Of what other books and poems were you reminded as you read this story? How do such comparisons add to the pleasure of reading?

11. Look up the word *fatalism* in a large dictionary. In what way does this poem illustrate such a conception of life? Comment on this principle as applied to life in general.

12. Two pupils should memorize the speeches of father and son and deliver them before the class.

TAM O' SHANTER

A TALE

ROBERT BURNS

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet;
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith an thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon,
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony—
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himsel amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

1. **chapman billies**, peddler fellows. 2. **drouthy**, thirsty. 4. **tak the gate**, go home. 5. **nappy**, ale. 6. **fou**, full (drunk). **unco**, very. 7. **lang Scots miles**. The Scotch mile is more than a fourth longer than the statute mile of England and the United States. 8. **slaps**, gaps in fences. 13. **fand**, found. 14. **ae**, one. 19. **skellum**, good-for-nothing. 20. **blethering**, chattering. **blellum**, babbler. 23. **ilka melder**, every grinding. 25. **naig was ca'd a shoe on**, horse that was shod. 31. **warlocks**, witches. **mirk**, dark. 32. **Alloway**, a hamlet near Ayr. **kirk**, church. 33. **gars me greet**, makes me weep.

39. **ingle**, **bleezing**, fire, blazing. 40. **reaming swats**, foaming ale. 41. **Souter**, shoemaker. 51. **rair**, roar. 68. **maun**, must. 71. **sic**, such.

ROBERT BURNS

Kirk Alloway Today

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed;
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares—
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood, right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion, brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge.
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-long, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens,

81. **skelpit**, hurried. **dub**, puddle. 88. **Whyles**, sometimes. 86. **bogles**, goblins. 88. **houlets**, owlets. 90. **chapman smoored**, peddler smothered. 91. **birks**, birches. **meikle stane**, big stone. 93. **whins**, evergreen shrubs. 94. **bairn**, child. 95. **aboon**, above. 97. **Doon**, a river in Ayrshire. 102. **bleeze**, blaze. 103. **ilka bore**, every crevice. 107. **tippenny**, twopence worth of ale. 108. **usquabae**, whisky. 109. **swats sae reamed**, ale so foamed. 110. **na deils a boddle**, not a copper (coin) for devils.

114. **unco**, wonderfully strange. 116. **brent**, brand. 119. **winnock-bunker**, window-seat. 121. **towzie tyke**, shaggy cur. 123. **gart them skirl**, made them shriek. 124. **dirl**, ring. 127. **cantraip slight**, magic trick. 130. **haly**, holy. 131. **airns**, irons. 134. **gab**, mouth. 140. **stack**, stuck. 143. **glowered**, stared. 147. **cleekit**, joined hands. 148. **ilka carlin swat and reekit**, every old woman sweat and steamed. 149. **coost**, cast off. **duddies**, duds. **wark**, work. 150. **linket**, tripped. **sark**, shirt. 151. **thae**, those. **queans**, girls,

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!
But withered beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie.
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
That night enlisted in the core.
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore,
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear).
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowered, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main;

153. **creeshie flannen**, greasy flannel. 154. **seventeen hunder**, very fine, woven in a reel of 1700 divisions. 155. **Thir breeks**, these breeches. 157. **hurdies**, hips. 158. **burdies**, lasses. 160. **Rigwoodie**, withered. **wad spean**, that would wean. 161. **crummock**, cudgel. 163. **kend**, knew. **fu' brawlie**, very well. 164. **wawlie**, choice. 169. **baith**, both. **meikle**, much. **corn and bear**, wheat and barley. 171. **cutty**, short. **Paisley harn**, a coarse linen made in Paisley, Scotland. 174. **vauntie**, proud. 176. **coft**, bought. 177. **twa pund**, two pounds (about eighty cents). 179. **maun cour**, must let down. 181. **lap and flang**, leaped and kicked. 185. **glowered**, stared. **fidged fu' fain**, fidgeted with fondness. 186. **hotched**, jerked.

Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud—
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss—
A running stream they dare na cross;
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail.
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear;
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

187. **syne**, then. 188. **tint**, lost. 193. **fyke**, fuss. 194. **herds**, herd-boys. **byke**, hive. 195. **pussie**, hare, rabbit. 200. **mony an eldritch**, many an unearthly. 201. **fairin**, reward. 206. **brig**, bridge. 210. **fient**, devil. 213. **ettle**, effort. 214. **wist**, knew. 217. **carlin claught**, witch clutched.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This poem was written during the winter of 1790-91 and was published in the *Edinburgh Magazine* in March, 1791. The source of the poem is a legend about Alloway Kirk that Burns found and sent to an antiquary who was making a collection of such popular tales. Alloway Kirk is only a short distance from Burns's childhood home, and the scenes of the poem were therefore familiar to him.

2. The legend itself is widely known in one form or another in folk-lore. In this poem we have a combination of a story in which a man stumbles upon a group of supernatural beings who are celebrating some rite with a story in which a fairy or witch or demon carries off a mortal, or is foiled by some such circumstance as a running stream that cannot be crossed. Irish, Welsh, and Scottish fairy lore is full of such stories. Among these Celtic races, the supernatural creatures are apt to be fairies; Teutonic legend is apt to change the fairies to witches or demons. Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" is an example of a Teutonic legend of this sort, with a theme very like that of Burns's poem, which the American writer transferred to the Hudson River country of New York. Besides this main folk-tale, Burns crowds his story with superstitions about warlocks (magicians or wizards), ghosts, murders, and other folk beliefs. He also treats his theme humorously and with scepticism.

Questions and Topics

1. Find illustrations of Scottish superstitions introduced into the poem. Compare the poem in this respect with some of Irving's tales, such as "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" or "Rip Van Winkle."

2. Point out instances of humor. What is the difference between the use of the supernatural in this poem and in other poems and stories of the supernatural you have read, such as "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "The Wife of Usher's Well," and some of Poe's poems and stories?

THE TRAMP TRANSFIGURED*

AN EPISODE
IN THE LIFE OF A CORN-FLOWER MILLIONAIRE

Alfred Noyes

All the way to Fairyland across the thyme and heather,
Round a little bank of fern that rustled on the sky,
Me and stick and bundle, sir, we jogged along together—
(Changeable the weather? Well—it ain't all pie!)
Just about the sunset—Won't you listen to my story?—
Look at me! I'm only fags and tatters to your eye!
Sir, that blooming sunset crowned this battered hat with glory!
Me that was a crawling worm became a butterfly—
(Ain't it hot and dry?
Thank you, sir, thank you, sir!) a blooming butterfly.

Well, it happened this way! I was lying loose and lazy,
Just as, of a Sunday, you yourself might think no shame,
Puffing little clouds of smoke, and picking at a daisy,
Dreaming of your dinner, p'raps, or wishful for the same.
Suddenly, around that ferny bank there slowly waddled—
Slowly as the finger of a clock her shadow came—
Slowly as a tortoise down that winding path she toddled,
Leaning on a crooked staff, a poor old crooked dame,
Limping, but not lame,

*Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Volume II, by Alfred Noyes, copyright 1913 by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, a poor old crooked dame.

Slowly did I say, sir? Well, you've heard that funny fable
Consekint the tortoise and the race it give an 'are?
This was curiouser than that! At first I wasn't able
Quite to size the memory up that bristled thro' my hair;
Suddenly, I'd got it, with a nasty, shivery feeling,
While she walked and walked and yet was not a bit more near—
Sir, it was the treadmill earth beneath her feet a-wheeling
Faster than her feet could trot to Heaven or anywhere,
Earth's revolvin' stair
Wheeling, while my wayside clump was kind of anchored there.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, and just a little nearer,
Inch and 'arf an inch she went, but never gained a yard.
Quiet as a fox I lay; I didn't wish to scare 'er,
Watching thro' the ferns, and thinking "What a rum old card!"
Both her wrinkled tortoise eyes with yellow resin oozing,
Both her poor old bony hands were red and seamed and scarred!
Lord, I felt as if myself was in a public boozing,
While my own old woman went about and scrubbed and charred!
Lord, it seemed so hard!
Tick, tack, tick, tack, she never gained a yard.

Yus, and there in front of her—I hadn't seen it rightly—
Lurked that little finger-post to point another road,
Just a tiny path of poppies twisting infi-nite-ly
Through the whispering seas of wheat, a scarlet thread that showed
White with ox-eye daisies here and there and chalky cobbles,
Blue with waving corn-flowers; far and far away it glowed,
Winding into Heaven, I thinks; but, Lord, the way she hobbles,
Lord, she'll never reach it, for she bears too great a load;
Yus, and then I knowed,
If she did, she couldn't, for the board was marked "No Road."

Tick, tack, tick, tack, I couldn't wait no longer!
Up I gets and bows polite and pleasant as a toff—
"Arternoon," I says, "I'm glad your boots are going stronger;
Only thing I'm dreading is your feet 'ull both come off."
Tick, tack, tick, tack, she didn't stop to answer,
"Arternoon," she says, and sort o' chokes a little cough,
"I must get to Piddinghoe tomorrow if I can, sir!"
"Demme, my good woman! Haw! Don't think I mean to loff,"
Says I, like a toff,
"Where d'you mean to sleep tonight? God made this grass for go'ff."

Tick, tack, tick, tack, and smilingly she eyed me.
(Dreadful the low cunning of these creechars, don't you think?)
"That's all right! The weather's bright. Them bushes there 'ull hide me.
Don't the gorse smell nice?" I felt my derned old eyelids blink!
"Supper? I've a crust of bread, a big one, and a bottle,"
(Just as I expected! Ah, these creechars always drink!)
"Sugar and water and half a pinch of tea to rinse my throttle;
Then I'll curl up cosy!"—"If you're cotched it means the clink!"
—"Yus, but don't you think
If a star should see me, God 'ull tell that star to wink?"

22. **consekint**, concerning. 37. **public**, tavern (where liquors are sold).

52. **toff**, dandy. 68. **clink**, jail.

"Now, look here," I says, "I don't know
what your blooming age is!"
"Three-score years and five," she says,
"that's five more years to go
Tick, tack, tick, tack, before I gets my
wages!"
"Wages all be damned," I says, "there's
one thing that I know—
Gals that stay out late o' nights are sure
to meet wi' sorrow.
Speaking as a toff," I says, "it isn't
comme il faut!
Tell me why you want to get to Piddinghoe
tomorrow."—
"That was where my son worked, twenty
years ago!"—
"Twenty years ago?
Never wrote? May still be there? Re-
member you? . . . Just so!"

Yus, it was a drama; but she weren't my
long-lost parent!
Tick, tack, tick, tack, she trotted all the
while,
Never getting forrarder, and not the least
aware on't,
Though I stood beside her with a sort
of silly smile
Stock-still! *Tick, tack!* This blooming
world's a bubble;
There I stood and stared at it, mile on
flowery mile,
Chasing o' the sunset.—"Gals are sure to
meet wi' trouble
Staying out o' nights," I says, once
more, and tries to smile,
"Come, that ain't your style,
Here's a shilling, mother, for today I've
made my pile!"

Yus, a dozen coppers, all my capital, it
fled, sir,
Representin' twelve bokays that cost me
nothink each,
Twelve bokays o' corn-flowers blue that
grew beside my bed, sir,
That same day, at sunrise, when the sky
was like a peach.
Easy as a poet's dreams they blossomed
round my head, sir,
All I had to do was just to lift my hand
and reach.
So, upon the roaring waves I cast my
blooming bread, sir,
Bread I'd earned with nosegays on the
barefoot Brighton beach,
Nosegays *and* a speech,
All about the bright blue eyes they
matched on Brighton beach.

Still, you've only got to hear the bankers
on the budget,
Then you'll know the giving game is
hardly "high finance";
Which no more it wasn't for that poor old
dame to trudge it,
Tick, tack, tick, tack, on such a devil's
dance.
Crumbs, it took me quite aback to see her
stop so humble,
Casting up into my face a sort of shiny
glance,
Bless you, bless you, that was what I
thought I heard her mumble;
Lord, a prayer for poor old Bill, a rummy
sort of chance!
Crumbs, that shiny glance
Kinder made me king of all the sky
from here to France.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, but now she toddled
faster;
Soon she'd reach the little twisted by-
way through the wheat.
"Look 'ee here," I says, "young woman,
don't you court disaster!
Peepin' through yon poppies there's a
cottage trim and neat,
White as chalk and sweet as turf; wot price
a bed for sorrow,
Sprigs of lavender between the pillow
and the sheet?"
"No," she says, "I've got to get to Pid-
dinghoe tomorrow!
P'raps they'd tell the work'us! And
I've lashings here to eat—
Don't the gorse smell sweet?"
Well, I turned and left her plodding on
beside the wheat.

76. **comme il faut,** French for "the thing to do."

97. **cast my bread,** see *Ecclesiastes* xi, 1. 98. **Brighton,** a seaside resort on the southeast coast of England. 105. **Crumbs,** a slang exclamation. 118. **lashings,** plenty.

Every cent I'd given her like a hero in a story;
Yet, alone with leagues of wheat I seemed to grow aware
Solomon himself, arrayed in all his golden glory,
Couldn't vie with *me*, the corn-flower king, the millionaire!
How to cash those bright blue checks that night? My trouser pockets
Jingled sudden! Six more pennies, crept from James knew where!
Crumbs! I hurried back with eyes just bulging from their sockets,
Pushed 'em in the old dame's fist and listened for the prayer,
Shamming not to care,
Bill—the blarsted chicken-thief, the corn-flower millionaire.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, and faster yet she clattered!
Aye, she'd almost gained a yard! I left her once again.
Feeling very warm inside and sort of 'ighly flattered,
On I plodded, all alone, with haystacks in my brain.
Suddenly, with *chink—chink—chink,* the old sweet jingle
Startled me! *'twas thruppence more!* Three coppers round and plain!
Lord, temptation struck me and I felt my gullet tingle.
Then—I hurried back, beside them seas of golden grain—
No, I can't explain;
There I thrust 'em in her fist, and left her once again.

Tinkle-chink! *Three ha'pence.* If the vulgar fractions followed,
Big fleas have little fleas! It flashed upon me there—
Like the snakes of Pharaoh which the snakes of Moses swallowed—
All the world was playing at the tortoise and the hare:
Half the smallest atom is—my soul was getting tipsy—

Heaven is one big circle and the center's everywhere,
Yus, and that old woman was an angel and a gypsy,
Yus, and Bill, the chicken-thief, the corn-flower millionaire,
Shamming not to care,
What was he? A seraph on the misty rainbow-stair!

Don't you make no doubt of it! The deeper that you look, sir,
All your ancient poets tell you just the same as me—
What about old Ovid and his most indecent book, sir,
Morphosizing females into flower and star and tree?
What about old Proteus and his 'ighly curious 'abits,
Mixing of his old gray beard into the old gray sea?
What about old Darwin and the hat that brought forth rabbits,
Mud and slime that growed into the pomp of Ninevey?
What if there should be
One great Power beneath it all, one God in you and me?

Anyway, it seemed to me I'd struck the world's pump-handle!
"Back with that three ha'pence, Bill," I mutters, "or you're lost."
Back I hurries thro' the dusk where, shining like a candle,
Pale before the sunset stood that fairy finger-post.
Sir, she wasn't there! I'd struck the place where all roads crossed,
All the roads in all the world. She couldn't yet have trotted
Even to the . . . Hist! a stealthy step behind? A ghost?
Swish! A flying noose had caught me round the neck! Garotted!

123. **Solomon**, etc., see *Matthew* vi, 28-29. 142. **have little fleas**, i.e. that prey upon them. 143. **snakes of Pharaoh**, see *Exodus* vii, 12.

153. **Ovid**, Latin poet (43 B.C.-17 A.D.), whose book, *Metamorphoses*, describes changes of persons into plants and animals. 155. **Proteus**, a minor sea god, who, when seized, would assume different forms. 157. **Darwin**, Charles Darwin, famous English naturalist (1809-1882). 158. **Ninevey**, Nineveh, ancient capital of the Assyrian Empire.

Back I staggered, clutching at the moon-
beams, yus, almost
Throttled! Sir, I boast
Bill is tough, but . . . when it comes
to throttling by a ghost!
. . . . . .

Wingéd like a butterfly, tall and slender
Out It steps with the rope on its arm.
"Crumbs," I says, "all right! I surrender!
When have I crossed you or done you
harm?
Ef you're a sperrit," I says, "Oh, crikey,
Ef you're a sperrit, get hence, va-
moose!"—
Sweet as music, she spoke—"I'm Psyche!"
Choking me still with her silken noose.

Straight at the word from the ferns and
blossoms
Fretting the moonrise over the downs,
Little blue wings and little white bosoms,
Little white faces with golden crowns
Peeped, and the colors came twinkling
round me,
Laughed, and the turf grew purple with
thyme,
Danced, and the sweet crushed scents nigh
drowned me,
Sang, and the harebells rang in chime.

All around me, gliding and gleaming,
Fair as a fallen sunset-sky,
Butterfly wings came drifting, dreaming,
Clouds of the little folk clustered nigh,
Little white hands like pearls uplifted
Cords of silk in shimmering skeins,
Cast them about me and dreamily drifted
Winding me round with their soft, warm
chains.

Round and round me they dizzily floated,
Binding me faster with every turn;
Crumbs, my pals would have grinned and
gloated
Watching me over that fringe of fern,
Bill, with his battered old hat outstanding
Black as a foam-swept rock to the moon,
Bill, like a rainbow of silks expanding
Into a beautiful big cocoon—

Big as a cloud, though his hat still crowned
him,
Yus, and his old boots bulged below.
Seas of color went shimmering round
him
Dancing, glimmering, glancing a-glow!
Bill knew well what them elves were at,
sir—
Ain't you an en-to-mol-o-gist?
Well, despite of his old black hat, sir,
Bill was *becoming—a chrysalist.*
. . . . . .

Muffled, smothered in a sea of emerald
and opal,
Down a dazzling gulf of dreams I sank
and sank away,
Wound about with twenty thousand yards
of silken rope, all
Shimmering into crimson, glimmering
into gray,
Drowsing, waking, living, dying, just as
you regards it,
Buried in a sunset-cloud, or cloud of
breaking day,
'Cording as from East or West yourself
might look toward it,
Losing, gaining, lost in darkness, ragged,
grimy, gay,
'Andcuffed, not to say
Gagged, but both my shoulders budding,
sprouting white as May.

Sprouting like the milky buds o' hawthorn
in the nighttime,
Pouting like the snowy buds o' roses in
July,
Spreading in my chrysalist and waiting for
the right time,
When—I thought—they'd bust to wings
and Bill would rise and fly,
Tick, tack, tick, tack, as if it came in
answer,
Sweeping o'er my head again the tide o'
dreams went by—
I must get to Piddinghoe tomorrow if I can,
sir,

176. **crikey**, slang exclamation. 178. **Psyche**, in classic mythology a lovely maiden, the personification of the soul, usually represented with the wings of a butterfly.

Tick, tack, a crackle in my chrysalist, a cry!
Then the warm blue sky.
Bust the shell, and out crept Bill—a blooming butterfly!

. . . . . .

Blue as a corn-flower, blazed the zenith; the deepening East like a scarlet poppy
Burned while, dazzled with golden bloom, white clouds like daisies, green seas like wheat,
Gripping the sign-post, first, I climbs, to sun my wings, which were wrinkled and floppy,
Spreading 'em white o'er the words "No Road," and hanging fast by my six black feet.

Still on my head was the battered old beaver, but through it my clubbed antennæ slanted
("Feelers" yourself would probably call 'em); my battered old boots were hardly seen
Under the golden fluff of the tail! It was Bill, sir, Bill, though highly enchanted,
Spreading his beautiful snow-white pinions, tipped with orange, and veined with green.

Yus, old Bill was an Orange-tip, a spirit in glory, a blooming Psyche!
New, it was new from East to West this rummy old world that I dreamed I knew
How can I tell you the things that I saw with my—what shall
I call 'em?—"feelers?"—Oh, crikey,
"*Feelers?*" You know how the man born blind described such colors as scarlet or blue.

"Scarlet," he says, "is the sound of a trumpet, blue is a flute," for he hasn't a notion!
No, nor nobody living on earth can tell it him plain, if he hasn't the sight!
That's how it stands with ragged old Bill, a-drift and a-dream on a measureless ocean,
Gifted wi' fifteen new-born senses, and seeing you blind to their new strange light.

How can I tell you? Sir, you must wait, till you die like Bill, ere you understand it!
Only—I saw—the same as a bee that strikes to his hive ten leagues away—
Straight as a die, while I winked and blinked on that sun-warmed wood and my wings expanded
(Whistler drawings that men call wings)
—I saw—and I flew—that's all I can say.

Flew over leagues of whispering wonder, fairy forests and flowery palaces,
Lovelorn casements, delicate kingdoms, beautiful flaming thoughts of—Him;
Feasts of a million blue-mailed angels lifting their honey-and-wine-brimmed chalices,
Throned upon clouds—(which you'd call white clover) down to the world's most rosiest rim.

New and new and new and new, the white o' the cliffs and the wind in the heather,
Yus, and the sea-gulls flying like flakes of the sea that flashed to the new-born day,
Song, song, song, song, quivering up in the wild blue weather,
Thousands of seraphim singing together, and me just flying and—*knowing my way.*

Straight as a die to Piddinghoe's dolphin, and there I drops in a cottage garden,
There, on a sun-warmed window-sill, I winks and peeps, for the window was wide!

251. **Whistler**, James McNeill Whistler, American-English artist (1834-1903), who was a master in delicate colorings. 256. **white o' the cliffs**, white chalk cliffs on the south coast of England. 260. **dolphin**, here probably the sign of the village inn.

Crumbs, he was there and fast in her arms
and a-begging his poor old mother's pardon,
There with his lips on her old gray hair,
and her head on his breast while she laughed and cried—

"One and nine-pence that old tramp gave me,
or else I should never have reached you, sonny,
Never, and you just leaving the village today
and meaning to cross the sea;
One and nine-pence he gave me, I paid for
the farmer's lift with half o' the money!
Here's the ten-pence halfpenny, sonny,
'twill pay for our little 'ouse-warming tea."

. . . . . .

Tick, tack, tick, tack, out into the garden
Toddles that old Fairy with his arm about her—so,
Cuddling of her still, and still a-begging of her pardon,
While she says, "I wish the corn-flower king could only know!
Bless him, bless him, once again," she says and softly gazes
Up to heaven, a-smiling in her mutch as white as snow,
All among her gilly-flowers and stocks and double daisies,
Mignonette, forget-me-not, . . .
twenty years ago,
All a rosy glow,
This is how it was, she said, *Twenty years ago.*

. . . . . .

Once again I seemed to wake, the vision it had fled, sir,
There I lay upon the downs—the sky was like a peach;
Yus, with twelve bokays of corn-flowers blue beside my bed, sir,
More than usual 'andsome, so they'd bring me two-pence each.
Easy as a poet's dreams they blossomed round my head, sir,
All I had to do was just to lift my hand and reach,
Tie 'em with a bit of string, and earn my blooming bread, sir,
Selling little nosegays on the barefoot Brighton beach,
Nosegays *and* a speech,
All about the bright blue eyes they matched on Brighton beach.

Overhead the singing lark and underfoot the heather,
Far and blue in front of us the unplumbed sky,
Me and stick and bundle, oh, we jogs along together;
(Changeable the weather? Well, it ain't all pie!)
Weather's like a woman, sir, and if she wants to quarrel,
If her eyes begin to flash and hair begins to fly,
You've to wait a little, then—the story has a moral—
Ain't the sunny kisses all the sweeter by and by?—
(Crumbs, it's 'ot and dry!
Thank you, sir! Thank you, sir!) the sweeter by and by.

So the world's my sweetheart and I sort of want to squeeze 'er.
Toffs 'ull get no chance of heaven, take 'em in the lump!
Never laid in hay-fields when the dawn came over-sea, sir?
Guess it's true that story 'bout the neddle and the hump!
Never crept into a stack because the wind was blowing,
Hollered out a nest and closed the doorway with a clump,
Laid and heard the whisper of the silence, growing, growing,
Watched a thousand wheeling stars and wondered if they'd bump?
What I say would stump
Joshua! But I've done it, sir. Don't think I'm off my chump.

272. **mutch**, linen cap.

300. **neddle and the hump**, see *Mark* x, 25. 306. **Joshua**, for the story referred to here see *Joshua* x, 12-14. **chump**, head.

If you try and lay, sir, with your face
turned up to wonder,
Up to twenty million miles of stars
that roll like one,
Right across to God knows where, and you
just huddled under
Like a little beetle with no business of
his own,
There you'd hear—like growing grass—
a funny silent sound, sir,
Mixed with curious crackles in a steady
undertone,
Just the sound of twenty billion stars
a-going round, sir,
Yus, and you beneath 'em like a wise
old ant, alone,
Ant upon a stone,
Waving of his antlers, on the Sussex
downs, alone.

316. **Sussex**, county on southeast coast of England.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

1. This unusual poem is based on so ordinary a person as a tramp who earns a few pence a day by selling wild flowers to pleasure seekers on the sands at Brighton. But a ne'er-do-well of a vagrant must come under the spell of the beauties of Nature, and if he plucks English wild flowers, he must grow to love them. So this wanderer has passed through his poetic fantasy; a vision which will sweep over every reader of his amazing experience. Of course, if you are so prosaic that you seek a rational or natural explanation for every fanciful tale, you can find it for this as surely as you can for *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens.

Questions and Topics

1. What was the fable of the tortoise and the hare?

2. What overworked conclusion in stories and plays is referred to by line 81, "Yus, it was a drama; but she weren't my long-lost parent"?

3. Do you like the tramp? Why? What is his best characteristic? What remarks were in the tramp's speech which helped a great deal in selling his bouquets? Prove this. Why did the tramp call himself a millionaire?

4. Explain what the tramp meant by line 158, "Mud and slime that growed into the pomp of Ninevey." What great principle of the universe does the tramp suddenly see?

5. What is to you the most suitable of descriptive comparisons in the poem? Make a list of words and phrases which seem unusual for a tramp. How did he happen to use them? Have you ever had any experiences like those the tramp describes? Was their effect upon you like those he experienced? Relate what differences you felt.

6. Read a couple of stanzas aloud to catch the rhythm, the swing. Try to discover on what this rhythm depends, and how the sound here differs from that of nearly all the preceding selections. You will be able to do this quite unaided if you will look up the words *iambic* and *anapestic* in a large dictionary. Now apply them to this poem. Doesn't the careless, rollicking lilt sound like the racy speech of a natural spinner of yarns? Doesn't the rich full riming of pairs of syllables add to this impression of the song of the open road? And isn't the short line near the end thrown in for good measure just when the regularity might become monotonous? Notice other stanza changes indicative of difference of tone or mood.

7. The first stanza "gives away" the entire story; it tells exactly what the tramp intends to relate. Why should you go on reading, then, since you know the preposterous transformation he expects you to believe? Is it always true, therefore, to say that persons read long stories "to know how they end"? Can you explain how you might know the facts of the conclusion of a story, and yet read through it? How would you express your feeling about such an instance? Does it apply to this poem?

8. The monologue is a common poetic device for securing directness of narration and vividness of effect. Such stories seem all the more convincing because they come straight from the lips of the actor in the event. Why, after he has remarked parenthetically, "Ain't it hot and dry?" does the tramp continue, "Thank you, sir, thank you, sir!" to his listener? In the picture composed by the explanation of that single detail, you are able to place your poetic tramp, and assuming yourself the personality of the other character, hold your ears and eyes wide open while his facile tongue canters along the pleasant road of his experience, shall we call it?—or vision, or imagination, or fancy, or invention, or audacity.

Library Reading. Other narrative poems that may be read in connection with this group are: "La Belle Dame sans Merci," Keats; "The Forsaken Merman," Arnold; "The Lord of Burleigh," Tennyson; "The Singing Leaves," Lowell.

PART II

STORIES IN PROSE

We should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our mind filled with the busiest, kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought. The words, if the book be eloquent, should run thenceforward in our ears like the noise of breakers, and the story, if it be a story, repeat itself in a thousand colored pictures to the eye.

—Stevenson.

"Oh, speed you, white-winged ship of mine, oh, speed you to the sea,
Some other day, some other tide, come back again for me;
Come back with all the memories, the joys and e'en the pain,
And take me to the golden hills of boyhood once again."

STORIES IN PROSE

AN INTRODUCTION

In this part of our book we pass from stories in verse to stories in prose. These are of various kinds, the romance, the novel, and the short story. Like epic, ballad, and metrical romance, stories in prose are very ancient in their origin. Some of the earliest in point of time are the fables, such as those supposed to have been written by Æsop, who lived about six centuries before the Christian era. These, as you know, are short stories in which animals are generally the characters, each fable ending with a little moral applicable to human life. Somewhat like them are the parables of the Bible, little stories about Nature or simple life with a parallel story which relates them to the experiences of men and women. Even history, especially in ancient times, was a form of prose story, while the epic was regarded as a form of history written in verse. The Greeks also had beautifully written prose romances somewhat like the romances of Sir Walter Scott and James Fenimore Cooper.

Nevertheless, the development of prose as a mode of expression for highly imaginative stories was much slower than that of poetry. Before the coming of printed books, it was easier to preserve stories that were in the form of verse and could therefore be quickly memorized, than it would have been if they had been in prose. Again, the courtly society that sprang up in France in the twelfth century and in Italy and England a little later, preferred the richly adorned metrical romances to the more commonplace prose of ordinary life. In the fourteenth century, a series of wonderful prose romances, none of them very long, was written by an Italian named Boccaccio, and from that time on prose fiction was as popular as epic and metrical romance. In England little prose story of distinction was composed until Sir Thomas Malory wrote his long story of King Arthur, near the end of the fifteenth century. During the age of Shakespeare, the sixteenth century, many prose romances and short stories were written, some of which were used by the great dramatist as sources of his plays. For the novel and the short story as we understand them, however, we must come much nearer our own time.

The word novel first came into use about the time of Shakespeare. It came from French and Italian sources, from a word that meant "news." This word came to be applied to a short story that was true, or was supposed to be true. Thus from the very beginning a distinction grew up, slowly at first and by no means always observed, between an imaginative story, or romance, and a novel. The first, full of supernatural or other wonderful adventures, and dealing with an unreal world, was called a "romance." The second dealt with real people in real situations. The distinction is a useful one. It will become clearer as we go on. *Quentin Durward*, for example, or *Ivanhoe*, or *The Last of the Mohicans*, may be classed as romances. *Silas Marner*, on the other hand, is a novel. Short stories may be either romantic or realistic, dealing with an ideal world, a dream world in which anything may happen, or with the everyday world. Some stories and some novels combine the two characteristics.

Prose fiction in England began to develop very rapidly about the middle of

the eighteenth century. Defoe had written *Robinson Crusoe* a little earlier than that, a wonderful example of a romance treated so realistically that it seems true. Addison and Steele, in the first part of the century, had written short realistic sketches of everyday life, not exactly short stories, but showing some of the things the short story and the novel might do. Then came a succession of great novelists, chief of them Samuel Richardson and Henry Fielding, in whose works the long prose story acquired the qualities that we recognize today as necessary. The plot became more definite, and was organized, instead of being a sprawling succession of adventures as in the old romances. Writers learned how to make their characters stand out clearly, like real people. Character was revealed through action and dialogue, just as in the drama, instead of through description. And finally, writers found that story interest may be gained from people and scenes of everyday life quite as easily as through lords and knights of high degree, with their splendid trappings and their journeys on strange quests.

Examples of the three main types of prose fiction will be found in this section: romance, novel, short story. All the examples are drawn from English and American literature within the last century, but they represent a chronological development. In the early part of the nineteenth century the tendency of both poetry and prose was romantic. There was a great revival of interest in medieval subjects; the romances in prose and verse of Sir Walter Scott are examples. Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes" is another example. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" imitates the ballad and introduces many medieval elements. This aspect of romance was of course not confined to a few brief years or a few authors. Tennyson and Morris, selections from whose poetry you have recently read, appealed to the continuing love that we have for stories of what one of the romantic poets called—

> Old, unhappy, far-off things
> And battles long ago.

Our first selections are from Scott, master of romance in English literature, and Hawthorne, who gives an imaginative interpretation of Colonial America. These two great writers are very different from each other in many ways, but they are alike in that they look on life not directly but as modified by the glamor of romance. These points of likeness and difference will be brought out more fully in the special Introductions and in the topics suggested for study.

Following these studies in prose romance you will read one of the great novels of the nineteenth century, George Eliot's *Silas Marner*. The contrast between this realistic study of English life and the stories of Scott and Hawthorne is so clearly drawn that you will learn much about the two modes of interpreting life that we call realism and romance.

Finally, a group of short stories, some of them written only recently, will give you an opportunity to study the form of prose fiction that is most popular today, and to apply to this study what you have learned about the short story in the first book of this series.

SCOTT'S "QUENTIN DURWARD"
AN INTRODUCTION

In modern days the story-teller is likely to use prose. A few authors are as proficient in verse as in prose. Certainly Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), greatest of all modern English romancers, seemed as able in one as the other. He began in verse. You probably know at least one of his good verse tales, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*. The reading public of Great Britain seized upon these with amazing relish. But soon after this Lord Byron, one of whose poems is contained in this volume, published some narratives in verse; these were so well received that Scott's poetic romances, though still read, fell off in popularity, so he quite naturally and wisely turned from verse to prose.

Several years before, Scott had started a prose story, but had cast it aside. He completed this, and with the title *Waverley*, published it in 1814. It was an assured success. Scott tried again with *Guy Mannering*, written in six weeks! Then followed a long series of books extending over eighteen years.

You are familiar with Scott's material. Its background is the historic past. His stories touch a thousand years of development, his scenes are nearly all of western Europe. Having selected some period which in itself is stimulating to the most sluggish imagination, he places before us some actual historical story. In *Ivanhoe* it is the return of the captured Richard Cœur de Lion. In *The Talisman* it is one of the Crusades in the Holy Land. Having chosen such a historical pageant, the author had apparently tied his hands and fettered his imagination. History was history—the story could proceed only as the world already knew the tale. But does the general public know so much of past events? Only in the broadest outlines, merely as great splashes of color. The author could change some events to serve his purpose. If a certain effect in a book suggested the killing of a woman, Scott could contrive a murder so convincing to the readers that it would supplant in persons' minds actual facts of her natural death years later. If you visit Kenilworth Castle in England you will be shown the room from which, according to Scott, Amy Robsart was cast to her death. Time might be telescoped, events suppressed, characters omitted, and a score of other literary devices introduced to enhance the story. The greatest difficulty, however, that confronts the writer of historical romance, comes from the fact that his chief personages are apt to be great men and that the general courses of their lives and their endings are unalterable. So Scott very wisely does not make his *story* depend on the changes of fortune which befall the well-known persons of history; he could not violate too flagrantly the circumstances of their careers. But near them, about them, he could place *imagined* characters whose lives depended upon the actions, successes, and failures of the actual characters from history. In *Ivanhoe* Richard could be nothing more than King of England, but the youth, disowned at the opening of the story by his father, could act like a hero of fiction and win a hero's reward, the hand of the harassed heroine.

Scott chose for *Quentin Durward* a stirring period of French history. In the latter part of the fifteenth century there was bitter enmity between Charles the Bold of Burgundy and Louis XI of France. Louis XI was calm, deliberate, and crafty, while Charles was reckless. Nevertheless Charles was continually growing in independence, thus endangering the dominions of Louis. So much Scott tells you in the first chapter. Keeping this in mind, you may begin your reading of Chapter II.

QUENTIN DURWARD

Sir Walter Scott

CHAPTER II

THE WANDERER

Why, then, the world is my oyster, which I with sword will open.

Ancient Pistol.

It was upon a delicious summer morning, before the sun had assumed its scorching power, and while the dews yet cooled and perfumed the air, that a youth, coming from the northeastward, approached the ford of a small river, or rather a large brook, tributary to the Cher, near to the royal Castle of Plessis-lès-Tours, whose dark and multiplied battlements rose in the background over the extensive forest with which they were surrounded. These woodlands comprised a noble chase, or royal park, fenced by an inclosure, termed, in the Latin of the middle ages, *plexitium*, which gives the name of Plessis to so many villages in France. The castle and village of which we particularly speak was called Plessis-lès-Tours, to distinguish it from others, and was built about two miles to the southward of the fair town of that name, the capital of ancient Touraine, whose rich plain has been termed the Garden of France.

On the bank of the above-mentioned brook, opposite to that which the traveler was approaching, two men, who appeared in deep conversation, seemed, from time to time, to watch his motions; for, as their station was much more elevated, they could remark him at considerable distance.

The age of the young traveler might be about nineteen, or betwixt that and twenty, and his face and person, which were very prepossessing, did not, however, belong to the country in which he was now a sojourner. His short gray cloak and hose were rather of Flemish than of French fashion, while the smart blue bonnet, with a single sprig of holly and an eagle's feather, was already recognized as the Scottish headgear. His dress was very neat, and arranged with the precision of a youth conscious of possessing a fine person. He had at his back a satchel, which seemed to contain a few necessaries, a hawking gauntlet on his left hand, though he carried no bird, and in his right a stout hunter's pole. Over his left shoulder hung an embroidered scarf which sustained a small pouch of scarlet velvet, such as was then used by fowlers of distinction to carry their hawks' food, and other matters belonging to that much-admired sport. This was crossed by another shoulder-belt, to which was hung a hunting-knife, or *couteau de chasse*. Instead of the boots of the period, he wore buskins of half-dressed deerskin.

Although his form had not yet attained its full strength, he was tall and active, and the lightness of the step with which he advanced showed that his pedestrian mode of traveling was pleasure rather than pain to him. His complexion was fair, in spite of a general shade of darker hue, with which the foreign sun, or perhaps con-

8. **Cher**, a river of west-central France. 9. **Plessis-lès-Tours**, a ruined castle near Tours, in west-central France, noted as the residence of Louis XI. 24. **Touraine**, an ancient province of France, now Indre-et-Loire.

41. **Flemish**, of Flanders, an old district of Europe, which comprised parts of the present countries of Belgium, Holland, and France. 61. **couteau de chasse**, French for "hunting-knife."

stant exposure to the atmosphere in his own country, had in some degree embrowned it.

His features, without being quite regular, were frank, open, and pleasing. A half smile, which seemed to arise from a happy exuberance of animal spirits, showed, now and then, that his teeth were well set, and as pure as ivory; whilst his bright blue eye, with a corresponding gayety, had an appropriate glance for every object which it encountered, expressing good-humor, lightness of heart, and determined resolution.

He received and returned the salutation of the few travelers who frequented the road in those dangerous times with the action which suited each. The strolling spearman, half soldier, half brigand, measured the youth with his eye, as if balancing the prospect of booty with the chance of desperate resistance; and read such indications of the latter in the fearless glance of the passenger that he changed his ruffian purpose for a surly "Good-morrow, comrade," which the young Scot answered with as martial, though a less sullen, tone. The wandering pilgrim or the begging friar answered his reverend greeting with a paternal *benedicite;* and the dark-eyed peasant girl looked after him for many a step after they had passed each other, and interchanged a laughing "Good-morrow." In short, there was an attraction about his whole appearance not easily escaping attention, and which was derived from the combination of fearless frankness and good-humor with sprightly looks and a handsome face and person. It seemed, too, as if his whole demeanor bespoke one who was entering on life with no apprehension of the evils with which it is beset, and small means for struggling with its hardships, except a lively spirit and a courageous disposition; and it is with such tempers that youth most readily sympathizes, and for whom chiefly age and experience feel affection and pitying interest.

The youth whom we have described had been long visible to the two persons who loitered on the opposite side of the small river which divided him from the park and the castle; but as he descended the rugged bank to the water's edge, with the light step of a roe which visits the fountain, the younger of the two said to the other, "It is our man—it is the Bohemian! If he attempts to cross the ford, he is a lost man; the water is up, and the ford impassable."

"Let him make that discovery himself, gossip," said the elder personage; "it may, perchance, save a rope, and break a proverb."

"I judge him by the blue cap," said the other, "for I cannot see his face. Hark, sir; he hallooes to know whether the water be deep."

"Nothing like experience in this world," answered the other; "let him try."

The young man, in the meanwhile, receiving no hint to the contrary, and taking the silence of those to whom he applied as an encouragement to proceed, entered the stream without further hesitation than the delay necessary to take off his buskins. The elder person, at the same moment, hallooed to him to beware, adding, in a lower tone, to his companion, "*Mortdieu*, gossip, you have made another mistake; this is not the Bohemian chatterer."

But the intimation to the youth came too late. He either did not hear or could not profit by it, being already in the deep stream. To one less alert

33. **benedicite**, blessing.

68. **gossip**, friend, companion. 69. **save a rope**, etc., referring to the old proverb "Who's born to be drowned will not be hanged." 88. **Mortdieu**, God's death, a mild French oath.

and practiced in the exercise of swimming, death had been certain, for the brook was both deep and strong.

"By St. Anne! but he is a proper youth," said the elder man. "Run, gossip, and help your blunder by giving him aid, if thou canst. He belongs to thy own troop; if old saws speak truth, water will not drown him."

Indeed, the young traveler swam so strongly, and buffeted the waves so well, that, notwithstanding the strength of the current, he was carried but a little way down from the ordinary landing-place.

By this time the younger of the two strangers was hurrying down to the shore to render assistance, while the other followed him at a graver pace, saying to himself as he approached, "I knew water would never drown that young fellow. By my halidom, he is ashore, and grasps his pole! If I make not the more haste, he will beat my gossip for the only charitable action which I ever saw him perform, or attempt to perform, in the whole course of his life."

There was some reason to augur such a conclusion of the adventure, for the bonny Scot had already accosted the younger Samaritan, who was hastening to his assistance, with these ireful words, "Discourteous dog! why did you not answer when I called to know if the passage was fit to be attempted? May the foul fiend catch me, but I will teach you the respect due to strangers on the next occasion!"

This was accompanied with that significant flourish with his pole which is called *le moulinet*, because the artist, holding it in the middle, brandishes the two ends in every direction, like the sails of a windmill in motion. His opponent, seeing himself thus menaced, laid hand upon his sword, for he was one of those who on all occasions are more ready for action than for speech; but his more considerate comrade, who came up, commanded him to forbear, and, turning to the young man, accused him in turn of precipitation in plunging into the swollen ford, and of intemperate violence in quarreling with a man who was hastening to his assistance.

The young man, on hearing himself thus reproved by a man of advanced age and respectable appearance, immediately lowered his weapon, and said, "He would be sorry if he had done them injustice; but, in reality, it appeared to him as if they had suffered him to put his life in peril for want of a word of timely warning, which could be the part neither of honest men nor of good Christians, far less of respectable burgesses, such as they seemed to be."

"Fair son," said the elder person, "you seem, from your accent and complexion, a stranger; and you should recollect your dialect is not so easily comprehended by us as perhaps it may be uttered by you."

"Well, father," answered the youth, "I do not care much about the ducking I have had, and I will readily forgive your being partly the cause, provided you will direct me to some place where I can have my clothes dried; for it is my only suit, and I must keep it somewhat decent."

"For whom do you take us, fair son?" said the elder stranger, in answer to this question.

"For substantial burgesses, unquestionably," said the youth; "or, hold—you, master, may be a money-broker or a corn-merchant, and this man a butcher or grazier."

"You have hit our capacities rarely," said the elder, smiling. "My business is indeed to trade in as much money as

4. **proper**, handsome. 8. **saw**, saying; see note on line 69, page 87. 22. **halidom**, holiness, i. e., sacred honor. 32. **Samaritan**, see *Luke* x, 30-37. 42. **le moulinet**, French for "the small mill."

I can; and my gossip's dealings are somewhat of kin to the butcher's. As to your accommodation, we will try to serve you; but I must first know who you are, and whither you are going; for, in these times, the roads are filled with travelers on foot and horseback who have anything in their head but honesty and the fear of God."

The young man cast another keen and penetrating glance on him who spoke, and on his silent companion, as if doubtful whether they, on their part, merited the confidence they demanded; and the result of his observation was as follows:

The eldest and most remarkable of these men, in dress and appearance, resembled the merchant or shopkeeper of the period. His jerkin, hose, and cloak were of a dark uniform color, but worn so threadbare that the acute young Scot conceived that the wearer must be either very rich or very poor, probably the former. The fashion of the dress was close and short—a kind of garments which were not then held decorous among gentry, or even the superior class of citizens, who generally wore loose gowns which descended below the middle of the leg.

The expression of this man's countenance was partly attractive and partly forbidding. His strong features, sunk cheeks, and hollow eyes had, nevertheless, an expression of shrewdness and humor congenial to the character of the young adventurer. But then, those same sunken eyes, from under the shroud of thick black eyebrows, had something in them that was at once commanding and sinister. Perhaps this effect was increased by the low fur cap, much depressed on the forehead, and adding to the shade from under which those eyes peered out; but it is certain that the young stranger had some difficulty to reconcile his looks with the meanness of his appearance in other respects. His cap, in particular, in which all men of any quality displayed either a brooch of gold or of silver, was ornamented with a paltry image of the Virgin, in lead, such as the poorer sort of pilgrims bring from Loretto.

His comrade was a stout-formed, middle-sized man, more than ten years younger than his companion, with a down-looking visage and a very ominous smile, when by chance he gave way to that impulse, which was never, except in reply to certain secret signs that seemed to pass between him and the elder stranger. This man was armed with a sword and dagger; and, underneath his plain habit, the Scotsman observed that he concealed a *jazeran*, or flexible shirt of linked mail, which, as being often worn by those, even of peaceful professions, who were called upon at that perilous period to be frequently abroad, confirmed the young man in his conjecture that the wearer was by profession a butcher, grazier, or something of that description, called upon to be much abroad.

The young stranger, comprehending in one glance the result of the observation which has taken us some time to express, answered, after a moment's pause, "I am ignorant whom I may have the honor to address," making a slight reverence at the same time; "but I am indifferent who knows that I am a cadet of Scotland, and that I come to seek my fortune in France, or elsewhere, after the custom of my countrymen."

"*Pasques-dieu!* and a gallant custom it is," said the elder stranger. "You seem a fine young springald, and at the right age to prosper, whether among

20. **jerkin**, a close-fitting, short jacket.

56. **Loretto**, a town in Italy, said to possess, within a shrine, the house in which Jesus lived in Nazareth. 86. **cadet**, a gentleman volunteer soldier. 90. **Pasques-dieu**, literally, the "risen Lord," a mild oath. 92. **springald**, a lively youth.

men or women. What say you? I am a merchant, and want a lad to assist in my traffic. I suppose you are too much a gentleman to assist in such mechanical drudgery?"

"Fair sir," said the youth, "if your offer be seriously made, of which I have my doubts, I am bound to thank you for it, and I thank you accordingly; but I fear I should be altogether unfit for your service."

"What!" said the senior, "I warrant thou knowest better how to draw the bow than how to draw a bill of charges —canst handle a broadsword better than a pen—ha!"

"I am, master," answered the young Scot, "a braeman, and therefore, as we say, a bowman. But besides that, I have been in a convent, where the good fathers taught me to read and write, and even to cipher."

"*Pasques-dieu!* that is too magnificent," said the merchant. "By our Lady of Embrun, thou art a prodigy, man!"

"Rest you merry, fair master," said the youth, who was not much pleased with his new acquaintance's jocularity, "I must go dry myself, instead of standing dripping here, answering questions."

The merchant only laughed louder as he spoke, and answered, "*Pasques-dieu!* the proverb never fails—*fier comme un Écossois:* but come, youngster, you are of a country I have a regard for, having traded in Scotland in my time—an honest poor set of folks they are; and, if you will come with us to the village, I will bestow on you a cup of burnt sack and a warm breakfast, to atone for your drenching. But, *tête-bleau,* what do you with a hunting-glove on your hand? Know you not there is no hawking permitted in a royal chase?"

"I was taught that lesson," answered the youth, "by a rascally forester of the Duke of Burgundy. I did but fly the falcon I had brought with me from Scotland, and that I reckoned on for bringing me into some note, at a heron near Péronne, and the rascally *schelm* shot my bird with an arrow."

"What did you do?" said the merchant.

"Beat him," said the youngster, brandishing his staff, "as near to death as one Christian man should belabor another. I wanted not to have his blood to answer for."

"Know you," said the burgess, "that, had you fallen into the Duke of Burgundy's hands, he would have hung you up like a chestnut?"

"Aye, I am told he is as prompt as the King of France for that sort of work. But, as this happened near Péronne, I made a leap over the frontiers, and laughed at him. If he had not been so hasty, I might perhaps have taken service with him."

"He will have a heavy miss of such a paladin as you are, if the truce should break off," said the merchant, and threw a look at his own companion, who answered him with one of the downcast, lowering smiles, which gleamed along his countenance, enlivening it as a passing meteor enlivens a winter sky.

The young Scot suddenly stopped, pulled his bonnet over his right eyebrow, as one that would not be ridiculed, and said firmly, "My masters, and especially you, sir, the elder, and who should be the wiser, you will find, I presume, no sound or safe jesting

18. **braeman**, Highlander. 25. **Lady of Embrun**, an image of the Virgin in the town of Embrun, France. 35. **fier comme un Écossois**, proud as a Scotchman. 42. **sack**, a light wine. 44. **tête-bleau**, an exclamation. 50. **Duke of Burgundy**, Charles the Bold, a powerful French Duke (ruled 1467-1477). 54. **Péronne**, a town in northern France. 55. **schelm**, scoundrel. 69. **King**, Louis XI (1423-1483). 76. **paladin**, brave warrior.

at my expense. I do not altogether like the tone of your conversation. I can take a jest with any man, and a rebuke, too, from my elder, and say 'Thank you, sir,' if I know it to be deserved; but I do not like being borne in hand as if I were a child, when, God wot, I find myself man enough to belabor you both, if you provoke me too far."

The eldest man seemed like to choke with laughter at the lad's demeanor; his companion's hand stole to his sword-hilt, which the youth observing dealt him a blow across the wrist, which made him incapable of grasping it; while his companion's mirth was only increased by the incident. "Hold — hold," he cried, "most doughty Scot, even for thine own dear country's sake; and you, gossip, forbear your menacing look. *Pasques-dieu!* let us be just traders, and set off the wetting against the knock on the wrist, which was given with so much grace and alacrity. And, hark ye, my young friend," he said to the young man with a grave sternness which, in spite of all the youth could do, damped and overawed him, "no more violence. I am no fit object for it, and my gossip, as you may see, has had enough of it. Let me know your name."

"I can answer a civil question civilly," said the youth; "and will pay fitting respect to your age, if you do not urge my patience with mockery. Since I have been here in France and Flanders, men have called me, in their fantasy, the Varlet with the Velvet Pouch, because of this hawk purse which I carry by my side; but my true name, when at home, is Quentin Durward."

"Durward!" said the querist; "is it a gentleman's name?"

"By fifteen descents in our family," said the young man; "and that makes me reluctant to follow any other trade than arms."

"A true Scot! Plenty of blood, plenty of pride, and right great scarcity of ducats, I warrant thee. Well, gossip," he said to his companion, "go before us, and tell them to have some breakfast ready yonder at the Mulberry Grove; for this youth will do as much honor to it as a starved mouse to a housewife's cheese. And for the Bohemian—hark in my ear——"

His comrade answered by a gloomy but intelligent smile, and set forward at a round pace, while the elder man continued, addressing young Durward, "You and I will walk leisurely forward together, and we may take a mass at St. Hubert's chapel in our way through the forest; for it is not good to think of our fleshly before our spiritual wants."

Durward, as a good Catholic, had nothing to object against this proposal, although he might probably have been desirous, in the first place, to have dried his clothes and refreshed himself. Meanwhile, they soon lost sight of their downward-looking companion, but continued to follow the same path which he had taken, until it led them into a wood of tall trees, mixed with thickets and brushwood, traversed by long avenues, through which were seen, as through a vista, the deer trotting in little herds with a degree of security which argued their consciousness of being completely protected.

"You asked me if I were a good bowman," said the young Scot. "Give me a bow and a brace of shafts, and you shall have a piece of venison in a moment."

"*Pasques-dieu!* my young friend," said his companion, "take care of that; my gossip yonder hath a special

8. **wot**, knows. 40. **Varlet**, boy, page.

53. **ducat**, a gold coin. 67. **St. Hubert**, the traditional patron saint of hunters.

eye to the deer; they are under his charge, and he is a strict keeper."

"He hath more the air of a butcher than of a gay forester," answered Durward. "I cannot think yon hangdog look of his belongs to anyone who knows the gentle rules of woodcraft."

"Ah, my young friend," answered his companion, "my gossip hath somewhat an ugly favor to look upon at the first; but those who become acquainted with him never are known to complain of him."

Quentin Durward found something singularly and disagreeably significant in the tone with which this was spoken; and, looking suddenly at the speaker, thought he saw in his countenance, in the slight smile that curled his upper lip, and the accompanying twinkle of his keen, dark eye, something to justify his unpleasing surprise. "I have heard of robbers," he thought to himself, "and of wily cheats and cutthroats; what if yonder fellow be a murderer, and this old rascal his decoy-duck? I will be on my guard; they will get little by me but good Scottish knocks."

While he was thus reflecting, they came to a glade, where the large forest trees were more widely separated from each other, and where the ground beneath, cleared of underwood and bushes, was clothed with a carpet of the softest and most lovely verdure, which, screened from the scorching heat of the sun, was here more beautifully tender than it is usually to be seen in France. The trees in this secluded spot were chiefly beeches and elms of huge magnitude, which rose like great hills of leaves into the air. Amidst these magnificent sons of the earth, there peeped out, in the most open spot of the glade, a lowly chapel, near which trickled a small rivulet. Its architecture was of the rudest and most simple kind; and there was a very small lodge beside it, for the accommodation of a hermit or solitary priest, who remained there for regularly discharging the duty of the altar. In a small niche, over the arched doorway, stood a stone image of St. Hubert, with the bugle-horn around his neck and a leash of greyhounds at his feet. The situation of the chapel in the midst of a park or chase so richly stocked with game made the dedication to the sainted huntsman peculiarly appropriate.

Toward this little devotional structure the old man directed his steps, followed by young Durward; and, as they approached, the priest, dressed in his sacerdotal garments, made his appearance, in the act of proceeding from his cell to the chapel, for the discharge, doubtless, of his holy office. Durward bowed his body reverently to the priest, as the respect due to his sacred office demanded; whilst his companion, with an appearance of still more deep devotion, knelt on one knee to receive the holy man's blessing, and then followed him into church, with a step and manner expressive of the most heartfelt contrition and humility.

The inside of the chapel was adorned in a manner adapted to the occupation of the patron saint while on earth. The richest furs of such animals as are made the objects of the chase in different countries supplied the place of tapestry and hangings around the altar and elsewhere, and the characteristic emblazonments of bugles, bows, quivers, and other emblems of hunting, surrounded the walls, and were mingled with the heads of deer, wolves, and other animals considered beasts of sport. The whole adornments took an appropriate and silvan character; and the mass itself, being considerably shortened, proved to be of that sort which is called a "hunting-mass," be-

cause in use before the noble and powerful, who, while assisting at the solemnity, are usually impatient to commence their favorite sport.

Yet, during this brief ceremony, Durward's companion seemed to pay the most rigid and scrupulous attention; while Durward, not quite so much occupied with religious thoughts, could not forbear blaming himself in his own mind for having entertained suspicions derogatory to the character of so good and so humble a man. Far from now holding him as a companion and accomplice of robbers, he had much to do to forbear regarding him as a saint-like personage.

When mass was ended, they retired together from the chapel, and the elder said to his young comrade, "It is but a short walk from hence to the village; you may now break your fast with an unprejudiced conscience; follow me."

Turning to the right, and proceeding along a path which seemed gradually to ascend, he recommended to his companion by no means to quit the track, but, on the contrary, to keep the middle of it as nearly as he could. Durward could not help asking the cause of this precaution.

"You are now near the court, young man," answered his guide; "and, *Pasques-dieu!* there is some difference betwixt walking in this region and on your own heathy hills. Every yard of this ground, excepting the path which we now occupy, is rendered dangerous, and well-nigh impracticable, by snares and traps, armed with scythe-blades, which shred off the unwary passenger's limb as sheerly as a hedge-bill lops a hawthorn-sprig, and caltrops that would pierce your foot through, and pitfalls deep enough to bury you in them forever; for you are now within the precincts of the royal demesne, and we shall presently see the front of the château."

"Were I the King of France," said the young man, "I would not take so much trouble with traps and gins, but would try instead to govern so well that no man should dare to come near my dwelling with a bad intent; and for those who came there in peace and good-will, why, the more of them, the merrier we should be."

His companion looked round affecting an alarmed gaze, and said, "Hush —hush, Sir Varlet with the Velvet Pouch! for I forgot to tell you that one great danger of these precincts is that the very leaves of the trees are like so many ears, which carry all which is spoken to the King's own cabinet."

"I care little for that," answered Quentin Durward; "I bear a Scottish tongue in my head bold enough to speak my mind to King Louis's face, God bless him! and for the ears you talk of, if I could see them growing on a human head, I would crop them out of it with my wood-knife."

45. **caltrop**, a four-pointed piece of iron so made that when laid on the ground one point stuck up.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

Before the careful reading of Chapter II, Chapter I should be read at home or in the library, so that an intelligent beginning of the story may be made.

Questions and Topics

1. What is the material of Chapter I? What purpose has it? Is this a good beginning for a story? Why? Is the setting well presented? What are you led to expect?

2. What part of France is concerned here? What indicates the youth's nationality?

3. Give your impressions of the two men whom the youth meets. Does the merchant interest you? Do you like the lad? Why? What is humorous about his account of what he did to the bowman? Which incidents show the youth's character? Which incident interests you most?

4. Has the real story begun, or is this chapter mainly preliminary? What purpose does it serve?

5. Describe the chapel. What is peculiar about it? Who or what do you think Durward's guide may be? Give your reasons. Is he likely to be an important character in the story? Is anything finished at the end of the chapter, or something begun? Explain fully. Is there any relation between this method and the increase of interest and suspense?

Outside Reading.—Having studied the beginning of the story, you should, between now and the date of the next recitation in *Quentin Durward*, read at home or in the library the material between Chapter II and Chapter XIV, "The Journey." This covers one definitely marked section of the entire story. When the class next considers this outside reading—some four or seven days after the beginning lesson—you should be prepared to discuss the intervening chapters from many different angles.

Before you begin this outside reading, glance over the study plan (the questions listed below) so that you will be working upon a definite program. No one pupil should be expected to cover all the work listed. Preliminary distribution of some of the longer assignments, or their omission, will bring the work quite within a week's time. When you have finished this part of the book you should glance back to fix in your mind some of the answers needed for recitation. Notes made during the first reading or during the rapid review may be of help to many. It is a good plan, however, in this kind of study of literature, to fix matters in the mind by a single perusal, so that the mind will retain most of what the eye sees. Then no external aids or supports will be required, and your memory will be developed.

Chapters III-XIII

1. Did you wish to stop at the end of Chapter XIII or to read on? Why? Does this section form a fairly marked unit? Explain what its unifying theme is. What new development of the story do you now anticipate? On what do you base your answer? How many sets of characters are in the plot thus far? Do they indicate different threads of the plot? Are they running parallel, or do they touch at times? Make your answers to these questions as definite as you can.

2. Draw a plan or sketch of the Castle, based on the description in Chapter III (and later sections). Bring to class pictures, to illustrate such a building.

3. With what single event did the plot begin to develop? What have been the direct consequences of that event? The indirect ones? Recount the steps by which Quentin advances in favor and position. Describe Quentin's uncle. Explain his profession and his position.

4. Have you changed your first opinion of any of the characters? Explain why. Are your opinions based entirely upon the story, or do they depend upon other factors?

5. How had Quentin made friends? Enemies? What parts do they play in the story? What is Quentin's first extraordinary adventure? What are the subsequent ones? Which do you think is told in the best manner? Explain your choice.

6. Explain the parts played by the gypsies (Bohemians) so far in the story. What relation is there between them and the Court? How do they affect Quentin? Show how the phrase "in the nick of time" may be applied to certain adventures and events. How many solutions of tense situations depend upon coincidences? Do they seem natural?

7. With what event does a feminine interest enter the story? Does it recur? When? Where? Has it a bearing on any of Quentin's actions? Does it provide a new element in the development of the plot? How does it help to produce contrast?

8. Are the members of the Court gracefully or awkwardly brought in by Scott? Do you feel that you must know them all? Which are described best? What strange contrasts are there in the Court? What surprise for Quentin? Did you anticipate it? Which qualities of the King make him attractive? Which make him repulsive?

9. Is there the beginning of a struggle in the scene of the Court? Is such a thing a good framework for a story? What other stories that you know are based on such a general plan?

10. Does Scott use the great figures of history for the main characters of his story, or as centers around which persons created by his imagination act? What affairs of the kingdom are introduced as part of the story? Show the relation of the main characters to these affairs.

11. Relate the events of the boar hunt which bear directly on the plot. Is Quentin likely to succeed in the Court? Why did the King not punish Quentin for sleeping?

12. Describe accurately the predicament of the Princess of Croye. What was to be done with her? What complications has she caused? What does Louis decide to do with her? How is his plan to be carried out? Why is Quentin chosen to help?

13. How does Scott end many of his chapters? What is the effect of this device upon a reader? Cite marked instances.

14. Identify the following characters by telling the parts played by them in the story: Princess Joan, Oliver Dain, Duke of Orleans, Count of Crèvecœur, William de la Marck, Le Balafré, Tristan l'Hermite, Trois-Eschelles, Galeotti, Lord Crawford, Jacqueline, Madame Perette.

ORAL OR WRITTEN COMPOSITIONS AND REPORTS

1. In a connected series of oral compositions, the class may relate in an interesting manner, as though to a person unfamiliar with the book, the story so far. Every pupil should organize the material to cover one event or description.

2. In combination with the oral discussions, an outside report may be prepared, or a composition written in class. The list given here is merely suggestive. From the knowledge of Scott and the reading of the first thirteen chapters can be drawn enough topics to provide every pupil with a different theme.

Theme Topics. 1. How Scott uses historical material. 2. A knight of France. 3. The situation of France. 4. Contrasts in the character of Louis. 5. Knights-errant. 6. The soldier of fortune. 7. Position of women in the fifteenth century. 8. Superstition then and now. 9. A stout right arm. 10. Court pageantry. 11. Suspense in this book. 12. Surprise and coincidence. 13. How the plot is developed. 14. A castle of France. 15. Knightly sports. 16. Scott's descriptions. 17. How common men rose in power. 18. How plans go wrong. 19. Astrology, past and present. 20. A topical outline of the story. 21. A list of words added to your vocabulary.

CHAPTER XIV

THE JOURNEY

I see thee yet, fair France; thou favored land
Of art and Nature, thou art still before me;
Thy sons, to whom their labor is a sport,
So well thy grateful soil returns its tribute;
Thy sunburnt daughters, with their laughing eyes
And glossy raven-locks. But favored France,
Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell,
In ancient times as now.

Anonymous.

Avoiding all conversation with anyone, for such was his charge, Quentin Durward proceeded hastily to array himself in a strong, but plain, cuirass, with thigh and arm pieces, and placed on his head a good steel cap without any visor. To these was added a handsome cassock of chamois leather, finely dressed, and laced down the seams with some embroidery, such as might become a superior officer in a noble household.

These were brought to his apartment by Oliver, who, with his quiet, insinuating smile and manner, acquainted him that his uncle had been summoned to mount guard purposely that he might make no inquiries concerning these mysterious movements.

"Your excuse will be made to your kinsman," said Oliver, smiling again; "and, my dearest son, when you return safe from the execution of this pleasing trust, I doubt not you will be found worthy of such promotion as will dispense with your accounting for your motions to anyone, while it will place you at the head of those who must render an account of theirs to you."

So spoke Oliver le Diable, calculating, probably, in his own mind the great chance there was that the poor youth whose hand he squeezed affectionately as he spoke must necessarily encounter death or captivity in the commission entrusted to his charge. He added to his fair words a small purse of gold, to defray necessary expenses on the road, as a gratuity on the King's part.

At a few minutes before twelve at midnight, Quentin, according to his directions, proceeded to the second courtyard, and paused under the Dauphin's Tower, which, as the reader

4. **cuirass**, a metal breastplate. 8. **cassock**, a military cloak.

knows, was assigned for the temporary residence of the Countesses of Croye. He found, at this place of rendezvous, the men and horses appointed to compose the retinue, leading two sumpter mules already loaded with baggage, and holding three palfreys for the two countesses and a faithful waiting-woman, with a stately war-horse for himself, whose steel-plated saddle glanced in the pale moonlight. Not a word of recognition was spoken on either side. The men sat still in their saddles, as if they were motionless; and by the same imperfect light Quentin saw with pleasure that they were all armed, and held long lances in their hands. They were only three in number; but one of them whispered to Quentin, in a strong Gascon accent, that their guide was to join them beyond Tours.

Meantime, lights glanced to and fro at the lattices of the tower, as if there was bustle and preparation among its inhabitants. At length, a small door, which led from the bottom of the tower to the court, was unclosed, and three females came forth, attended by a man wrapped in a cloak. They mounted in silence the palfreys which stood prepared for them, while their attendant on foot led the way, and gave the passwords and signals to the watchful guards, whose posts they passed in succession. Thus they at length reached the exterior of these formidable barriers. Here the man on foot, who had hitherto acted as their guide, paused, and spoke low and earnestly to the two foremost females.

"May Heaven bless you, sire," said a voice which thrilled upon Quentin Durward's ear, "and forgive you, even if your purposes be more interested than your words express! To be placed in safety under the protection of the good Bishop of Liége is the utmost extent of my desire."

The person whom she thus addressed muttered an inaudible answer and retreated back through the barrier-gate, while Quentin thought that, by the moon-glimpse, he recognized in him the King himself, whose anxiety for the departure of his guests had probably induced him to give his presence, in case scruples should arise on their part or difficulties on that of the guards of the castle.

When the riders were beyond the castle, it was necessary for some time to ride with great precaution, in order to avoid the pitfalls, snares, and similar contrivances which were placed for the annoyance of strangers. The Gascon was, however, completely possessed of the clue to this labyrinth, and in a quarter of an hour's riding they found themselves beyond the limits of Plessis le Parc, and not far distant from the city of Tours.

The moon, which had now extricated herself from the clouds through which she was formerly wading, shed a full sea of glorious light upon a landscape equally glorious. They saw the princely Loire rolling his majestic tide through the richest plain in France, and sweeping along between banks ornamented with towers and terraces, and with olives and vineyards. They saw the walls of the city of Tours, the ancient capital of Touraine, raising their portal towers and embattlements white in the moonlight, while from within their circle rose the immense Gothic mass which the devotion of the sainted Bishop Perpetuus erected as early as the fifth century, and which the zeal of Charlemagne and his successors had enlarged with such architectural splendor

5. **sumpter**, pack. 20. **Gascon**, from Gascony, an ancient province of southwestern France.

92. **Charlemagne** (742-814), a famous emperor, ruling over parts of what is now Italy, Germany and France.

as rendered it the most magnificent church in France. The towers of the church of St. Gatien were also visible, and the gloomy strength of the castle, which was said to have been, in ancient times, the residence of the Emperor Valentinian.

Even the circumstances in which he was placed, though of a nature so engrossing, did not prevent the wonder and delight with which the young Scottishman, accustomed to the waste, though impressive, landscape of his own mountains, and the poverty even of his country's most stately scenery, looked on a scene which art and Nature seemed to have vied in adorning with their richest splendor. But he was recalled to the business of the moment by the voice of the elder lady, pitched at least an octave higher than those soft tones which bade adieu to King Louis, demanding to speak with the leader of the band. Spurring his horse forward, Quentin respectfully presented himself to the ladies in that capacity, and thus underwent the interrogatories of the Lady Hameline.

"What was his name, and what his degree?"

He told both.

"Was he perfectly acquainted with the road?"

"He could not," he replied, "pretend to much knowledge of the route, but he was furnished with full instructions, and he was, at their first resting-place, to be provided with a guide in all respects competent to the task of directing their farther journey; meanwhile, a horseman who had just joined them, and made the number of their guard four, was to be their guide for the first stage."

"And wherefore were you selected for such a duty, young gentleman?" said the lady. "I am told you are the same youth who was lately upon guard in the gallery in which we met the Princess of France. You seem young and inexperienced for such a charge; a stranger, too, in France, and speaking the language as a foreigner."

"I am bound to obey the commands of the King, madam, but am not qualified to reason on them," answered the young soldier.

"Are you of noble birth?" demanded the same querist.

"I may safely affirm so, madam," replied Quentin.

"And are you not," said the younger lady, addressing him in her turn, but with a timorous accent, "the same whom I saw when I was called to wait upon the King at yonder inn?"

Lowering his voice, perhaps from similar feelings of timidity, Quentin answered in the affirmative.

"Then, methinks, my cousin," said the Lady Isabelle, addressing the Lady Hameline, "we must be safe under this young gentleman's safeguard; he looks not, at least, like one to whom the execution of a plan of treacherous cruelty upon two helpless women could be with safety entrusted."

"On my honor, madam," said Durward, "by the fame of my house, by the bones of my ancestry, I could not for France and Scotland, laid into one, be guilty of treachery or cruelty toward you!"

"You speak well, young man," said the Lady Hameline, "but we are accustomed to hear fair speeches from the King of France and his agents. It was by these that we were induced, when the protection of the Bishop of Liége might have been attained with less risk than now, or when we might have thrown ourselves on that of Wenceslaus of Germany or of Edward

7. **Valentinian**, Roman Emperor (364-375), who warred against the people of France.

94. **Wenceslaus**, German King. 94. **Edward**, Edward IV (1442-1483), King of England.

of England, to seek refuge in France. And in what did the promises of the King result? In an obscure and shameful concealing of us, under plebeian names, as a sort of prohibited wares, in yonder paltry hostelry, when we, who, as thou knowest, Marthon (addressing her domestic), never put on our head-tire save under a canopy, and upon a dais of three degrees, were compelled to attire ourselves standing on the simple floor, as if we had been two milkmaids."

Marthon admitted that her lady spoke a most melancholy truth.

"I would that had been the sorest evil, dear kinswoman," said the Lady Isabelle; "I could gladly have dispensed with state."

"But not with society," said the elder countess; "that, my sweet cousin, was impossible."

"I would have dispensed with all, my dearest kinswoman," answered Isabelle, in a voice which penetrated to the very heart of her young conductor and guard—"with all, for a safe and honorable retirement. I wish not—God knows, I never wished —to occasion war betwixt France and my native Burgundy, or that lives should be lost for such as I am. I only implored permission to retire to the convent of Marmoutier or to any other holy sanctuary."

"You spoke then like a fool, my cousin," answered the elder lady, "and not like a daughter of my noble brother. It is well there is still one alive who hath some of the spirit of the noble house of Croye. How should a highborn lady be known from a sunburnt milkmaid save that spears are broken for the one and only hazel-poles shattered for the other? I tell you, maiden, that while I was in the very earliest bloom, scarcely older than yourself, the famous passage of arms at Haflinghem was held in my honor; the challengers were four, the assailants so many as twelve. It lasted three days, and cost the lives of two adventurous knights, the fracture of one backbone, one collar-bone, three legs and two arms, besides flesh-wounds and bruises beyond the heralds' counting; and thus have the ladies of our house ever been honored. Ah! had you but half the heart of your noble ancestry, you would find means at some court, where ladies' love and fame in arms are still prized, to maintain a tournament, at which your hand should be the prize, as was that of your great-grandmother of blessed memory at the spear-running of Strasbourg; and thus should you gain the best lance in Europe to maintain the rights of the house of Croye, both against the oppression of Burgundy and the policy of France."

"But, fair kinswoman," answered the younger countess, "I have been told by my old nurse that, although the Rhinegrave was the best lance at the great tournament at Strasbourg, and so won the hand of my respected ancestor, yet the match was no happy one, as he used often to scold, and sometimes even to beat, my great-grandmother of blessed memory."

"And wherefore not?" said the elder countess, in her romantic enthusiasm for the profession of chivalry—"why should those victorious arms, accustomed to deal blows when abroad, be bound to restrain their energies at home? A thousand times rather would I be beaten twice a day by a husband whose arm was as much feared by others as by me than be the wife of a coward, who dared neither to lift hand to his wife nor to anyone else!"

"I should wish you joy of such an

10. degrees, steps. 34. Marmoutier, an abbey on the outskirts of Tours.

66. Strasbourg, Strasburg, a town in Alsace. 75. Rhinegrave, title of the feudal lord of the Rhine county.

active mate, fair aunt," replied Isabelle, "without envying you; for if broken bones be lovely in tourneys, there is nothing less amiable in ladies' bower."

"Nay, but the beating is no necessary consequence of wedding with a knight of fame in arms," said the Lady Hameline; "though it is true that our ancestor of blessed memory, the Rhinegrave Gottfried, was something rough-tempered, and addicted to the use of *Rheinwein*. The very perfect knight is a lamb among ladies and a lion among lances. There was Thibault of Montigni—God be with him!—he was the kindest soul alive, and not only was he never so discourteous as to lift hand against his lady, but by our good dame, he who beat all enemies without doors found a fair foe who could belabor him within. Well, 'twas his own fault. He was one of the challengers at the passage of Haflinghem, and so well bestirred himself that, if it had pleased Heaven, and your grandfather, there might have been a lady of Montigni who had used his gentle nature more gently."

The Countess Isabelle, who had some reason to dread this passage of Haflinghem, it being a topic upon which her aunt was at all times very diffuse, suffered the conversation to drop; and Quentin, with the natural politeness of one who has been gently nurtured, dreading lest his presence might be a restraint on their conversation, rode forward to join the guide, as if to ask him some questions concerning the route.

Meanwhile, the ladies continued their journey in silence, or in such conversation as is not worth narrating, until day began to break; and as they had been on horseback for several hours, Quentin, anxious lest they should be fatigued, became impatient to know their distance from the nearest resting-place.

"I will show it you," answered the guide, "in half an hour."

"And then you leave us to other guidance?" continued Quentin.

"Even so, seignior archer," replied the man; "my journeys are always short and straight. When you and others, seignior archer, go by the bow, I always go by the cord."

The moon had by this time long been down, and the lights of dawn were beginning to spread bright and strong in the east, and to gleam on the bosom of a small lake, on the verge of which they had been riding for a short space of time. This lake lay in the midst of a wide plain, scattered over with single trees, groves, and thickets; but which might be yet termed open, so that objects began to be discerned with sufficient accuracy. Quentin cast his eye on the person whom he rode beside, and under the shadow of a slouched, overspreading hat, which resembled the sombrero of a Spanish peasant, he recognized the facetious features of the same Petit-André whose fingers, not long since, had, in concert with those of his lugubrious brother, Trois-Eschelles, been so unpleasantly active about his throat. Impelled by aversion not altogether unmixed with fear—for in his own country the executioner is regarded with almost superstitious horror—which his late narrow escape had not diminished, Durward instinctively moved his horse's head to the right, and pressing him at the same time with the spur, made a demivolt, which separated him eight feet from his hateful companion.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" exclaimed Petit-André; "by our Lady of the Grève, our young soldier remembers us of

91. **demivolt**, half vault. 95. **Grève**, a public place of execution in Paris; hence the appropriate oath here.

old. What! comrade, you bear no malice, I trust? Everyone wins his bread in this country. No man need be ashamed of having come through my hands, for I will do my work with any that ever tied a living weight to a dead tree. And God hath given me grace to be such a merry fellow withal. Ha! ha! ha! I could tell you such jests I have cracked between the foot of the ladder and the top of the gallows, that, by my halidom, I have been obliged to do my job rather hastily, for fear the fellows should die with laughing, and so shame my mystery!"

As he thus spoke, he edged his horse sideways, to regain the interval which the Scot had left between them, saying at the same time, "Come, seignior archer, let there be no unkindness betwixt us! For my part, I always do my duty without malice, and with a light heart, and I never love a man better than when I have put my scant-of-wind collar about his neck, to dub him knight of the order of St. Patibularius, as the provost's chaplain, the worthy Father Vaconeldiablo, is wont to call the patron saint of the provostry."

"Keep back, thou wretched object!" exclaimed Quentin, as the finisher of the law again sought to approach him closer, "or I shall be tempted to teach you the distance that should be betwixt men of honor and such an outcast."

"La you there, how hot you are!" said the fellow. "Had you said men of *honesty*, there had been some savor of truth in it; but for men of *honor*, good lack, I have to deal with them, every day, as nearly and closely as I was about to do business with you. But peace be with you, and keep your company to yourself. I would have bestowed a flagon of Auvernât upon you to wash away every unkindness; but 'tis like you scorn my courtesy. Well. Be as churlish as you list; I never quarrel with my customers—my jerry-come-tumbles, my merry dancers, my little playfellows, as Jacques Butcher says to his lambs—those, in fine, who, like your seigniorship, have H. E. M. P. written on their foreheads. No—no, let them use me as they list, they shall have my good service at last; and yourself shall see, when you next come under Petit-André's hands, that he knows how to forgive an injury."

So saying, and summing up the whole with a provoking wink and such an interjectional *tchick* as men quicken a dull horse with, Petit-André drew off to the other side of the path, and left the youth to digest the taunts he had treated him with, as his proud Scottish stomach best might. A strong desire had Quentin to have belabored him while the staff of his lance could hold together; but he put a restraint on his passion, recollecting that a brawl with such a character could be creditable at no time or place, and that a quarrel of any kind, on the present occasion, would be a breach of duty, and might involve the most perilous consequences. He therefore swallowed his wrath at the ill-timed and professional jokes of Monsieur Petit-André, and contented himself with devoutly hoping that they had not reached the ears of his fair charge, on which they could not be supposed to make an impression in favor of himself, as one obnoxious to such sarcasms. But he was speedily aroused from such thoughts by the cry of both the ladies at once, "Look back—look back! For the love of Heaven look to yourself and us; we are pursued!"

15. **mystery**, occupation. 26. **St. Patibularius**, derived from the Latin *patibulum*, a fork-shaped gibbet. 28. **Father Vaconeldiablo**, probably made up of a combination of four Spanish words, "goes with the devil."

47. **Auvernât**, wine from Auvergne, a former name of one of the provinces of France.

Quentin hastily looked back, and saw that two armed men were in fact following them, and riding at such a pace as must soon bring them up with their party. "It can," he said, "be only some of the provostry making their rounds in the forest. Do thou look," he said to Petit-André, "and see what they may be."

Petit-André obeyed; and rolling himself jocosely in the saddle after he had made his observations, replied, "These, fair sir, are neither your comrades nor mine—neither archers nor marshal's-men; for I think they wear helmets, with visors lowered, and gorgets of the same. A plague upon these gorgets, of all other pieces of armor! I have fumbled with them an hour before I could undo the rivets."

"Do you, gracious ladies," said Durward, without attending to Petit-André, "ride forward, not so fast as to raise an opinion of your being in flight, and yet fast enough to avail yourselves of the impediment which I shall presently place between you and these men who follow us."

The Countess Isabelle looked to their guide, and then whispered to her aunt, who spoke to Quentin thus, "We have confidence in your care, fair archer, and will rather abide the risk of whatever may chance in your company than we will go onward with that man, whose mien is, we think, of no good augury."

"Be it as you will, ladies," said the youth. "There are but two who come after us; and though they be knights, as their arms seem to show, they shall, if they have any evil purpose, learn how a Scottish gentleman can do his *devoir* in the presence and for the defense of such as you. Which of you there," he continued, addressing the gûards whom he commanded, "is willing to be my comrade, and to break a lance with these gallants?"

Two of the men obviously faltered in resolution; but the third, Bertrand Guyot, swore "that, *cap de Diou*, were they knights of King Arthur's Round Table, he would try their mettle for the honor of Gascony."

While he spoke, the two knights—for they seemed of no less rank—came up with the rear of the party, in which Quentin, with his sturdy adherent, had by this time stationed himself. They were fully accoutered in excellent armor of polished steel, without any device by which they could be distinguished.

One of them, as they approached, called out to Quentin, "Sir squire, give place; we come to relieve you of a charge which is above your rank and condition. You will do well to leave these ladies in our care, who are fitter to wait upon them, especially as we know that in yours they are little better than captives."

"In return to your demand, sirs," replied Durward, "know, in the first place, that I am discharging the duty imposed upon me by my present sovereign; and next, that however unworthy I may be, the ladies desire to abide under my protection."

"Out, sirrah!" exclaimed one of the champions; "will you, a wandering beggar, put yourself on terms of resistance against belted knights?"

"They are indeed terms of resistance," said Quentin, "since they oppose your insolent and unlawful aggression; and if there be difference of rank between us, which as yet I know not, your discourtesy has done it away. Draw your sword, or, if you will use the lance, take ground for your career."

44. **devoir**, duty.

52. **cap de Diou**, a mild oath. 84. **belted**, entitled to wear belt and sword because of their rank. 93. **career**, in a tournament, the encounter.

While the knights turned their horses and rode back to the distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, Quentin, looking to the ladies, bent low on his saddle-bow, as if desiring their favorable regard, and as they streamed toward him their kerchiefs in token of encouragement, the two assailants had gained the distance necessary for their charge.

Calling to the Gascon to bear himself like a man, Durward put his steed into motion; and the four horsemen met in full career in the midst of the ground which at first separated them. The shock was fatal to the poor Gascon; for his adversary, aiming at his face, which was undefended by a visor, ran him through the eye into the brain, so that he fell dead from his horse.

On the other hand, Quentin, though laboring under the same disadvantage, swayed himself in the saddle so dexterously that the hostile lance, slightly scratching his cheek, passed over his right shoulder; while his own spear, striking his antagonist fair upon the breast, hurled him to the ground. Quentin jumped off to unhelm his fallen opponent; but the other knight, who had never yet spoken, seeing the fortune of his companion, dismounted still more speedily than Durward, and bestriding his friend, who lay senseless, exclaimed, "In the name of God and St. Martin, mount, good fellow, and get thee gone with thy woman's ware! *Ventre St. Gris*, they have caused mischief enough this morning."

"By your leave, sir knight," said Quentin, who could not brook the menacing tone in which this advice was given, "I will first see whom I have had to do with, and learn who is to answer for the death of my comrade."

"That shalt thou never live to know or to tell," answered the knight. "Get thee back in peace, good fellow. If we were fools for interrupting your passage, we have had the worst, for thou hast done more evil than the lives of thou and thy whole band could repay. Nay, if thou *wilt* have it (for Quentin now drew his sword and advanced on him), take it with a vengeance!"

So saying he dealt the Scot such a blow on the helmet as till that moment, though bred where good blows were plenty, he had only read of in romance. It descended like a thunderbolt, beating down the guard which the young soldier had raised to protect his head, and reaching his helmet of proof, cut it through so far as to touch his hair, but without further injury; while Durward, dizzy, stunned, and beaten down on one knee, was for an instant at the mercy of the knight, had it pleased him to second his blow. But compassion for Quentin's youth, or admiration of his courage, or a generous love of fair play, made him withhold from taking such advantage; while Durward, collecting himself, sprang up and attacked his antagonist with the energy of one determined to conquer or die, and at the same time with the presence of mind necessary for fighting the quarrel out to the best advantage.

Resolved not again to expose himself to such dreadful blows as he had just sustained, he employed the advantage of superior agility, increased by the comparative lightness of his armor, to harass his antagonist, by traversing on all sides, with a suddenness of motion and rapidity of attack against which the knight in his heavy panoply found it difficult to defend himself without much fatigue.

89. **Ventre St. Gris**, a mild oath.

91. **traversing**, making a crosswise attack, as in fencing.

It was in vain that this generous antagonist called aloud to Quentin, "That there now remained no cause of fight betwixt them, and that he was loath to be constrained to do him injury." Listening only to the suggestions of a passionate wish to redeem the shame of his temporary defeat, Durward continued to assail him with the rapidity of lightning—now menacing him with the edge, now with the point of his sword; and ever keeping such an eye on the motions of his opponent, of whose superior strength he had had terrible proof, that he was ready to spring backward, or aside, from under the blows of his tremendous weapon.

"Now the devil be with thee for an obstinate and presumptuous fool," muttered the knight, "that cannot be quiet till thou art knocked on the head!"

So saying, he changed his mode of fighting, collected himself as if to stand on the defensive, and seemed contented with parrying, instead of returning, the blows which Quentin unceasingly aimed at him, with the internal resolution that the instant when either loss of breath or any false or careless pass of the young soldier should give an opening, he would put an end to the fight by a single blow. It is likely he might have succeeded in this artful policy, but Fate had ordered it otherwise.

The duel was still at the hottest, when a large party of horse rode up, crying, "Hold, in the King's name!" Both champions stepped back; and Quentin saw with surprise that his captain, Lord Crawford, was at the head of the party who had thus interrupted their combat. There was also Tristan l'Hermite, with two or three of his followers; making, in all, perhaps twenty horse.

40. **Hold**, stop.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

Chapter XIV, "The Journey," should be read in class, or carefully prepared outside class, for detailed discussion. It serves to launch the plot upon another phase of its development, and is therefore well suited for analysis as another starting-point for individual reading.

Questions and Topics

1. Does a journey make interesting narrative material? Why do teachers of composition warn you against writing "accounts of trips"? Why are they good in fiction? What books contain excellent stories of travel—yet are admirable fiction? Is this chapter good?

2. Which lady do you prefer? Why? Is Quentin in a predicament? Why? Why is the Lady Hameline made so eccentric?

3. How is contrast of action secured? Where do you learn the end of the adventure? Does this encounter remind you of anything in any other book, such as *Ivanhoe*?

4. Why does the chapter end where it does? Do you wish to read on? What do you desire to find out?

Outside Reading. Your next reading assignment should extend through Chapter XXVI. If desired, this may be reported upon at two different class sessions by choosing from the following study suggestions and questions those which are pertinent:

1. In a series of oral reports cover all the principal events of this section. Avoid including too many details.

2. After Quentin's combat with the attacking pair, what does he learn of them? Does this make his predicament any easier? How does this incident advance the story? Does it provide any more enmities? To what does the verse about the boar refer?

3. Show how the Bohemian adds a romantic touch. What does Quentin learn from him? What is his plan? How does he carry it out? How was palmistry related to this phase of the journey? What was the effect upon the gypsy?

4. Tell of Quentin's experiences in the city of Liége. What was the temper of the townspeople? What do they do? How do their acts concern Quentin? Why does Scott send the Lady Hameline with Quentin? Why did Scott take such pains to make Quentin secure friends among the syndics of Liége?

5. Describe the gathering in the great hall. Give a clear account of William de la Marck. Which incident shows his character? Why is he painted so black? Will the feeling of the

Countess toward Quentin change if she is restored to her equals? Describe their flight from the city. What is their relation to each other? What danger threatens them? How do they escape?

6. What are the present relations between Louis and the Duke of Burgundy? How did they come about? How is all this conveyed to the reader? Is this more interesting than if Scott himself told it? Why does Crèvecœur predict that his news will cause an explosion? How many threads of the story are being brought together? Which characters have been out of the story for several chapters?

7. Describe the meeting of Louis and Burgundy. How much sincerity could rulers show in those days? Are there modern instances of the same practices?

8. Was Louis really pleased to hear that the ladies of Croye were safe? Explain your answer. Why are such changes of fortune, of feeling, of disposition, put into stories? How does the end of the chapter (XXVI) make you feel toward Louis?

9. List the instances of humor in this section. Retell several of them.

10. What definite things do you believe the remainder of the story must clear up? Which of these should be treated last?

11. Identify the following characters by telling the parts played by them in the story: Peter, Trudchen, Campo-basso, Marthon, Rouge Sanglier, Cardinal Balue, Hayraddin, Pavillon, Hans Glover, Nikkel Blok, Carl Eberson.

ORAL OR WRITTEN COMPOSITIONS AND REPORTS

1. An informal debate may be arranged upon the statement: Quentin should have renounced all allegiance to King Louis.

2. Upon a large sheet of paper or board space put down at wide intervals five or six entries which suggest the chief events between the departure of the two ladies from the Castle and Quentin's arrival at Péronne. Under each topic put the main events which belong to it. Continue adding minor details until a rather elaborate outline is prepared. This may be done individually, or by the class as a whole producing a group outline.

3. Continue the list of words added to your vocabulary.

Theme Topics. Compositions may be written outside school or in class upon such topics as the following: 1. Armor and weapons of the period. 2. The instability of governments. 3. How local color is suggested. 4. Unreal portions of the book. 5. Characters introduced for special needs. 6. How realism is secured. 7. Villainous characters; their purpose, their natures. 8. Draw upon your imagination and write an amplified version of some detail in the story. 9. The career of a page or squire. 10. Court jesters. 11. Minor importance of the love story. 12. The dual nature of King Louis.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE EXPLOSION

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud.

THOMSON'S *Summer*.

The preceding chapter, agreeable to its title, was designed as a retrospect, which might enable the reader fully to understand the terms upon which the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy stood together, when the former, moved, partly perhaps by his belief in astrology, which was represented as favorable to the issue of such a measure, and in a great measure doubtless by the conscious superiority of his own powers of mind over those of Charles, had adopted the extraordinary, and upon any other ground altogether inexplicable, resolution of committing his person to the faith of a fierce and exasperated enemy—a resolution also the more rash and unaccountable, as there were various examples in that stormy time to show that safe-conducts, however solemnly plighted, had proved no assurance for those in whose favor they were conceived; and indeed the murder of the Duke's grandfather, at the bridge of Montereau, in presence of the father of Louis, and at an interview solemnly agreed upon for the establishment of peace and amnesty, was a horrible precedent, should the Duke be disposed to resort to it.

But the temper of Charles, though rough, fierce, headlong, and unyielding, was not, unless in the full tide of

passion, faithless or ungenerous, faults which usually belong to colder dispositions. He was at no pains to show the King more courtesy than the laws of hospitality positively demanded; but, on the other hand, he evinced no purpose of overleaping their sacred barriers.

On the following morning after the King's arrival, there was a general muster of the troops of the Duke of Burgundy, which were so numerous and so excellently appointed that, perhaps, he was not sorry to have an opportunity of displaying them before his great rival. Indeed, while he paid the necessary compliment of a vassal to his suzerain, in declaring that these troops were the King's, and not his own, the curl of his upper lip and the proud glance of his eye intimated his consciousness that the words he used were but empty compliment, and that his fine army, at his own unlimited disposal, was as ready to march against Paris as in any other direction. It must have added to Louis's mortification that he recognized, as forming part of this host, many banners of French nobility, not only of Normandy and Bretagne, but of provinces more immediately subjected to his own authority, who from various causes of discontent, had joined and made common cause with the Duke of Burgundy.

True to his character, however, Louis seemed to take little notice of these malcontents, while, in fact, he was revolving in his mind the various means by which it might be possible to detach them from the banners of Burgundy and bring them back to his own, and resolved for that purpose that he would cause those to whom he attached the greatest importance to be secretly sounded by Oliver and other agents.

He himself labored diligently, but at the same time cautiously, to make interest with the Duke's chief officers and advisers, employing for that purpose the usual means of familiar and frequent notice, adroit flattery, and liberal presents; not, as he represented, to alienate their faithful services from their noble master, but that they might lend their aid in preserving peace betwixt France and Burgundy—an end so excellent in itself, and so obviously tending to the welfare of both countries, and of the reigning princes of either.

The notice of so great and so wise a King was in itself a mighty bribe; promises did much, and direct gifts, which the customs of the time permitted the Burgundian courtiers to accept without scruple, did still more. During a boar hunt in the forest, while the Duke, eager always upon the immediate object, whether business or pleasure, gave himself entirely up to the ardor of the chase, Louis, unrestrained by his presence, sought and found the means of speaking secretly and separately to many of those who were reported to have most interest with Charles, among whom D'Hymbercourt and Comines were not forgotten; nor did he fail to mix up the advances which he made toward those two distinguished persons with praises of the valor and military skill of the first, and of the profound sagacity and literary talents of the future historian of the period.

Such an opportunity of personally conciliating, or, if the reader pleases, corrupting, the ministers of Charles, was perhaps what the King had proposed to himself as a principal object of his visit, even if his art should fail to cajole the Duke himself. The connection betwixt France and Burgundy

31. **Bretagne**, Brittany, former province in the northwest part of France.

85. **future historian**, Philippe de Comines (1445-1509), both a statesman and a historian.

was so close that most of the nobles belonging to the latter country had hopes or actual interests connected with the former, which the favor of Louis could advance, or his personal displeasure destroy. Formed for this and every other species of intrigue, liberal to profusion when it was necessary to advance his plans, and skillful in putting the most plausible color upon his proposals and presents, the King contrived to reconcile the spirit of the proud to their profit, and to hold out to the real or pretended patriot the good of both France and Burgundy as the ostensible motive; whilst the party's own private interest, like the concealed wheel of some machine, worked not the less powerfully that its operations were kept out of sight. For each man he had a suitable bait and a proper mode of presenting it: he poured the guerdon into the sleeve of those who were too proud to extend their hand, and trusted that his bounty, though it descended like the dew without noise and imperceptibly, would not fail to produce, in due season, a plentiful crop of good-will at least, perhaps of good offices, to the donor. In fine, although he had been long paving the way by his ministers for an establishment of such an interest in the court of Burgundy as should be advantageous to the interests of France, Louis's own personal exertions, directed doubtless by the information of which he was previously possessed, did more to accomplish that object in a few hours than his agents had effected in years of negotiation.

One man alone the King missed whom he had been particularly desirous of conciliating, and that was the Count de Crèvecœur, whose firmness, during his conduct as envoy at Plessis, far from exciting Louis's resentment, had been viewed as a reason for making him his own if possible. He was not particularly gratified when he learned that the Count, at the head of an hundred lances, was gone toward the frontiers of Brabant to assist the bishop, in case of necessity, against William de la Marck and his discontented subjects; but he consoled himself that the appearance of this force, joined with the directions which he had sent by faithful messengers, would serve to prevent any premature disturbances in that country, the breaking out of which might, he foresaw, render his present situation very precarious.

The court upon this occasion dined in the forest when the hour of noon arrived, as was common in those great hunting parties; an arrangement at this time particularly agreeable to the Duke, desirous as he was to abridge that ceremonious and deferential solemnity with which he was otherwise under the necessity of receiving King Louis. In fact, the King's knowledge of human nature had in one particular misled him on this remarkable occasion. He thought that the Duke would have been inexpressibly flattered to have received such a mark of condescension and confidence from his liege lord; but he forgot that the dependence of his dukedom upon the crown of France was privately the subject of galling mortification to a prince so powerful, so wealthy, and so proud as Charles, whose aim it certainly was to establish an independent kingdom. The presence of the King at the court of the Duke of Burgundy imposed on that prince the necessity of exhibiting himself in the subordinate character of a vassal, and of discharging many rites of feudal observance and deference, which, to one of his haughty disposition, resembled derogation from the character of a sovereign prince,

53. **Brabant**, a former duchy, comprising a part of what is now The Netherlands and Belgium.

which on all occasions he affected as far as possible to sustain.

But although it was possible to avoid much ceremony by having the dinner upon the green turf, with sound of bugles, broaching of barrels, and all the freedom of a silvan meal, it was necessary that the evening repast should, even for that very reason, be held with more than usual solemnity.

Previous orders for this purpose had been given, and, upon returning to Péronne, King Louis found a banquet prepared with such a profusion of splendor and magnificence as became the wealth of his formidable vassal, possessed as he was of almost all the Low Countries, then the richest portion of Europe. At the head of the long board, which groaned under plate of gold and silver, filled to profusion with the most exquisite dainties, sat the Duke, and on his right hand, upon a seat more elevated than his own, was placed his royal guest. Behind him stood on one side the son of the Duke of Gueldres, who officiated as his grand carver, on the other Le Glorieux, his jester, without whom he seldom stirred; for, like most men of his hasty and coarse character, Charles carried to extremity the general taste of that age for court fools and jesters —experiencing that pleasure in their display of eccentricity and mental inhumanity which his more acute, but not more benevolent, rival loved better to extract from marking the imperfections of humanity in its nobler specimens, and finding subject for mirth in the "fears of the brave and follies of the wise." And, indeed, if the anecdote related by Brantôme be true, that a court fool, having overheard Louis, in one of his agonies of repentant devotion, confess his accession to the poisoning of his brother, Henry, Count of Guyenne, divulged it next day at dinner before the assembled court, that monarch might be supposed rather more than satisfied with the pleasantries of professed jesters for the rest of his life.

But on the present occasion Louis neglected not to take notice of the favorite buffoon of the Duke, and to applaud his repartees; which he did the rather that he thought he saw that the folly of Le Glorieux, however grossly it was sometimes displayed, covered more than the usual quantity of shrewd and caustic observation proper to his class.

In fact, Tiel Wetzweiler, called Le Glorieux, was by no means a jester of the common stamp. He was a tall, fine-looking man, excellent at many exercises, which seemed scarce reconcilable with mental imbecility, because it must have required patience and attention to attain them. He usually followed the Duke to the chase and to the fight; and at Montl'héry, when Charles was in considerable personal danger, wounded in the throat, and likely to be made prisoner by a French knight who had hold of his horse's rein, Tiel Wetzweiler charged the assailant so forcibly as to overthrow him and disengage his master. Perhaps he was afraid of this being thought too serious a service for a person of his condition, and that it might excite him enemies among those knights and nobles who had left the care of their master's person to the court's fool. At any rate, he chose rather to be laughed at than praised for his achievement, and made such gasconading boasts of his exploits in the battle that most men thought the rescue of Charles was as ideal as the rest of his tale; and it was on this

18. **Low Countries**, The Netherlands. 41. **fears**, etc., from "The Vanity of Human Wishes," by Samuel Johnson. 43. **Brantôme**, a French chronicler.

73. **Montl'héry**, a small town near Paris. 90. **gasconading**. The natives of Gascony (see note on line 20, page 96) were notorious boasters; hence the verb *gasconade*, to brag.

occasion he acquired the title of Le Glorieux, or the boastful, by which he was ever afterward distinguished.

Le Glorieux was dressed very richly, but with little of the usual distinction of his profession, and that little rather of a symbolical than a very literal character. His head was not shorn; on the contrary, he wore a profusion of long, curled hair, which descended from under his cap, and joining with a well-arranged and handsomely trimmed beard, set off features which, but for a wild lightness of eye, might have been termed handsome. A ridge of scarlet velvet, carried across the top of his cap, indicated, rather than positively represented, the professional cock's-comb, which distinguished the headgear of a fool in right of office. His bauble, made of ebony, was crested, as usual, with a fool's head, with ass's ears formed of silver; but so small, and so minutely carved, that, till very closely examined, it might have passed for an official baton of a more solemn character. These were the only badges of his office which his dress exhibited. In other respects, it was such as to match with that of the most courtly nobles. His bonnet displayed a medal of gold; he wore a chain of the same metal around his neck; and the fashion of his rich garments was not much more fantastic than those of young gallants who have their clothes made in the extremity of the existing fashion.

To this personage Charles, and Louis, in imitation of his host, often addressed themselves during the entertainment; and both seemed to manifest, by hearty laughter, their amusement at the answers of Le Glorieux.

"Whose seats be those that are vacant?" said Charles to the jester.

"One of those at least should be mine by right of succession, Charles," replied Le Glorieux.

"Why so, knave?" said Charles.

"Because they belong to the Sieur D'Hymbercourt and De Comines, who are gone so far to fly their falcons that they have forgot their supper. They who would rather look at a kite on the wing than a pheasant on the board are of kin to the fool, and he should succeed to the stools, as a part of their movable estate."

"That is but a stale jest, my friend Tiel," said the Duke; "but, fools or wise men, here come the defaulters."

As he spoke, Comines and D'Hymbercourt entered the room, and, after having made their reverence to the two princes, assumed in silence the seats which were left vacant for them.

"What ho! sirs," exclaimed the Duke, addressing them, "your sport has been either very good or very bad, to lead you so far and so late. Sir Philip de Comines, you are dejected; hath D'Hymbercourt won so heavy a wager on you? You are a philosopher, and should not grieve at bad fortune. By St. George! D'Hymbercourt looks as sad as thou dost. How now, sirs? Have you found no game? or have you lost your falcons? or has a witch crossed your way? or has the Wild Huntsman met you in the forest? By my honor, you seem as if you were come to a funeral, not a festival."

While the Duke spoke, the eyes of the company were all directed toward D'Hymbercourt and De Comines; and the embarrassment and dejection of their countenances, neither being of that class of persons to whom such expression of anxious melancholy was natural, became so remarkable that the mirth and laughter of the company, which the rapid circulation of goblets of excellent wine had raised to a considerable height, was gradually hushed, and, without being able to assign any

79. **Wild Huntsman.** Scott borrows this idea from Bürger's *Der Wilde Jäger*, a poem which he translated from the German.

reason for such a change in their spirits, men spoke in whispers to each other, as on the eve of expecting some strange and important tidings.

"What means this silence, Messires?" said the Duke, elevating his voice, which was naturally harsh. "If you bring these strange looks, and this stranger silence, into festivities, we shall wish you had abode in the marshes seeking for herons, or rather for woodcocks and howlets."

"My gracious lord," said De Comines, "as we were about to return hither from the forest, we met the Count of Crèvecœur."

"How!" said the Duke; "already returned from Brabant? but he found all well there, doubtless?"

"The Count himself will presently give your Grace an account of his news," said D'Hymbercourt, "which we have heard but imperfectly."

"Body of me, where is the Count?" said the Duke.

"He changes his dress, to wait upon your Highness," answered D'Hymbercourt.

"His dress! *Saint-bleau!*" exclaimed the impatient prince, "what care I for his dress? I think you have conspired with him to drive me mad."

"Or rather, to be plain," said De Comines, "he wishes to communicate these news at a private audience."

"*Teste-dieu!* my lord King," said Charles, "this is ever the way our counselors serve us. If they have got hold of aught which they consider as important for our ear, they look as grave upon the matter, and are as proud of their burden as an ass of a new pack-saddle. Someone bid Crèvecœur come to us directly! He comes from the frontiers of Liége, and *we*, at least (he laid some emphasis on the pronoun), have no secrets in that quarter which we would shun to have proclaimed before the assembled world."

All perceived that the Duke had drunk so much wine as to increase the native obstinacy of his disposition; and though many would willingly have suggested that the present was neither a time for hearing news nor for taking counsel, yet all knew the impetuosity of his temper too well to venture on further interference, and sat in anxious expectation of the tidings which the Count might have to communicate.

A brief interval intervened, during which the Duke remained looking eagerly to the door, as if in a transport of impatience, whilst the guests sat with their eyes bent on the table, as if to conceal their curiosity and anxiety. Louis alone maintaining perfect composure, continued his conversation alternately with the grand carver and with the jester.

At length Crèvecœur entered, and was presently saluted by the hurried question of his master, "What news from Liége and Brabant, Sir Count? The report of your arrival has chased mirth from our table; we hope your actual presence will bring it back to us."

"My liege and master," answered the Count, in a firm but melancholy tone, "the news which I bring you are fitter for the council-board than the feasting-table."

"Out with them, man, if they were tidings from Antichrist!" said the Duke; "but I can guess them: the Liégeois are again in mutiny."

"They are, my lord," said Crèvecœur, very gravely.

"Look there, man," said the Duke, "I have hit at once on what you have been so much afraid to mention to me: the harebrained burghers are again in arms. It could not be in better time, for we may at present have the advice

29. Saint-bleau, good heavens! 36. Teste-dieu, God's head.

of our own suzerain," bowing to King Louis, with eyes which spoke the most bitter, though suppressed, resentment, "to teach us how such mutineers should be dealt with. Hast thou more news in thy packet? Out with them, and then answer for yourself why you went not forward to assist the bishop."

"My lord, the further tidings are heavy for me to tell, and will be afflicting to you to hear. No aid of mine, or of living chivalry, could have availed the excellent prelate. William de la Marck, united with the insurgent Liégeois, has taken his castle of Schonwaldt, and murdered him in his own hall."

"*Murdered him!*" repeated the Duke in a deep and low tone, but which nevertheless was heard from the one end of the hall in which they were assembled to the other; "thou hast been imposed upon, Crèvecœur, by some wild report; it is impossible!"

"Alas, my lord!" said the Count, "I have it from an eye-witness, an archer of the King of France's Scottish Guard, who was in the hall when the murder was committed by William de la Marck's order."

"And who was doubtless aiding and abetting in the horrible sacrilege!" exclaimed the Duke, starting up and stamping with his foot with such fury that he dashed in pieces the footstool which was placed before him. "Bar the doors of this hall, gentlemen—secure the windows—let no stranger stir from his seat, upon pain of instant death! Gentlemen of my chamber, draw your swords." And turning upon Louis, he advanced his own hand slowly and deliberately to the hilt of his weapon; while the King, without either showing fear or assuming a defensive posture, only said—

"These news, fair cousin, have staggered your reason."

"No!" replied the Duke, in a terrible tone, "but they have awakened a just resentment, which I have too long suffered to be stifled by trivial considerations of circumstance and place. Murderer of thy brother!—rebel against thy parent!—tyrant over thy subjects!—treacherous ally!—perjured King!—dishonored gentleman!—thou art in my power, and I thank God for it."

"Rather thank my folly," said the King; "for when we met on equal terms at Montl'héry, methinks you wished yourself farther from me than we are now."

The Duke still held his hand on the hilt of his sword, but refrained to draw his weapon or to strike a foe who offered no sort of resistance which could in anywise provoke violence.

Meanwhile, wild and general confusion spread itself through the hall. The doors were now fastened and guarded by order of the Duke; but several of the French nobles, few as they were in number, started from their seats, and prepared for the defense of their sovereign. Louis had spoken not a word either to Orleans or Dunois since they were liberated from restraint at the Castle of Loches, if it could be termed liberation to be dragged in King Louis's train, objects of suspicion evidently rather than of respect and regard; but, nevertheless, the voice of Dunois was first heard above the tumult addressing himself to the Duke of Burgundy. "Sir Duke, you have forgotten that you are a vassal of France, and that we, your guests, are Frenchmen. If you lift a hand against our monarch, prepare to sustain the utmost effects of our despair; for, credit me, we shall feast as high with the blood of Burgundy as we have done with its wine. Courage, my Lord of Orleans; and you, gentlemen of France, form yourselves round Dunois, and do as he does!"

It was in that moment when a king might see upon what tempers he could certainly rely. The few independent nobles and knights who attended Louis, most of whom had only received from him frowns or discountenance, unappalled by the display of infinitely superior force, and the certainty of destruction in case they came to blows, hastened to array themselves around Dunois, and, led by him, to press toward the head of the table, where the contending princes were seated.

On the contrary, the tools and agents, whom Louis had dragged forward out of their fitting and natural places into importance which was not due to them, showed cowardice and cold heart, and remaining still in their seats, seemed resolved not to provoke their fate by intermeddling, whatever might become of their benefactor.

The first of the more generous party was the venerable Lord Crawford, who, with an agility which no one would have expected at his years, forced his way through all opposition, which was the less violent, as many of the Burgundians, either from a point of honor or a secret inclination to prevent Louis's impending fate, gave way to him, and threw himself boldly between the King and the Duke. He then placed his bonnet, from which his white hair escaped in disheveled tresses, upon one side of his head; his pale cheek and withered brow colored, and his aged eye lightened with all the fire of a gallant who is about to dare some desperate action. His cloak was flung over one shoulder, and his action intimated his readiness to wrap it about his left arm, while he unsheathed his sword with his right.

"I have fought for his father and his grandsire," that was all he said; "and by St. Andrew, end the matter as it will, I will not fail him at this pinch."

What has taken some time to narrate happened, in fact, with the speed of light; for so soon as the Duke assumed his threatening posture, Crawford had thrown himself betwixt him and the object of his vengeance; and the French gentlemen, drawing together as fast as they could, were crowding to the same point.

The Duke of Burgundy still remained with his hand on his sword, and seemed in the act of giving the signal for a general onset, which must necessarily have ended in the massacre of the weaker party, when Crèvecœur rushed forward and exclaimed in a voice like a trumpet, "My liege Lord of Burgundy, beware what you do! This is *your* hall; you are the King's vassal; do not spill the blood of your guest on your hearth, the blood of your sovereign on the throne you have erected for him, and to which he came under your safeguard. For the sake of your house's honor, do not attempt to revenge one horrid murder by another yet worse!"

"Out of my road, Crèvecœur," answered the Duke, "and let my vengeance pass! Out of my path! The wrath of kings is to be dreaded like that of Heaven."

"Only when, like that of Heaven, it is *just*," answered Crèvecœur firmly. "Let me pray of you, my lord, to rein the violence of your temper, however justly offended. And for you, my lords of France, where resistance is unavailing, let me recommend you to forbear whatever may lead toward bloodshed."

"He is right," said Louis, whose coolness forsook him not in that dreadful moment, and who easily foresaw that if a brawl should commence, more violence would be dared and done in the heat of blood than was

47. **St. Andrew**, the patron saint of Scotland.

likely to be attempted if peace were preserved. "My cousin Orleans—kind Dunois—and you, my trusty Crawford—bring not on ruin and bloodshed by taking offense too hastily. Our cousin the Duke is chafed at the tidings of the death of a near and loving friend, the venerable Bishop of Liége, whose slaughter we lament as he does. Ancient and, unhappily, recent subjects of jealousy lead him to suspect us of having abetted a crime which our bosom abhors. Should our host murder us on this spot—us, his King and his kinsman, under a false impression of our being accessory to this unhappy accident, our fate will be little lightened, but, on the contrary, greatly aggravated, by your stirring. Therefore, stand back, Crawford. Were it my last word, I speak as a King to his officer, and demand obedience. Stand back, and, if it is required, yield up your sword. I command you to do so, and your oath obliges you to obey."

"True—true, my lord," said Crawford, stepping back, and returning to the sheath the blade he had half drawn. "It may be all very true; but by my honor, if I were at the head of threescore and ten of my brave fellows, instead of being loaded with more than the like number of years, I would try whether I could have some reason out of these fine gallants, with their golden chains and looped-up bonnets, with braw-warld dyes and devices on them."

The Duke stood with his eyes fixed on the ground for a considerable space, and then said, with bitter irony, "Crèvecœur, you say well; and it concerns our honor, that our obligations to this great King, our honored and loving guest, be not so hastily adjusted as in our hasty anger we had at first proposed. We will so act that all Europe shall acknowledge the justice of our proceedings. Gentlemen of France, you must render up your arms to my officers! Your master has broken the truce, and has no title to take further benefit of it. In compassion, however, to your sentiments of honor, and in respect to the rank which he hath disgraced, and the race from which he hath degenerated, we ask not our cousin Louis's sword."

"Not one of us," said Dunois, "will resign our weapon, or quit this hall, unless we are assured of at least our King's safety in life and limb."

"Nor will a man of the Scottish Guard," exclaimed Crawford, "lay down his arms, save at the command of the King of France, or his High Constable."

"Brave Dunois," said Louis, "and you, my trusty Crawford, your zeal will do me injury instead of benefit. I trust," he added with dignity, "in my rightful cause more than in a vain resistance, which would but cost the lives of my best and bravest. Give up your swords; the noble Burgundians who accept such honorable pledges will be more able than you are to protect both you and me. Give up your swords. It is I who command you."

It was thus that, in this dreadful emergency, Louis showed the promptitude of decision and clearness of judgment which alone could have saved his life. He was aware that until actual blows were exchanged he should have the assistance of most of the nobles present to moderate the fury of their prince; but that, were a *mêlée* once commenced, he himself and his few adherents must be instantly murdered. At the same time, his worst enemies confessed that his demeanor had in it nothing either of meanness or cowardice. He shunned to aggravate into frenzy the wrath of the Duke,

37. braw-warld, gaudy.

but he neither deprecated nor seemed to fear it, and continued to look on him with the calm and fixed attention with which a brave man eyes the menacing gestures of a lunatic, whilst conscious that his own steadiness and composure operate as an insensible and powerful check on the rage even of insanity.

Crawford, at the King's command, threw his sword to Crèvecœur, saying, "Take it, and the devil give you joy of it! It is no dishonor to the rightful owner who yields it, for we have had no fair play."

"Hold, gentlemen," said the Duke, in a broken voice, as one whom passion had almost deprived of utterance, "retain your swords; it is sufficient you promise not to use them. And you, Louis of Valois, must regard yourself as my prisoner, until you are cleared of having abetted sacrilege and murder. Have him to the castle. Have him to Earl Herbert's Tower. Let him have six gentlemen of his train to attend him, such as he shall choose. My Lord of Crawford, your guard must leave the castle, and shall be honorably quartered elsewhere. Up with every drawbridge, and down with every portcullis. Let the gates of the town be trebly guarded. Draw the floating-bridge to the right-hand side of the river. Bring round the castle my band of Black Walloons, and treble the sentinels on every post! You, D'Hymbercourt, look that patrols of horse and foot make the round of the town every half hour during the night, and every hour during the next day—if indeed such ward shall be necessary after daybreak, for it is like we may be sudden in this matter. Look to the person of Louis, as you love your life!"

He started from the table in fierce and moody haste, darted a glance of mortal enmity at the King, and rushed out of the apartment.

"Sirs," said the King, looking with dignity around him, "grief for the death of his ally hath made your prince frantic. I trust you know better your duty as knights and noblemen than to abet him in his treasonable violence against the person of his liege lord."

At this moment was heard in the streets the sound of drums beating and horns blowing to call out the soldiery in every direction.

"We are," said Crèvecœur, who acted as the marshal of the Duke's household, "subjects of Burgundy, and must do our duty as such. Our hopes and prayers, and our efforts, will not be wanting to bring about peace and union between your Majesty and our liege lord. Meantime, we must obey his commands. These other lords and knights will be proud to contribute to the convenience of the illustrious Duke of Orleans, of the brave Dunois, and the stout Lord Crawford. I myself must be your Majesty's chamberlain, and bring you to your apartments in other guise than would be my desire, remembering the hospitality of Plessis. You have only to choose your attendants, whom the Duke's commands limit to six."

"Then," said the King, looking around him, and thinking for a moment, "I desire the attendance of Oliver le Dain, of a private of my Life Guard, called Balafré, who may be unarmed if you will, of Tristan l'Hermite, with two of his people, and my right loyal and trusty philosopher, Martius Galeotti."

"Your Majesty's will shall be complied with in all points," said the Count de Crèvecœur. "Galeotti," he added, after a moment's inquiry, "is, I understand, at present supping in

36. **Black Walloons**, soldiers, in black uniforms, from parts of what is now Belgium.

some buxom company, but he shall instantly be sent for; the others will obey your Majesty's command upon the instant."

"Forward, then, to the new abode, which the hospitality of our cousin provides for us," said the King. "We know it is strong, and have only to hope it may be in a corresponding degree safe."

"Heard you the choice which King Louis has made of his attendants?" said Le Glorieux to Count Crèvecœur apart, as they followed Louis from the hall.

"Surely, my merry gossip," replied the Count. "What hast thou to object to them?"

"Nothing—nothing, only they are a rare election! A panderly barber, a Scottish hired cutthroat, a chief hangman and his two assistants, and a thieving charlatan. I will along with you, Crèvecœur, and take a lesson in the degrees of roguery, from observing your skill in marshaling them. The devil himself could scarce have summoned such a synod, or have been a better president amongst them."

Accordingly, the all-licensed jester, seizing the Count's arm familiarly, began to march along with him, while, under a strong guard, yet forgetting no semblance of respect, he conducted the King toward his new apartment.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

Chapter XXVII may be considered as closing one section of the story and preparing the way for the last division. It has an evident effect upon two threads of the plot; its connection with one of these is more easily seen than its relation with the other. But this latter becomes clear as the succeeding chapters are read. The events have been skillfully prepared for.

Crèvecœur was shown us quite early in the story, so that we know much of the sentiments of his master. The events of this chapter are based upon facts. Scott in a note cited his authorities. Philippe de Comines, an official of Burgundy, wrote an account of this period from which Scott drew much of his material.

Questions and Topics

1. Why is the chapter called The Explosion? Why might Burgundy have felt justified in taking any measures against Louis? What good points are there in Burgundy's character? How did Louis set to work to gain power? How did he act during the hunt? Did this help him later? How? Would we call his acts "conciliatory" or "corrupting"?

2. How does the dejection of the two newsbearers emphasize the significance of their tidings? What else contributes to this?

3. What feelings have you for Louis during his danger? Does his behavior here seem consistent with what the earlier chapters show? How do the other Frenchmen act? How is the danger of slaughter averted?

4. Whom did Louis choose as companions? Why these? Can you predict the outcome of this captivity? How will the experience end? In the meantime, what will happen to Quentin? What person must be punished?

Outside Reading. You will be able to finish the book in a very short time. As you are familiar with all the persons concerned, with their dispositions, and desires, with the life and practices of the period, you will not have to assimilate many new ideas. You will therefore be able to pay more attention to the arrangement and relation of details and the intention behind their choice and importance.

Chapter XXVIII to End

1. Why was the place of confinement so ominous to Louis? What did he depend upon for consolation? What did Galeotti tell him about Quentin's mission? About his own death and that of the King?

2. Why was Burgundy so affected by the murder of the Bishop? How is Quentin brought back into the story? On what earlier detail does his importance at this point depend?

3. How did the King decide to treat with Burgundy? What makes him especially grateful to Quentin? What was the opinion of Louis concerning De Comines?

4. What is the state of Quentin's love affair just before, during, and after the interview of the two princes? Are there any hints of possible happiness? On what does the outcome depend? What is the significance of Quentin's testimony at this conference? What change is

produced by the appearance of the Herald? This gives the King what chance? What plan is decided upon?

5. At what point do you think the climax occurs? From which point did you feel you could almost surely predict the ending?

6. Tell the fate of the Bohemian. What is its relation to Quentin? How does this link with the early events of the book? How does the remainder of the story spring from this execution?

7. At what place do Quentin's love prospects seem at their lowest? At what place are his prospects of physical safety at their lowest? How are changes in both kinds of prospects brought about? How are they made interdependent? How was the bestowal of Isabelle to be determined? What did you expect to happen when you read those terms? Has this any connection with the boasting of the Lady Hameline about tournaments? What do such connections indicate about plot construction?

8. Relate briefly the events of the sally from Liége. Detail Quentin's actions. What gave him his coveted chance to meet De la Marek? By what means is the outcome of the single combat delayed? What does such an interruption do to your interest? Make a list of all the details in the last chapter of the book which seem destined to cheat Quentin of his rewards. What is the conclusion of all of them?

9. Does the concluding chapter seem complete? Is anything omitted? Do you wish to know more of any of the characters? Should the wedding have been recounted in the book? Explain your answer.

10. Identify the following, telling how they are used in the story: De Comines, Dunois, Klepper, Le Glorieux, the Knights of the Smock Sleeve, the Maes.

11. Complete the list of words added to your vocabulary.

Oral or Written Compositions and Reports

Theme Topics. 1. A review of the book, pointing out its interest. Do not tell the story. (If written, limit by number of words; if spoken, by time.) 2. Compare the adventures with those in *Ivanhoe, The Three Musketeers, Men of Iron, Westward Ho!* or any other romance of adventure. 3. Explain your appreciation of the story. 4. Write a letter to a friend recounting your work in this book. 5. Courtly etiquette. 6. Life in a castle. 7. The real Louis XI. 8. Make a list, with identifying notes, of all the characters you can recall. 9. Which are more important in the story—characters or adventures? 10. Tell fully how Isabelle contrived to have the note delivered to Quentin before the troops marched toward Liége (Chapter XXXVI). 11. Recent books which reflect similar interests and treatment. 12. Scott's notes, showing how he manipulated historical material.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

SCOTT AND HAWTHORNE AS WRITERS OF PROSE ROMANCE

In selecting subjects for his prose romances, Scott made great leaps in both time and locality. *Ivanhoe* carries the reader back to the struggles in England during the reign of the dashing and attractive Crusader King, Richard Coeur de Lion. Other books of the series deal with Mary, Queen of Scots, the Earl of Leicester and the intrigues of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, or the strange fortunes of such English monarchs as James I and Charles II. Turning to France in *Quentin Durward*, Scott chose the series of events you have just read. Others of the total of twenty-five volumes touch Wales, Switzerland, Germany, Palestine, Constantinople. In time they stretch from 1098 until 1812.

From the foregoing you can deduce some of the inevitable characteristics of Scott's productions. Quite naturally, the stories deal more largely with adventures than with mental or moral states. The author sees men in action rather than in thought or deep mental struggle. Breezy, moving, even boisterous action stamps most of his chapters. The points emphasized are the more simple, elemental virtues and vices. Few of his characters are very complex; they stand out clearly as types of certain kinds of personality.

Composing with such rapidity that he could finish two-thirds of one book in three weeks, all of another in three months, dictate all of another, and most of *Ivanhoe* from a sick-bed, he could not revise, rework, and rearrange as he might have done had he worked more slowly. Rapidity of composition prevents care in another respect—style. If you are reading merely for the plot—the right reason for reading Scott first—you are not likely to think much of the manner in which ideas are expressed. When, however, you pass from first pleasure to critical appreciation, you should exercise your faculties of comparison upon the art of the writer. It is not easy to define real literature satisfactorily. Let us put down a sentence which will serve as an introductory definition. *Literature is material worth telling clothed in language worth reading.* A person might develop a beautiful style, one quite worth reading, yet have nothing worth telling. On the other hand, a writer might conceive ideas of great worth, yet record them in so inferior a style as to weaken their value. The style in which anything is written is always the most difficult element for a reader or student of literature to grasp, in spite of the fact that every reader is conscious of it. How often has some friend tried to tell you of an interesting story he has read, and finally, seeing that you do not share his enthusiasm, lamely excused his halting recital of its merits by explaining, "Well, you see, it's not so much the story as the way it's written." That admission is his tribute to the power of the author's style. If now, he should go back to the story, read it more attentively than before, concentrating his thoughts upon "the way it's written," he will have started in his taste a keenness for style.

The selections from the next author will furnish you with material for such an exercise of your keenness. Scott and Hawthorne are in marked contrast. Scott was of the open air, the wide fields over which he dashed on his spirited horses surrounded by his bounding dogs. Hawthorne was of the college, the study, the office, of quiet walks in small towns. Scott enjoyed the companionship of men of affairs; Hawthorne preferred quiet rambles alone, or long periods of thoughtful reading.

Hawthorne was of a New England family,

tracing its line directly from the early settlers, later sea captains, and one judge in witchcraft trials. From his Puritan ancestry he inherited a habit of self-analysis and a consciousness of the influence of sin on human destiny. When he began to write he developed ideas he had thought about, rather than tales or sketches he had made up. Germs of these meditations he jotted down in notebooks (such useful records are not confined to school studies, you see), which served as reminders of possible themes later. Some of these entries will show the beginnings of his compositions. "A person conscious that he was soon to die, the humor in which he would pay his last visit to familiar persons and things."—"All the dead that have ever been drowned in a certain lake to arise."—"A hint of a story—some incident which should bring on a general war, the chief actor in the incident to have something corresponding to the mischief he had caused."

From such simple beginnings he developed his finished stories, tales, or longer romances. The unreality of the theme he linked with reality of incident, blending the two so delicately that a reader can never declare with certainty just how much belief Hawthorne expected him to give to the supernatural in his incidents. For instance, in *The House of the Seven Gables*, a man is cursed by a reputed New England wizard, "God will give him blood to drink." Years later a descendant is found dead with a blood stain on his linen as though spilled from his lips. Such a death might be perfectly natural, although Hawthorne has so told his tale that you are sure the wizard's curse has been fulfilled once more. Of such materials and by such methods is the romance of Hawthorne compounded.

Dwelling for so long a time upon his themes, developing them slowly, and with rather few characters, Hawthorne produced a style, the most finished, the most consistent of any American author. For a long time before he published anything he wrote a great deal, serving the apprenticeship which made his later productions so unerringly good. He is a master of mood, of atmosphere, of phrases, of words. His own recognition of this use of elements to produce a beautiful effect is in itself an example of the quality he is describing. At one time he wrote to his publisher, "I shan't have the new story ready by November, for I am never good for anything in the literary way till after the first autumnal frost, which has somewhat such an effect on my imagination that it does on the foliage here about me—multiplying and brightening its hues."

The first important difference, then, between Scott and Hawthorne is the difference in style. The exuberance and vitality of many generations of men of action is everywhere present in the writing done by Scott; the quiet and brooding melancholy of the Puritan is in the writing done by Hawthorne. This fact leads quite naturally to another characteristic that you will be able to illustrate from the selections given in this book. It is that the scene of action in the stories of Scott is in the external world; the action in Hawthorne's stories takes place in the soul. Scott is interested in deeds for themselves and for the results they bring in this present world; Hawthorne sees in the deed merely an external manifestation of the spiritual state which produced it, and he is interested in the results it brings in the world of the spirit.

What this means you will see very clearly if you read in the manner suggested in the general Introduction to this book the two stories by Hawthorne here presented. In "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" the chief interest is not in a story about the marvelous transformation from age to youth, but in something quite different. You have probably read the legend about the Fountain of Youth. You know that Ponce de Leon thought that such a fountain actually existed in Florida. A writer like Scott might make this legend the basis of a lively and exciting story about the Spanish explorer and his men. But Hawthorne falls to musing about the legend. Suppose, he says, such a magic elixir might be found. Would it be a good and happy thing if a group of old people could be suddenly restored to youth? Above all, what would be the effect of such a restoration? And the

key to the whole story, as Hawthorne treats it, is in the fact that the learned doctor himself does not want to drink the potion he has discovered. Why is this? In the answer you find the meaning of the story.

In "Drowne's Wooden Image" the same method is applied, though in a different way. There is little action in the ordinary sense of the term, yet the story sums up, in its central idea, all human experience. Again applying the method given in the Introduction to this book, your task is not just to be able to name the characters, tell what happened, and spell and define the words, but to find out what Hawthorne means by bringing before us a man who achieved supreme artistic triumph in one thing that he did, while for the rest of his life he was merely a carver of wooden heads.

When you have completed this intensive reading of these two stories, you should review other stories by Hawthorne and Scott which you read in earlier parts of your course. Do these same principles hold, so that you find further illustrations? How does *Ivanhoe* or *The Lady of the Lake* resemble *Quentin Durward?* How do stories like "The Great Stone Face" or "The Ambitious Guest" illustrate the characteristics of art and thought that you find in the stories of Dr. Heidegger or Drowne?

This done, you will not only have gained a clear impression of the difference between these two writers of prose romance but also will have applied, to practical use, the suggestions about learning to read. In addition, you will have secured a knowledge and a method of analysis that will enable you to read with interest and profit other works, some of them more difficult, written by these two men.

DROWNE'S WOODEN IMAGE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

One sunshiny morning, in the good old times of the town of Boston, a young carver in wood, well known by the name of Drowne, stood contemplating a large oaken log, which it was his purpose to convert into the figurehead of a vessel. And while he discussed within his own mind what sort of shape or similitude it were well to bestow upon this excellent piece of timber, there came into Drowne's workshop a certain Captain Hunnewell, owner and commander of the good brig called the *Cynosure*, which had just returned from her first voyage to Fayal.

"Ah! that will do, Drowne, that will do!" cried the jolly captain, tapping the log with his rattan. "I bespeak this very piece of oak for the figurehead of the *Cynosure*. She has shown herself the sweetest craft that ever floated, and I mean to decorate her prow with the handsomest image that the skill of man can cut out of timber. And, Drowne, you are the fellow to execute it."

"You give me more credit than I deserve, Captain Hunnewell," said the carver, modestly, yet as one conscious of eminence in his art. "But, for the sake of the good brig, I stand ready to do my best. And which of these designs do you prefer? Here"—pointing to a staring, half-length figure, in a white wig and scarlet coat—"here is an excellent model, the likeness of our gracious king. Here is the valiant Admiral Vernon. Or, if you prefer a female figure, what say you to Britannia with the trident?"

"All very fine, Drowne; all very fine," answered the mariner. "But as nothing like the brig ever swam the ocean, so I am determined she shall have such a figurehead as old Neptune never saw in his life. And what is more, as there is a secret in the matter, you must pledge your credit not to betray it."

"Certainly," said Drowne, marveling, however, what possible mystery there could be in reference to an affair so open, of necessity, to the inspection of all the world as the figurehead of a vessel. "You may depend, Captain, on my being as secret as the nature of the case will permit."

Captain Hunnewell then took Drowne by the button, and communicated his wishes in so low a tone that it would be unmannerly to repeat what was evidently intended for the carver's private ear. We shall, therefore, take the opportunity to give the reader a few desirable particulars about Drowne himself.

He was the first American who is known to have attempted—in a very humble line, it is true—that art in which we can now reckon so many names already distinguished, or rising to distinction.

From his earliest boyhood he had exhibited a knack—for it would be too proud a word to call it genius—a knack, therefore, for the imitation of the human figure in whatever material came most readily to hand. The snows of a New

16. **Fayal**, an island of the Azores. 39. **Admiral Vernon**, Edward Vernon (1684-1757), an English admiral.

41. **Britannia with the trident.** Great Britain was sometimes pictured as a woman holding a three-pronged spear, symbolic of the supremacy of the seas. The idea is taken from mythology, where Neptune is so represented.

England winter had often supplied him with a species of marble as dazzlingly white, at least, as the Parian or the Carrara, and if less durable, yet sufficiently so to correspond with any claims to permanent existence possessed by the boy's frozen statues. Yet they won admiration from maturer judges than his school-fellows, and were, indeed, remarkably clever, though destitute of the native warmth that might have made the snow melt beneath his hand. As he advanced in life, the young man adopted pine and oak as eligible materials for the display of his skill, which now began to bring him a return of solid silver as well as the empty praise that had been an apt reward enough for his productions of evanescent snow. He became noted for carving ornamental pump heads, and wooden urns for gate posts, and decorations, more grotesque than fanciful, for mantelpieces. No apothecary would have deemed himself in the way of obtaining custom without setting up a gilded mortar, if not a head of Galen or Hippocrates, from the skillful hand of Drowne.

But the great scope of his business lay in the manufacture of figureheads for vessels. Whether it were the monarch himself, or some famous British admiral or general, or the governor of the province, or perchance the favorite daughter of the shipowner, there the image stood above the prow, decked out in gorgeous colors, magnificently gilded, and staring the whole world out of countenance, as if from an innate consciousness of its own superiority. These specimens of native sculpture had crossed the sea in all directions, and been not ignobly noticed among the crowded shipping of the Thames and wherever else the hardy mariners of New England had pushed their adventures. It must be confessed that a family likeness pervaded these respectable progeny of Drowne's skill; that the benign countenance of the King resembled those of his subjects, and that Miss Peggy Hobart, the merchant's daughter, bore a remarkable similitude to Britannia, Victory, and other ladies of the allegoric sisterhood; and, finally, that they all had a kind of wooden aspect which proved an intimate relationship with the unshaped blocks of timber in the carver's workshop. But at least there was no inconsiderable skill of hand, nor a deficiency of any attribute to render them really works of art, except that deep quality, be it of soul or intellect, which bestows life upon the lifeless and warmth upon the cold, and which, had it been present, would have made Drowne's wooden image instinct with spirit.

The captain of the *Cynosure* had now finished his instructions.

"And Drowne," said he, impressively, "you must lay aside all other business and set about this forthwith. And as to the price, only do the job in first-rate style, and you shall settle that point yourself."

"Very well, captain," answered the carver, who looked grave and somewhat perplexed, yet had a sort of smile upon his visage; "depend upon it, I'll do my utmost to satisfy you."

From that moment the men of taste about Long Wharf and the Town Dock who were wont to show their love for the arts by frequent visits to Drowne's workshop, and admiration of his wooden images, began to be sensible of a mystery in the carver's conduct. Often he was absent in the daytime. Sometimes, as might be judged by gleams of light from the shop windows, he was at work until a late hour of

3, 4. **Parian, Carrara.** Paros, an island in the Aegean Sea, and Carrara, a town in Italy, are both famous for their marble. 28, 29. **Galen, Hippocrates,** physicians of ancient Greece.

the evening; although neither knock nor voice, on such occasions, could gain admittance for a visitor, or elicit any word of response. Nothing remarkable, however, was observed in the shop at those hours when it was thrown open. A fine piece of timber, indeed, which Browne was known to have reserved for some work of especial dignity, was seen to be gradually assuming shape. What shape it was destined ultimately to take was a problem to his friends and a point on which the carver himself preserved a rigid silence. But day after day, though Browne was seldom noticed in the act of working upon it, this rude form began to be developed until it became evident to all observers that a female figure was growing into mimic life. At each new visit they beheld a larger pile of wooden chips and a nearer approximation to something beautiful. It seemed as if the hamadryad of the oak had sheltered herself from the unimaginative world within the heart of her native tree, and that it was only necessary to remove the strange shapelessness that had incrusted her, and reveal the grace and loveliness of a divinity. Imperfect as the design, the attitude, the costume, and especially the face of the image still remained, there was already an effect that drew the eye from the wooden cleverness of Browne's earlier productions and fixed it upon the tantalizing mystery of this new project.

Copley, the celebrated painter, then a young man and a resident of Boston, came one day to visit Browne; for he had recognized so much of moderate ability in the carver as to induce him, in the dearth of professional sympathy, to cultivate his acquaintance. On entering the shop, the artist glanced at the inflexible images of king, commander, dame, and allegory, that stood around, on the best of which might have been bestowed the questionable praise that it looked as if a living man had here been changed to wood, and that not only the physical, but the intellectual and spiritual, part, partook of the stolid transformation. But in not a single instance did it seem as if the wood were imbibing the ethereal essence of humanity. What a wide distinction is here! and how far would the slightest portion of the latter merit have outvalued the utmost degree of the former!

"My friend Browne," said Copley, smiling to himself, but alluding to the mechanical and wooden cleverness that so invariably distinguished the images, "you are really a remarkable person! I have seldom met with a man in your line of business that could do so much; for one other touch might make this figure of General Wolfe, for instance, a breathing and intelligent human creature."

"You would have me think that you are praising me highly, Mr. Copley," answered Browne, turning his back upon Wolfe's image in apparent disgust. "But there has come a light into my mind. I know, what you know as well—that the one touch which you speak of as deficient is the only one that would be truly valuable, and that without it these works of mine are no better than worthless abortions. There is the same difference between them and the works of an inspired artist as between a signpost daub and one of your best pictures."

"This is strange," cried Copley, looking him in the face, which now, as the painter fancied, had a singular depth of intelligence, though hitherto it had not given him greatly the advantage over his own family of wooden

39. **Copley**, John (1737-1815), an American historical painter.

71. **General Wolfe**, James (1727-1759), an English general.

images. "What has come over you? How is it that, possessing the idea which you have now uttered, you should produce only such works as these?"

The carver smiled, but made no reply. Copley turned again to the images, conceiving that the sense of deficiency which Drowne had just expressed, and which is so rare in a merely mechanical character, must surely imply a genius, the tokens of which had heretofore been overlooked. But no; there was not a trace of it. He was about to withdraw when his eyes chanced to fall upon a half-developed figure which lay in a corner of the workshop, surrounded by scattered chips of oak. It arrested him at once.

"What is here? Who has done this?" he broke out, after contemplating it in speechless astonishment for an instant. "Here is the divine, the life-giving touch. What inspired hand is beckoning this wood to arise and live? Whose work is this?"

"No man's work," replied Drowne. "The figure lies within that block of oak, and it is my business to find it."

"Drowne," said the true artist, grasping the carver fervently by the hand, "you are a man of genius!"

As Copley departed, happening to glance backward from the threshold, he beheld Drowne bending over the half-created shape, and stretching forth his arms as if he would have embraced and drawn it to his heart; while, had such a miracle been possible, his countenance expressed passion enough to communicate warmth and sensibility to the lifeless oak.

"Strange enough!" said the artist to himself. "Who would have looked for a modern Pygmalion in the person of a Yankee mechanic!"

45. **Pygmalion**, a legendary sculptor and king of Cyprus. He fell in love with an ivory statue he had made, and at his request Aphrodite gave it life.

As yet, the image was but vague in its outward presentment; so that, as in the cloud shapes around the western sun, the observer rather felt, or was led to imagine, than really saw what was intended by it. Day by day, however, the work assumed greater precision, and settled its irregular and misty outline into distincter grace and beauty. The general design was now obvious to the common eye. It was a female figure, in what appeared to be a foreign dress; the gown being laced over the bosom, and opening in front so as to disclose a skirt or petticoat, the folds and inequalities of which were admirably represented in the oaken substance. She wore a hat of singular gracefulness, and abundantly laden with flowers such as never grew in the rude soil of New England, but which, with all their fanciful luxuriance, had a natural truth that it seemed impossible for the most fertile imagination to have attained without copying from real prototypes. There were several little appendages to this dress, such as a fan, a pair of earrings, a chain about the neck, a watch in the bosom, and a ring upon the finger, all of which would have been deemed beneath the dignity of sculpture. They were put on, however, with as much taste as a lovely woman might have shown in her attire, and could therefore have shocked none but a judgment spoiled by artistic rules.

The face was still imperfect; but gradually, by a magic touch, intelligence and sensibility brightened through the features, with all the effect of light gleaming forth from within the solid oak. The face became alive. It was a beautiful, though not precisely regular, and somewhat haughty, aspect, but with a certain piquancy about the eyes and mouth, which, of all expressions, would have seemed the most impossible to throw

over a wooden countenance. And now, so far as carving went, this wonderful production was complete.

"Drowne," said Copley, who had hardly missed a single day in his visits to the carver's workshop, "if this work were in marble it would make you famous at once; nay, I would almost affirm that it would make an era in the art. It is as ideal as an antique statue, and yet as real as any lovely woman whom one meets at a fireside or in the street. But I trust you do not mean to desecrate this exquisite creature with paint, like those staring kings and admirals yonder?"

"Not paint her!" exclaimed Captain Hunnewell, who stood by; "not paint the figurehead of the *Cynosure!* And what sort of a figure should I cut in a foreign port with such an unpainted oaken stick as this over my prow! She must, and she shall, be painted to the life, from the topmost flower in her hat to the silver spangles on her slippers."

"Mr. Copley," said Drowne, quietly, "I know nothing of marble statuary, and nothing of the sculptor's rules of art; but of this wooden image, this work of my hands, this creature of my heart"—and here his voice faltered and choked in a very singular manner—"of this—of her—I may say that I know something. A wellspring of inward wisdom gushed within me as I wrought upon the oak with my whole strength, and soul, and faith. Let others do what they may with marble, and adopt what rules they choose. If I can produce my desired effect by painted wood, those rules are not for me, and I have a right to disregard them."

"The very spirit of genius," muttered Copley to himself. "How otherwise should this carver feel himself entitled to transcend all rules, and make me ashamed of quoting them?"

He looked earnestly at Drowne, and again saw that expression of human love, which, in a spiritual sense, as the artist could not help imagining, was the secret of the life that had been breathed into this block of wood.

The carver, still in the same secrecy that marked all his operations upon this mysterious image, proceeded to paint the habiliments in their proper colors, and the countenance with Nature's red and white. When all was finished he threw open his workshop, and admitted the townspeople to behold what he had done. Most persons, at their first entrance, felt impelled to remove their hats, and pay such reverence as was due to the richly-dressed and beautiful young lady who seemed to stand in a corner of the room, with oaken chips and shavings scattered at her feet. Then came a sensation of fear; as if, not being actually human, yet so like humanity, she must therefore be something preternatural. There was, in truth, an indefinable air and expression that might reasonably induce the query, who and from what sphere this daughter of the oak should be? The strange, rich flowers of Eden on her head; the complexion, so much deeper and more brilliant than those of our native beauties; the foreign, as it seemed, and fantastic garb, yet not too fantastic to be worn decorously in the street; the delicately-wrought embroidery of the skirt; the broad gold chain about her neck; the curious ring upon her finger; the fan, so exquisitely sculptured in openwork, and painted to resemble pearl and ebony — where could Drowne, in his sober walk of life, have beheld the vision here so matchlessly embodied! And then her face! In the dark eyes, and around the voluptuous mouth, there played a look made up of pride, coquetry, and a gleam of mirthfulness, which impressed Copley with the idea that the image was secretly enjoying the perplexing admiration of himself and other beholders.

"And will you," said he to the carver, "permit this masterpiece to become the figurehead of a vessel? Give the honest captain yonder figure of Britannia—it will answer his purpose far better—and send this fairy queen to England, where, for aught I know, it may bring you a thousand pounds."

"I have not wrought it for money," said Drowne.

"What sort of a fellow is this!" thought Copley. "A Yankee, and throw away the chance of making his fortune! He has gone mad; and thence has come this gleam of genius."

There was still further proof of Drowne's lunacy, if credit were due to the rumor that he had been seen kneeling at the feet of the oaken lady, and gazing with a lover's passionate ardor into the face that his own hands had created. The bigots of the day hinted that it would be no matter of surprise if an evil spirit were allowed to enter this beautiful form, and seduce the carver to destruction.

The fame of the image spread far and wide. The inhabitants visited it so universally that after a few days of exhibition there was hardly an old man or a child who had not become minutely familiar with its aspect. Even had the story of Drowne's wooden image ended here, its celebrity might have been prolonged for many years by the reminiscences of those who looked upon it in their childhood, and saw nothing else so beautiful in after life. But the town was now astounded by an event, the narrative of which has formed itself into one of the most singular legends that are yet to be met with in the traditionary chimney corners of the New England metropolis, where old men and women sit dreaming of the past, and wag their heads at the dreamers of the present and the future.

One fine morning, just before the departure of the *Cynosure* on her second voyage to Fayal, the commander of that gallant vessel was seen to issue from his residence in Hanover Street. He was stylishly dressed in a blue broadcloth coat, with gold lace at the seams and buttonholes, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, a triangular hat, with a loop and broad binding of gold, and wore a silver-hilted hanger at his side. But the good captain might have been arrayed in the robes of a prince or the rags of a beggar, without in either case attracting notice, while obscured by such a companion as now leaned on his arm. The people in the street started, rubbed their eyes, and either leaped aside from their path, or stood as if transfixed to wood or marble in astonishment.

"Do you see it?—do you see it?" cried one, with tremulous eagerness. "It is the very same!"

"The same?" answered another, who had arrived in town only the night before. "Who do you mean? I see only a sea-captain in his shore-going clothes, and a young lady in a foreign habit, with a bunch of beautiful flowers in her hat. On my word, she is as fair and bright a damsel as my eyes have looked on this many a day!"

"Yes; the same!—the very same!" repeated the other. "Drowne's wooden image has come to life!"

Here was a miracle indeed! Yet, illuminated by the sunshine, or darkened by the alternate shade of the houses, and with its garments fluttering lightly in the morning breeze, there passed the image along the street. It was exactly and minutely the shape, the garb, and the face which the townspeople had so recently thronged to see and admire. Not a rich flower upon her head, not a single leaf, but had had its prototype in Drowne's wooden workmanship, although now their fragile grace had become flexible, and was shaken by every footstep that the

wearer made. The broad gold chain upon the neck was identical with the one represented on the image, and glistened with the motion imparted by the rise and fall of the bosom which it decorated. A real diamond sparkled on her finger. In her right hand she bore a pearl and ebony fan, which she flourished with a fantastic and bewitching coquetry, that was likewise expressed in all her movements as well as in the style of her beauty and the attire that so well harmonized with it. The face, with its brilliant depth of complexion, had the same piquancy of mirthful mischief that was fixed upon the countenance of the image, but which was here varied and continually shifting, yet always essentially the same, like the sunny gleam upon a bubbling fountain. On the whole, there was something so airy and yet so real in the figure, and withal so perfectly did it represent Browne's image, that people knew not whether to suppose the magic wood etherealized into a spirit or warmed and softened into an actual woman.

"One thing is certain," muttered a Puritan of the old stamp, "Browne has sold himself to the devil; and doubtless this gay Captain Hunnewell is a party to the bargain."

"And I," said a young man who overheard him, "would almost consent to be the third victim, for the liberty of saluting those lovely lips."

"And so would I," said Copley, the painter, "for the privilege of taking her picture."

The image, or the apparition, whichever it might be, still escorted by the bold captain, proceeded from Hanover Street through some of the cross lanes that make this portion of the town so intricate, to Ann Street, thence into Dock Square, and so downward to Browne's shop, which stood just on the water's edge. The crowd still followed, gathering volume as it rolled along. Never had a modern miracle occurred in such broad daylight, nor in the presence of such a multitude of witnesses. The airy image, as if conscious that she was the object of the murmurs and disturbance that swelled behind her, appeared slightly vexed and flustered, yet still in a manner consistent with the light vivacity and sportive mischief that were written in her countenance. She was observed to flutter her fan with such vehement rapidity that the elaborate delicacy of its workmanship gave way, and it remained broken in her hand.

Arriving at Browne's door, while the captain threw it open, the marvelous apparition paused an instant on the threshold, assuming the very attitude of the image, and casting over the crowd that glance of sunny coquetry which all remembered on the face of the oaken lady. She and her cavalier then disappeared.

"Ah!" murmured the crowd, drawing a deep breath, as with one vast pair of lungs.

"The world looks darker now that she has vanished," said some of the young men.

But the aged, whose recollections dated as far back as witch times, shook their heads, and hinted that our forefathers would have thought it a pious deed to burn the daughter of the oak with fire.

"If she be other than a bubble of the elements," exclaimed Copley, "I must look upon her face again."

He accordingly entered the shop; and there, in her usual corner, stood the image, gazing at him, as it might seem, with the very same expression of mirthful mischief that had been the farewell look of the apparition when, but a moment before, she turned her face toward the crowd. The carver stood beside his creation mending the

beautiful fan, which by some accident was broken in her hand. But there was no longer any motion in the life-like image, nor any real woman in the workshop, nor even the witchcraft of a sunny shadow, that might have deluded people's eyes as it flitted along the street. Captain Hunnewell, too, had vanished. His hoarse, sea-breezy tones, however, were audible on the other side of a door that opened upon the water.

"Sit down in the stern sheets, my lady," said the gallant captain. "Come, bear a hand, you lubbers, and set us on board in the turning of a minute-glass."

And then was heard the stroke of oars.

"Drowne," said Copley with a smile of intelligence, "you have been a truly fortunate man. What painter or statuary ever had such a subject! No wonder that she inspired a genius into you, and first created the artist who afterwards created her image."

Drowne looked at him with a visage that bore the traces of tears, but from which the light of imagination and sensibility, so recently illuminating it, had departed. He was again the mechanical carver that he had been known to be all his lifetime.

"I hardly understand what you mean, Mr. Copley," said he, putting his hand to his brow. "This image! Can it have been my work? Well, I have wrought it in a kind of dream; and now that I am broad awake I must set about finishing yonder figure of Admiral Vernon."

And forthwith he employed himself on the stolid countenance of one of his wooden progeny, and completed it in his own mechanical style, from which he was never known afterwards to deviate. He followed his business industriously for many years, acquired a competence, and in the latter part of his life attained to a dignified station in the church, being remembered in records and traditions as Deacon Drowne, the carver. One of his productions, an Indian chief, gilded all over, stood during the better part of a century on the cupola of the Province House, bedazzling the eyes of those who looked upward, like an angel of the sun. Another work of the good deacon's hand—a reduced likeness of his friend Captain Hunnewell, holding a telescope and quadrant—may be seen to this day, at the corner of Broad and State Streets, serving in the useful capacity of sign to the shop of a nautical instrument maker. We know not how to account for the inferiority of this quaint old figure, as compared with the recorded excellence of the Oaken Lady, unless on the supposition that in every human spirit there is imagination, sensibility, creative power, genius, which, according to circumstances, may either be developed in this world, or shrouded in a mask of dullness until another state of being. To our friend Drowne there came a brief season of excitement, kindled by love. It rendered him a genius for that one occasion, but, quenched in disappointment, left him again the mechanical carver in wood, without the power even of appreciating the work that his own hands had wrought. Yet who can doubt that the very highest state to which a human spirit can attain, in its loftiest aspirations, is its truest and most natural state, and that Drowne was more consistent with himself when he wrought the admirable figure of the mysterious lady than when he perpetrated a whole progeny of blockheads?

There was a rumor in Boston, about this period, that a young Portuguese lady of rank, on some occasion of political or domestic disquietude, had

fled from her home in Fayal and put herself under the protection of Captain Hunnewell, on board of whose vessel, and at whose residence, she was sheltered until a change of affairs. This fair stranger must have been the original of Drowne's Wooden Image.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Does this story begin naturally? Like most stories? Is there an introduction? Where does the introduction end? Is the story long in getting under way? Does the reader have to know much to understand the story? Why not? Can you give an approximate date? On what details do you base your date?

2. Why is Hawthorne careful to call Drowne's skill a *knack*, rather than *genius*? How good were Drowne's figureheads? How does the author slyly convey this information to us? Did the ship-owners seem to object?

3. Why does the author not tell us the Captain's directions? What led Copley to believe Drowne out of his wits? What event astonished you most? Did you at the time foresee any rational explanation? What did you expect it would be in the story?

4. Explain the mystery of how Drowne produced this masterpiece. Does Hawthorne explain? Look up the complete story of Pygmalion and Galatea, and point out a possible relation between it and Hawthorne's story.

5. In which sentence does Hawthorne give you the clue to Drowne's temporary power? Might this be called the theme of the story? Show that it does cover the entire material.

6. What was the purpose of introducing Copley, the artist, rather than an ordinary city man?

7. Does the story give you the impression that it means more than it says? Has it a great truth behind it?

Theme Topics. 1. A great American occupation which this story calls to your mind. 2. Other short stories or novels which are based on this same period and occupation.

1925

DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

["Questions as to unsettled points of history, and mysteries of Nature, to be asked of a mesmerized person." *American Note-Books*, p. 274.]

That very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, and had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against

her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding farther, I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its vergé, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said, "Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the center of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase, of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now Dr. Heidegger was a very

84. **Hippocrates** (born B. C. 460), a Greek physician.

strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five-and-fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first, it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dew-drops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjuror's show; "pray, how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the 'Fountain of Youth,' " asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce de Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of, two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce de Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear Colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter skeptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age."

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing. "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more woefully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they, eagerly.

"We are younger—but we are still too old! Quick—give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment, with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service."

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half

the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age, and a woman, hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle-song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror curtsying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass!"

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" replied the complaisant doctor; "see! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moon-like splendor gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests, and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved oaken armchair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted

that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares, and sorrows, and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings, in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor, like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an armchair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly—if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!" And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara!" cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no, I will be her partner!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand fifty years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp—another threw his arm about her waist—the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalship, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shriveled grandam.

But they were young; their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening

glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen!—come, Madam Wycherly," exclaimed the doctor, "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still and shivered; for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved armchair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four rioters resumed their seats; the more readily because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds; "it appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again, so soon!" cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin-lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger; "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well—I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!"

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night from the Fountain of Youth.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Is the beginning interesting? Are the characters attractive? How much description of them is given? Is any more needed? What phrase points to the possible unreality of all that follows?

2. Are the stories of the wonders of the study true? How had they been originated? Is such a proceeding natural? Why?

3. How does Hawthorne forecast the Doctor's experiment? By what act? By what seemingly innocent remark?

4. Why did the Doctor prefer to remain old?

5. What is the purpose of the mirror through all the changes? Why is the butterfly such a wonderful detail?

6. Make a list of all the minor details which contribute an effect, or add an emphasis, or afford a contrast, without being essential parts of the material. For instance, is the great book of magic a necessity of the story?

7. Which single incident is most impressive? Which description do you like the best? Read it to the class, making comments at the end, and inviting discussion.

Theme Topics. 1. Report to the class on Ponce de Leon and the Fountain of Youth. 2. Imagine Dr. Heidegger holding a conversation with the bust of Hippocrates. Write it, being careful to make it seem natural. Will it be purely fantastic, supernatural, or based on a simple, logical explanation? Will you have to add a third character through whom the story might naturally become known? Will this other person be yourself? Would the Doctor be likely to let you hear him talking with a statue? 3. Imagine some strange story or circumstance concerning the skeleton. Tell or write the story. 4. Describe a wild stormy night, say, Halloween or New Year's Eve or Midsummer Night or the anniversary of some tragedy or accident. Show the changing scenes in the magic mirror.

Library Reading. You will enjoy reading "The Exchange," a modern one-act play by Althea Thurston, in *Contemporary One-Act Plays*, Lewis. The theme of the play is magic power somewhat similar to that of Dr. Heidegger's water of youth.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE ELIOT IN WARWICKSHIRE

GEORGE ELIOT AS A REALIST

AN INTRODUCTION TO "SILAS MARNER"

Enough has been said in connection with stories earlier in this book to indicate to you that the romance emphasizes the unusual, the extraordinary, the extravagant. You can easily recall the events in both Scott and Hawthorne which aptly illustrate this statement. You freely give the romancer full permission to imagine as unrestrainedly as he pleases—you will follow as far as he leads. The great art of the born story-teller is that while you are reading, he exercises almost a magic spell over you. There is a glorious thrill about it which is one of the delights of reading experienced by persons of all ages whose sympathies and imaginations are not hardened or dulled.

The romancer does not pretend to give an absolutely faithful reproduction of life. He colors it, magnifies it, stimulates it, for the purposes of his story. His material is not life as it really is, but life as it might be, life as we should like to have it. Literature of this kind—and there is a great deal of such, so that you need never feel a lack if you desire to read more of it—is described as romantic. This volume contains many pages of romance, in both prose and verse.

Sharply contrasted with this method of using material is another, which, keeping very close to everyday occurrences, tries to show them exactly as they are. Life in the pages of authors who follow this method appears more real than that in the pages of the romancers. Such a story is termed *realistic*. These two terms—romantic and realistic—may be used to group into two main divisions many of the literary productions of the world. In periods of great literary activity one may predominate over the other until readers appear to tire of its effect; then the other increases in popularity until the pendulum of appreciation swings back.

The realistic is more interested in the present than in the past. It depicts the near at hand rather than the distant. It relates events of the author's own land, not of remote kingdoms. It tells of scenes he has observed, not of those he has imagined or dug up from old tomes of history. Its persons are men and women of his own race, engaged in ordinary pursuits of life, not in chivalric quests. They are merchants and factory workmen, farmers and bankers, not explorers and knights-errant, feudal lords and wandering minstrels. They are depicted, not for what they do, but for what they are. You, the reader, feel that they are not mere moving figures in an animated picture, but that they are persons like yourself. You might have to go through their experiences. It is easier to see yourself in a realistic novel than in a historical romance. Realism tries not to distort facts about life, it tries not to color its happiness with too rosy a glow, nor to darken its sadness with too gloomy a shadow. When you stop to think of what realism has to avoid and what it tries to do, you may be tempted to declare, "Well, how can anything realistic ever expect to be interesting?" In literature, as in so many things, the proof is in the testing. Realistic literature has as many supreme masterpieces as romanticism can show; one of these masterpieces is now to be the subject of your study.

The author of *Silas Marner* was a woman, Mary Anne Evans, who lived in England from 1819 until 1880. When she was ready to publish her first work of fiction she felt that it would be better to use a pseudonym, so she chose a man's name, George Eliot. Until she was quite a grown woman she lived in rural England or in small towns, where her lack of regular schooling and variety of experience was replaced by vividness of observation and a strong personality. As you read her novels you are certain that at some time in her life the author actually saw the

persons she is delineating, the scene she is describing, the event she is retelling. She says of her first fiction that it was based upon her "own observation of the clergy." The suggestion of *Adam Bede* came from an incident in the life of one of her aunts. Every reader believes that Maggie Tulliver in *The Mill on the Floss* is a portrait of George Eliot herself as a girl. Another book, *Felix Holt*, was the outgrowth of an election riot the author had seen as a girl.

Silas Marner, too, came from the vivid recollection of that impressionable childhood. As it is short, it covers a narrower range than full-length novels. But that brevity makes it all the more suited as material for a beginning study in realistic fiction. Its theme is restricted in expanse, though it strikes down deep in human sympathy. It shows the softening influence of the love of a child upon the hardened heart of a lonely old man. Yet short though the story is, it is as artistically conceived and consistently expressed as any longer masterpiece. It has both plot and sub-plot. Its exposition—or introductory explanation—is adequate and masterly. The opening scenes of the story are as rapid, yet as quiet, as life itself. Its rise of interest is irresistible. Its climaxes—for there are two, one in each plot—occur as naturally as breathing. The approaches and separations of the two plots seem the result of existence rather than the result of a woman's deliberate planning to have them so. The abundant humor "belongs"—it is not dragged in for contrast merely. There is variety of classes from the outcast weaver to the red-faced Squire; variety of incident from the lonely treading of the loom to the New Year's party at the Red House. Crime, misery, agony, bewilderment, deceit, youth, sympathy, jollity, scorn, bitterness, humor, love, atonement—all the experiences of life are here.

The characters are deserving of higher praise than the plot, admirable though that is. These people seem to live. You will get to know them so well that you will find yourself anticipating their replies; you will be quoting their remarks as applicable to persons and happenings in your daily life. This is true not only of the principal characters, but of the minor ones. Mr. Snell, the landlord, and old Mr. Macey, the frank tailor, are as alive as Silas and Eppie, or Godfrey and Nancy.

The most striking feature of this novel is the fact that the plot is strictly subordinate to the characterization. We see character in process of development as it is confronted by the stern facts of life. Silas is not the same man when the story ends; he has passed through several stages of growth. To find out what these stages are, and to show how they were brought about, is part of the work you are to do in your study of this book. The same is true of Godfrey Cass. Both these studies in character remind us of George Eliot's statement, in another place, that "character is fate." That is, instead of a conception of life which holds that men and women are merely puppets, helplessly driven by fate, as in the case of Sohrab and Rustum, for example, George Eliot bases her work on the conception that external forces influence but do not absolutely determine character.

While there is plenty of incident in *Silas Marner*—it would not be a good story if there were not—the chief emphasis is upon showing us what kind of persons these people are, and how they are affected by the play of external circumstances upon them. In this respect the novel is like one of Shakespeare's dramas, and in your study you may profitably compare a play like *Julius Caesar* with the drama of the weaver of Raveloe.

To sum up: In this novel we have a realistic picture of life in an English village before the modern industrial system came into existence. The main plot is very simple; you can state it in a sentence or two. The sub-plot is also simple, and is deftly interwoven with the main story. This simplicity leaves the author free to work out the thing that is most interesting and valuable in the novel—the development of character. The various settings, such as the description of Lantern Yard, of Raveloe, of the Cass house, of the cottage of Silas, are like the stage settings in drama. Plot, character, the scenes amid which the action moves—these are the subjects for you to study.

SILAS MARNER: THE WEAVER OF RAVELOE

GEORGE ELIOT

"A child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts."

—Wordsworth.

PART I

CHAPTER I*

In the days when the spinning-wheels hummed busily in the farm-houses—and even great ladies, clothed in silk and thread lace, had their toy spinning-wheels of polished oak—there might be seen in districts far away among the lanes, or deep in the bosom of the hills, certain pallid, undersized men, who, by the side of the brawny countryfolk, looked like the remnants of a disinherited race. The shepherd's dog barked fiercely when one of these alien-looking men appeared on the upland, dark against the early winter sunset; for what dog likes a figure bent under a heavy bag?—and these pale men rarely stirred abroad without that mysterious burden. The shepherd himself, though he had good reason to believe that the bag held nothing but flaxen thread, or else the long rolls of strong linen spun from that thread, was not quite sure that this trade of weaving, indispensable though it was, could be carried on entirely without the help of the Evil One. In that far-off time superstition clung easily round every person or thing that was at all unwonted, or even intermittent and occasional merely, like the visits of the peddler or the knife-grinder. No one knew where wandering men had their homes or their origin; and how was a man to be explained unless you at least knew somebody who knew his father and mother? To the peasants of old times, the world outside their own direct experience was a region of vagueness and mystery; to their untraveled thought a state of wandering was a conception as dim as the winter life of the swallows that came back with the spring; and even a settler, if he came from distant parts, hardly ever ceased to be viewed with a remnant of distrust, which would have prevented any surprise if a long course of inoffensive conduct on his part had ended in the commission of a crime; especially if he had any reputation for knowledge, or showed any skill in handicraft. All cleverness, whether in the rapid use of that difficult instrument the tongue, or in some other art unfamiliar to villagers, was in itself suspicious; honest folk, born and bred in a visible manner, were mostly not overwise or clever—at least, not beyond such a matter as knowing the signs of the weather; and the process by which rapidity and dexterity of any kind were acquired was so wholly hidden that they partook of the nature

*Notes and Questions on the various chapters of *Silas Marner* appear at the end of the story, pages 257 to 261.

1. **In the days,** in the early part of the nineteenth century.

of conjuring. In this way it came to pass that those scattered linen-weavers —emigrants from the town into the country—were to the last regarded as aliens by their rustic neighbors, and usually contracted the eccentric habits which belong to a state of loneliness.

In the early years of this century, such a linen-weaver, named Silas Marner, worked at his vocation in a stone cottage that stood among the nutty hedgerows near the village of Raveloe, and not far from the edge of a deserted stone-pit. The questionable sound of Silas's loom, so unlike the natural cheerful trotting of the winnowing machine, or the simpler rhythm of the flail, had a half-fearful fascination for the Raveloe boys, who would often leave off their nutting or birds'-nesting to peep in at the window of the stone cottage, counterbalancing a certain awe at the mysterious action of the loom, by a pleasant sense of scornful superiority, drawn from the mockery of its alternating noises, along with the bent, treadmill attitude of the weaver. But sometimes it happened that Marner, pausing to adjust an irregularity in his thread, became aware of the small scoundrels, and, though chary of his time, he liked their intrusion so ill that he would descend from his loom, and, opening the door, would fix on them a gaze that was always enough to make them take to their legs in terror. For how was it possible to believe that those large, brown, protuberant eyes in Silas Marner's pale face really saw nothing very distinctly that was not close to them, and not rather that their dreadful stare could dart cramp, or rickets, or a wry mouth at any boy who happened to be in the rear? They had, perhaps, heard their fathers and mothers hint that Silas Marner could cure folks' rheumatism if he had a mind, and add, still more darkly, that if you could only speak the devil fair enough, he might save you the cost of the doctor. Such strange lingering echoes of the old demon-worship might perhaps even now be caught by the diligent listener among the gray-haired peasantry; for the rude mind with difficulty associates the ideas of power and benignity. A shadowy conception of power that by much persuasion can be induced to refrain from inflicting harm is the shape most easily taken by the sense of the Invisible in the minds of men who have always been pressed close by primitive wants, and to whom a life of hard toil has never been illuminated by any enthusiastic religious faith. To them pain and mishap present a far wider range of possibilities than gladness and enjoyment; their imagination is almost barren of the images that feed desire and hope, but is all overgrown by recollections that are a perpetual pasture to fear. "Is there anything you can fancy that you would like to eat?" I once said to an old laboring man who was in his last illness and who had refused all the food his wife had offered him. "No," he answered, "I've never been used to nothing but common victual, and I can't eat that." Experience had bred no fancies in him that could raise the phantasm of appetite.

And Raveloe was a village where many of the old echoes lingered, undrowned by new voices. Not that it was one of those barren parishes lying on the outskirts of civilization—inhabited by meager sheep and thinly-scattered shepherds; on the contrary, it lay in the rich central plain of what we are pleased to call Merry England, and held farms which, speaking from a spiritual point of view, paid highly-desirable tithes. But it was nestled

96. **tithe**, the tenth part of a man's income, paid to the church.

in a snug, well-wooded hollow, quite an hour's journey on horseback from any turnpike, where it was never reached by the vibrations of the coach-horn, or of public opinion. It was an important-looking village, with a fine old church and large churchyard in the heart of it, and two or three large brick-and-stone homesteads, with well-walled orchards and ornamental weather-cocks, standing close upon the road and lifting more imposing fronts than the rectory, which peeped from among the trees on the other side of the churchyard—a village which showed at once the summits of its social life, and told the practiced eye that there was no great park and manor-house in the vicinity, but that there were several chiefs in Raveloe who could farm badly quite at their ease, drawing enough money from their bad farming, in those war times, to live in a rollicking fashion, and keep a jolly Christmas, Whitsun, and Easter tide.

It was fifteen years since Silas Marner had first come to Raveloe; he was then simply a pallid young man, with prominent, short-sighted brown eyes, whose appearance would have had nothing strange for people of average culture and experience, but for the villagers near whom he had come to settle, it had mysterious peculiarities which corresponded with the exceptional nature of his occupation, and his advent from an unknown region called "North'ard." So had his way of life—he invited no comer to step across his doorsill, and he never strolled into the village to drink a pint at the Rainbow, or to gossip at the wheelwright's; he sought no man or woman, save for the purposes of his calling, or in order to supply himself with necessaries; and it was soon clear to the Raveloe lasses that he would never urge one of them to accept him against her will—quite as if he had heard them declare that they would never marry a dead man come to life again. This view of Marner's personality was not without another ground than his pale face and unexampled eyes; for Jem Rodney, the mole-catcher, averred that one evening as he was returning homeward he saw Silas Marner leaning against a stile with a heavy bag on his back, instead of resting the bag on the stile as a man in his senses would have done; and that, on coming up to him, he saw that Marner's eyes were set like a dead man's, and he spoke to him, and shook him, and his limbs were stiff, and his hands clutched the bag as if they'd been made of iron; but just as he had made up his mind that the weaver was dead, he came all right again, like, as you might say, in the winking of an eye, and said "Good night," and walked off. All this Jem swore he had seen, more by token that it was the very day he had been mole-catching on Squire Cass's land, down by the old saw-pit. Some said Marner must have been in a "fit," a word which seemed to explain things otherwise incredible; but the argumentative Mr. Macey, clerk of the parish, shook his head and asked if anybody was ever known to go off in a fit and not fall down. A fit was a stroke, wasn't it? and it was in the nature of a stroke to partly take away the use of a man's limbs and throw him on the parish, if he'd got no children to look to. No, no, it was no stroke that would let a man stand on his legs, like a horse between the shafts, and then walk off as soon as you can say "Gee!" But there might be such a thing as a man's soul being loose from his body, and going out and

23. **war times**, the Napoleonic wars (1796-1815). 25. **Whitsun**, Whitsunday, a church festival, the seventh Sunday after Easter.

in, like a bird out of its nest and back; and that was how folks got overwise, for they went to school in this shell-less state to those who could teach them more than their neighbors could learn with their five senses and the parson. And where did Master Marner get his knowledge of herbs from—and charms too, if he liked to give them away? Jem Rodney's story was no more than what might have been expected by anybody who had seen how Marner had cured Sally Oates, and made her sleep like a baby, when her heart had been beating enough to burst her body, for two months and more, while she had been under the doctor's care. He might cure more folks if he would; but he was worth speaking fair, if it was only to keep him from doing you a mischief.

It was partly to this vague fear that Marner was indebted for protecting him from the persecution that his singularities might have drawn upon him, but still more to the fact that, the old linen-weaver in the neighboring parish of Tarley being dead, his handicraft made him a highly welcome settler to the richer housewives of the district, and even to the more provident cottagers, who had their little stock of yarn at the year's end. Their sense of his usefulness would have counteracted any repugnance or suspicion which was not confirmed by a deficiency in the quality or the tale of the cloth he wove for them. And the years had rolled on without producing any change in the impressions of the neighbors concerning Marner, except the change from novelty to habit. At the end of fifteen years the Raveloe men said just the same things about Silas Marner as at the beginning; they did not say them quite so often, but they believed them much more strongly when they did say them. There was only one important addition which the years had brought: it was that Master Marner had laid by a fine sight of money somewhere, and that he could buy up "bigger men" than himself.

But while opinion concerning him had remained nearly stationary, and his daily habits had presented scarcely any visible change, Marner's inward life had been a history and a metamorphosis, as that of every fervid nature must be when it has fled, or been condemned to solitude. His life, before he came to Raveloe, had been filled with the movement, the mental activity, and the close fellowship which, in that day as in this, marked the life of an artisan early incorporated in a narrow religious sect, where the poorest layman has the chance of distinguishing himself by gifts of speech, and has, at the very least, the weight of a silent voter in the government of his community. Marner was highly thought of in that little hidden world, known to itself as the church assembling in Lantern Yard; he was believed to be a young man of exemplary life and ardent faith; and a peculiar interest had been centered in him ever since he had fallen, at a prayer-meeting, into a mysterious rigidity, and suspension of consciousness, which, lasting for an hour or more, had been mistaken for death. To have sought a medical explanation for this phenomenon would have been held by Silas himself, as well as by his minister and fellow members, a willful self-exclusion from the spiritual significance that might lie therein. Silas was evidently a brother selected for a peculiar discipline; and though the effort to interpret this discipline was discouraged by the absence, on his part, of any spiritual vision during his outward trance, yet it was believed by

88. **tale**, measure, length.

himself and others that its effect was seen in an accession of light and fervor. A less truthful man than he might have been tempted into the subsequent creation of a vision in the form of resurgent memory; a less sane man might have believed in such a creation; but Silas was both sane and honest, though, as with many honest and fervent men, culture had not defined any channels for his sense of mystery, and so it spread itself over the proper pathway of inquiry and knowledge. He had inherited from his mother some acquaintance with medicinal herbs and their preparation—a little store of wisdom which she had imparted to him as a solemn bequest—but of late years he had had doubts about the lawfulness of applying this knowledge, believing that herbs could have no efficacy without prayer, and that prayer might suffice without herbs; so that his inherited delight to wander through the fields in search of foxglove and dandelion and coltsfoot began to wear to him the character of a temptation.

Among the members of his church there was one young man, a little older than himself, with whom he had long lived in such close friendship that it was the custom of their Lantern Yard brethren to call them David and Jonathan. The real name of the friend was William Dane, and he, too, was regarded as a shining instance of youthful piety, though somewhat given to over-severity toward weaker brethren, and to be so dazzled by his own light as to hold himself wiser than his teachers. But whatever blemishes others might discern in William, to his friend's mind he was faultless; for Marner had one of those impressible, self-doubting natures which, at an inexperienced age, admire imperativeness and lean on contradiction. The expression of trusting simplicity in Marner's face, heightened by that absence of special observation, that defenseless, deer-like gaze which belongs to large, prominent eyes, was strongly contrasted by the self-complacent suppression of inward triumph that lurked in the narrow, slanting eyes and compressed lips of William Dane. One of the most frequent topics of conversation between the two friends was Assurance of Salvation; Silas confessed that he could never arrive at anything higher than hope mingled with fear, and listened with longing wonder when William declared that he had possessed unshaken assurance ever since, in the period of his conversion, he had dreamed that he saw the words "calling and election sure" standing by themselves on a white page in the open Bible. Such colloquies have occupied many a pair of pale-faced weavers, whose unnurtured souls have been like young winged things, fluttering forsaken in the twilight.

It had seemed to the unsuspecting Silas that the friendship had suffered no chill even from his formation of another attachment of a closer kind. For some months he had been engaged to a young servant-woman, waiting only for a little increase in their mutual savings in order to their marriage; and it was a great delight to him that Sarah did not object to William's occasional presence in their Sunday interviews. It was at this point in their history that Silas's cataleptic fit occurred during the prayer meeting; and amidst the various queries and expressions of interest addressed to him by his fellow members, William's suggestion alone jarred with the general sympathy toward a brother thus singled out for special dealings. He observed that, to him,

34. **David and Jonathan**, see I *Samuel* xviii, 1-4.

this trance looked more like a visitation of Satan than a proof of divine favor, and exhorted his friend to see that he hid no accursed thing within his soul. Silas, feeling bound to accept rebuke and admonition as a brotherly office, felt no resentment, but only pain, at his friend's doubts concerning him; and to this was soon added some anxiety at the perception that Sarah's manner toward him began to exhibit a strange fluctuation between an effort at an increased manifestation of regard and involuntary signs of shrinking and dislike. He asked her if she wished to break off their engagement; but she denied this—their engagement was known to the church, and had been recognized in the prayer meetings; it could not be broken off without strict investigation, and Sarah could render no reason that would be sanctioned by the feeling of the community. At this time the senior deacon was taken dangerously ill, and, being a childless widower, he was tended night and day by some of the younger brethren or sisters. Silas frequently took his turn in the night-watching with William, the one relieving the other at two in the morning. The old man, contrary to expectation, seemed to be on the way to recovery, when one night Silas, sitting up by his bedside, observed that his usual audible breathing had ceased. The candle was burning low, and he had to lift it to see the patient's face distinctly. Examination convinced him that the deacon was dead—had been dead some time, for the limbs were rigid. Silas asked himself if he had been asleep, and looked at the clock; it was already four in the morning. How was it that William had not come? In much anxiety he went to seek for help, and soon there were several friends assembled in the house, the minister among them, while Silas went away to his work, wishing he could have met William to know the reason of his non-appearance. But at six o'clock, as he was thinking of going to seek his friend, William came, and with him the minister. They came to summon him to Lantern Yard, to meet the church members there; and to his inquiry concerning the cause of the summons the only reply was, "You will hear." Nothing further was said until Silas was seated in the vestry, in front of the minister, with the eyes of those who to him represented God's people fixed solemnly upon him. Then the minister, taking out a pocketknife, showed it to Silas, and asked him if he knew where he had left that knife. Silas said he did not know that he had left it anywhere out of his own pocket—but he was trembling at this strange interrogation. He was then exhorted not to hide his sin but to confess and repent. The knife had been found in the bureau by the departed deacon's bedside—found in the place where the little bag of church money had lain, which the minister himself had seen the day before. Some hand had removed that bag; and whose hand could it be, if not that of the man to whom the knife belonged? For some time Silas was mute with astonishment; then he said, "God will clear me; I know nothing about the knife being there, or the money being gone. Search me and my dwelling; you will find nothing but three pound five of my own savings, which William Dane knows I have had these six months." At this William groaned, but the minister said, "The proof is heavy against you, brother Marner. The money was taken in the night last past, and no man was with our departed brother but you, for William Dane declares to us that he was hindered by sudden sickness from going to take his place

as usual, and you yourself said that he had not come; and, moreover, you neglected the dead body."

"I must have slept," said Silas. Then after a pause, he added, "Or I must have had another visitation like that which you have all seen me under, so that the thief must have come and gone while I was not in the body, but out of the body. But, I say again, search me and my dwelling, for I have been nowhere else."

The search was made, and it ended —in William Dane's finding the well-known bag, empty, tucked behind the chest of drawers in Silas's chamber! On this William exhorted his friend to confess, and not to hide his sin any longer. Silas turned a look of keen reproach on him, and said, "William, for nine years that we have gone in and out together, have you ever known me tell a lie? But God will clear me."

"Brother," said William, "how do I know what you may have done in the secret chambers of your heart, to give Satan an advantage over you?"

Silas was still looking at his friend. Suddenly a deep flush came over his face, and he was about to speak impetuously, when he seemed checked again by some inward shock, that sent the flush back and made him tremble. But at last he spoke feebly, looking at William.

"I remember now—the knife wasn't in my pocket."

William said, "I know nothing of what you mean." The other persons present, however, began to inquire where Silas meant to say that the knife was, but he would give no further explanation; he only said, "I am sore stricken; I can say nothing. God will clear me."

On their return to the vestry there was further deliberation. Any resort to legal measures for ascertaining the culprit was contrary to the principles of the church in Lantern Yard, according to which prosecution was forbidden to Christians, even had the case held less scandal to the community. But the members were bound to take other measures for finding out the truth, and they resolved on praying and drawing lots. This resolution can be a ground of surprise only to those who are unacquainted with that obscure religious life which has gone on in the alleys of our towns. Silas knelt with his brethren, relying on his own innocence being certified by immediate divine interference, but feeling that there was sorrow and mourning behind for him even then—that his trust in man had been cruelly bruised. *The lots declared that Silas Marner was guilty.* He was solemnly suspended from church-membership, and called upon to render up the stolen money; only on confession, as the sign of repentance, could he be received once more within the folds of the church. Marner listened in silence. At last, when everyone rose to depart, he went toward William Dane and said, in a voice shaken by agitation:

"The last time I remember using my knife was when I took it out to cut a strap for you. I don't remember putting it in my pocket again. *You* stole the money, and you have woven a plot to lay the sin at my door. But you may prosper, for all that; there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent."

There was a general shudder at this blasphemy.

William said meekly, "I leave our brethren to judge whether this is the voice of Satan or not. I can do nothing but pray for you, Silas."

Poor Marner went out with that despair in his soul—that shaken trust in God and man, which is little short

of madness to a loving nature. In the bitterness of his wounded spirit, he said to himself, "*She* will cast me off, too." And he reflected that, if she did not believe the testimony against him, her whole faith must be upset as his was. To people accustomed to reason about the forms in which their religious feeling has incorporated itself, it is difficult to enter into that simple, untaught state of mind in which the form and the feeling have never been severed by an act of reflection. We are apt to think it inevitable that a man in Marner's position should have begun to question the validity of an appeal to the divine judgment by drawing lots; but to him this would have been an effort of independent thought such as he had never known; and he must have made the effort at a moment when all his energies were turned into the anguish of disappointed faith. If there is an angel who records the sorrows of men as well as their sins, he knows how many and deep are the sorrows that spring from false ideas for which no man is culpable.

Marner went home, and for a whole day sat alone, stunned by despair, without any impulse to go to Sarah and attempt to win her belief in his innocence. The second day he took refuge from benumbing unbelief by getting into his loom and working away as usual; and before many hours were past, the minister and one of the deacons came to him with the message from Sarah, that she held her engagement to him at an end. Silas received the message mutely, and then turned away from the messengers to work at his loom again. In little more than a month from that time, Sarah was married to William Dane; and not long afterwards it was known to the brethren in Lantern Yard that Silas Marner had departed from the town.

CHAPTER II

Even people whose lives have been made various by learning sometimes find it hard to keep a fast hold on their habitual views of life, on their faith in the Invisible, nay, on the sense that their past joys and sorrows are a real experience, when they are suddenly transported to a new land where the beings around them know nothing of their history and share none of their ideas—where their mother earth shows another lap, and human life has other forms than those on which their souls have been nourished. Minds that have been unhinged from their old faith and love have perhaps sought this Lethean influence of exile, in which the past becomes dreamy because its symbols have all vanished, and the present too is dreamy because it is linked with no memories. But even *their* experience may hardly enable them thoroughly to imagine what was the effect on a simple weaver like Silas Marner, when he left his own country and people and came to settle in Raveloe. Nothing could be more unlike his native town, set within sight of the widespread hillsides, than this low, wooded region, where he felt hidden even from the heavens by the screening trees and hedgerows. There was nothing here, when he rose in the deep morning quiet and looked out on the dewy brambles and rank tufted grass, that seemed to have any relation with the life centering in Lantern Yard, which had once been to him the altar-place of high dispensations. The whitewashed walls; the little pews where well-known figures entered with a subdued rustling, and where first one well-known voice and then another, pitched in a peculiar key of

66. **Lethean**, from Lethe, a river of Hades, the drinking of whose waters produced forgetfulness of the past.
88. **altar-place**, etc., inspiration of his religious life, and monitor of his moral actions.

petition, uttered phrases at once occult and familiar, like the amulet worn on the heart; the pulpit where the minister delivered unquestioned doctrine, and swayed to and fro, and handled the book in a long-accustomed manner; the very pauses between the couplets of the hymn, as it was given out, and the recurrent swell of voices in song—these things had been the channel of divine influences to Marner—they were the fostering home of his religious emotions—they were Christianity and God's kingdom upon earth. A weaver who finds hard words in his hymn book knows nothing of abstractions; as the little child knows nothing of parental love, but only knows one face and one lap toward which it stretches its arms for refuge and nurture.

And what could be more unlike that Lantern Yard world than the world in Raveloe?—orchards looking lazy with neglected plenty; the large church in the wide churchyard, which men gazed at, lounging at their own doors in service-time; the purple-faced farmers jogging along the lanes or turning in at the Rainbow; homesteads, where men supped heavily and slept in the light of the evening hearth, and where women seemed to be laying up a stock of linen for the life to come. There were no lips in Raveloe from which a word could fall that would stir Silas Marner's benumbed faith to a sense of pain. In the early ages of the world, we know, it was believed that each territory was inhabited and ruled by its own divinities, so that a man could cross the bordering heights and be out of the reach of his native gods, whose presence was confined to the streams and the groves and the hills among which he had lived from his birth. And poor Silas was vaguely conscious of something not unlike the feeling of primitive men when they fled thus, in fear or in sullenness, from the face of an unpropitious deity. It seemed to him that the Power he had vainly trusted in, among the streets and at the prayer-meetings, was very far away from this land in which he had taken refuge, where men lived in careless abundance, knowing and needing nothing of that trust which, for him, had been turned to bitterness. The little light he possessed spread its beams so narrowly that frustrated belief was a curtain broad enough to create for him the blackness of night.

His first movement after the shock had been to work in his loom; and he went on with this unremittingly, never asking himself why, now he was come to Raveloe, he worked far on into the night to finish the tale of Mrs. Osgood's table-linen sooner than she expected—without contemplating beforehand the money she would put into his hand for the work. He seemed to weave, like the spider, from pure impulse, without reflection. Every man's work, pursued steadily, tends in this way to become an end in itself, and so to bridge over the loveless chasms of his life. Silas's hand satisfied itself with throwing the shuttle, and his eye with seeing the little squares in the cloth complete themselves under his effort. Then there were the calls of hunger; and Silas, in his solitude, had to provide his own breakfast, dinner, and supper, to fetch his own water from the well, and put his own kettle on the fire; and all these immediate promptings helped, along with the weaving, to reduce his life to the unquestioning activity of a spinning insect. He hated the thought of the past; there was nothing that called out his love and fellowship toward the strangers he had come amongst; and the future was all dark, for there was no Unseen Love that cared for him. Thought was arrested

by utter bewilderment, now its old narrow pathway was closed, and affection seemed to have died under the bruise that had fallen on its keenest nerves.

But at last Mrs. Osgood's table-linen was finished, and Silas was paid in gold. His earnings in his native town, where he worked for a wholesale dealer, had been after a lower rate; he had been paid weekly, and of his weekly earnings a large proportion had gone to objects of piety and charity. Now, for the first time in his life, he had five bright guineas put into his hand; no man expected a share of them, and he loved no man that he should offer him a share. But what were the guineas to him who saw no vista beyond countless days of weaving? It was needless for him to ask that, for it was pleasant to him to feel them in his palm, and to look at their bright faces, which were all his own; it was another element of life, like the weaving and the satisfaction of hunger, subsisting quite aloof from the life of belief and love from which he had been cut off. The weaver's hand had known the touch of hard-won money even before the palm had grown to its full breadth; for twenty years, mysterious money had stood to him as the symbol of earthly good, and the immediate object of toil. He had seemed to love it little in the years when every penny had its purpose for him; for he loved the *purpose* then. But now, when all purpose was gone, that habit of looking toward the money and grasping it with a sense of fulfilled effort made a loam that was deep enough for the seeds of desire; and as Silas walked homeward across the fields in the twilight, he drew out the money and thought it was brighter in the gathering gloom.

About this time an incident happened which seemed to open a possibility of some fellowship with his neighbors. One day, taking a pair of shoes to be mended, he saw the cobbler's wife seated by the fire, suffering from the terrible symptoms of heart disease and dropsy, which he had witnessed as the precursors of his mother's death. He felt a rush of pity at the mingled sight and remembrance, and, recalling the relief his mother had found from a simple preparation of foxglove, he promised Sally Oates to bring her something that would ease her, since the doctor did her no good. In this office of charity, Silas felt, for the first time since he had come to Raveloe, a sense of unity between his past and present life, which might have been the beginning of his rescue from the insect-like existence into which his nature had shrunk. But Sally Oates's disease had raised her into a personage of much interest and importance among the neighbors, and the fact of her having found relief from drinking Silas Marner's "stuff" became a matter of general discourse. When Doctor Kimble gave physic, it was natural that it should have an effect; but when a weaver, who came from nobody knew where, worked wonders with a bottle of brown waters, the occult character of the process was evident. Such a sort of thing had not been known since the Wise Woman at Tarley died; and she had charms as well as "stuff"; everybody went to her when their children had fits. Silas Marner must be a person of the same sort, for how did he know what would bring back Sally Oates's breath, if he didn't know a fine sight more than that? The Wise Woman had words that she muttered to herself so that you couldn't hear what they

86. **Wise Woman**, so called because she played upon the superstitions of those to whom she gave her medicines.

were, and if she tied a bit of red thread round the child's toe the while, it would keep off the water in the head. There were women in Raveloe, at that present time, who had worn one of the Wise Woman's little bags around their necks, and, in consequence, had never had an idiot child, as Ann Coulter had. Silas Marner could very likely do as much, and more; and now it was all clear how he should have come from unknown parts, and be so "comical-looking." But Sally Oates must mind and not tell the doctor, for he would be sure to set his face against Marner; he was always angry about the Wise Woman, and used to threaten those who went to her that they should have none of his help any more.

Silas now found himself and his cottage suddenly beset by mothers who wanted him to charm away the whooping-cough, or bring back the milk, and by men who wanted stuff against the rheumatics or the knots in the hands; and, to secure themselves against a refusal, the applicants brought silver in their palms. Silas might have driven a profitable trade in charms as well as in his small list of drugs; but money on this condition was no temptation to him; he had never known an impulse toward falsity, and he drove one after another away with growing irritation, for the news of him as a wise man had spread even to Tarley, and it was long before people ceased to take long walks for the sake of asking his aid. But the hope in his wisdom was at length changed into dread, for no one believed him when he said he knew no charms and could work no cures, and every man and woman who had an accident or a new attack after applying to him set the misfortune down to Master Marner's ill-will and irritated glances. Thus it came to pass that his movement of pity toward Sally Oates, which had given him a transient sense of brotherhood, heightened the repulsion between him and his neighbors, and made his isolation more complete.

Gradually the guineas, the crowns, and the half-crowns grew to a heap, and Marner drew less and less for his own wants, trying to solve the problem of keeping himself strong enough to work sixteen hours a day on as small an outlay as possible. Have not men, shut up in solitary imprisonment, found an interest in marking the moments by straight strokes of a certain length on the wall, until the growth of the sum of straight strokes, arranged in triangles, has become a mastering purpose? Do we not while away moments of inanity or fatigued waiting by repeating some trivial movement or sound until the repetition has bred a want, which is incipient habit? That will help us to understand how the love of accumulating money grows an absorbing passion in men whose imaginations, even in the very beginning of their hoard, showed them no purpose beyond it. Marner wanted the heaps of ten to grow into a square and then into a larger square; and every added guinea, while it was itself a satisfaction, bred a new desire. In this strange world, made a hopeless riddle to him, he might, if he had had a less intense nature, have sat weaving, weaving—looking toward the end of his pattern, or toward the end of his web, till he forgot the riddle, and everything else but his immediate sensations; but the money had come to mark off his weaving into periods, and the money not only grew, but it remained with him. He began to think it was conscious of him, as his loom was, and he would on no account have exchanged those coins, which had become his familiars, for other coins with

unknown faces. He handled them, he counted them, till their form and color were like the satisfaction of a thirst to him; but it was only in the night, when his work was done, that he drew them out to enjoy their companionship. He had taken up some bricks in his floor underneath his loom, and here he had made a hole in which he set the iron pot that contained his guineas and silver coins, covering the bricks with sand whenever he replaced them. Not that the idea of being robbed presented itself often or strongly to his mind; hoarding was common in country districts in those days; there were old laborers in the parish of Raveloe who were known to have their savings by them, probably inside their flock-beds; but their rustic neighbors, though not all of them as honest as their ancestors in the days of King Alfred, had not imaginations bold enough to lay a plan of burglary. How could they have spent the money in their own village without betraying themselves? They would be obliged to "run away" —a course as dark and dubious as a balloon journey.

So, year after year, Silas Marner had lived in this solitude, his guineas rising in the iron pot, and his life narrowing and hardening itself more and more into a mere pulsation of desire and satisfaction that had no relation to any other being. His life had reduced itself to the functions of weaving and hoarding, without any contemplation of an end toward which the functions tended. The same sort of process has perhaps been undergone by wiser men, when they have been cut off from faith and love—only, instead of a loom and a heap of guineas, they have had some erudite research, some ingenious project, or some well-knit theory. Strangely Marner's face and figure shrank and bent themselves into a constant mechanical relation to the objects of his life; so that he produced the same sort of impression as a handle or a crooked tube, which has no meaning standing apart. The prominent eyes that used to look trusting and dreamy now looked as if they had been made to see only one kind of thing that was very small, like tiny grain, for which they hunted everywhere; and he was so withered and yellow that, though he was not yet forty, the children always called him "Old Master Marner."

Yet even in this stage of withering, a little incident happened which showed that the sap of affection was not all gone. It was one of his daily tasks to fetch his water from a well a couple of fields off, and for this purpose, ever since he came to Raveloe, he had had a brown earthenware pot, which he held as his most precious utensil among the very few conveniences he had granted himself. It had been his companion for twelve years, always standing on the same spot, always lending its handle to him in the early morning, so that its form had an expression for him of willing helpfulness, and the impress of its handle on his palm gave a satisfaction mingled with that of having the fresh, clear water. One day as he was returning from the well, he stumbled against the step of the stile, and his brown pot, falling with force against the stones that overarched the ditch below him, was broken in three pieces. Silas picked up the pieces and carried them home with grief in his heart. The brown pot could never be of use to him any more, but he stuck the bits together and propped the ruin in its old place for a memorial.

This is the history of Silas Marner,

20. **flock-bed**, a rough mattress stuffed with wool.
23. **King Alfred**, Alfred the Great, king of one of the divisions of old Britain, during whose reign (871-901), it is said, stealing was unknown.

A RAVELOE COTTAGE

until the fifteenth year after he came to Raveloe. The livelong day he sat in his loom, his ear filled with its monotony, his eyes bent close down on the slow growth of sameness in the brownish web, his muscles moving with such even repetition that their pause seemed almost as much a constraint as the holding of his breath. But at night came his revelry; at night he closed his shutters, and made fast his doors, and drew forth his gold. Long ago the heap of coins had become too large for the iron pot to hold them, and he had made for them two thick leather bags, which wasted no room in their resting-place, but lent themselves flexibly to every corner. How the guineas shone as they came pouring out of the dark leather mouths! The silver bore no large proportion in amount to the gold, because the long pieces of linen which formed his chief work were always partly paid for in gold, and out of the silver he supplied his own bodily wants, choosing always the shillings and sixpences to spend in this way. He loved the guineas best, but he would not change the silver—the crowns and half-crowns that were his own earnings, begotten by his labor; he loved them all. He spread them out in heaps and bathed his hands in them; then he counted them and set them up in regular piles, and felt their rounded outline between his thumb and fingers, and thought fondly of the guineas that were only half earned by the work in his loom, as if they had been unborn children—thought of the guineas that were coming slowly through the coming years, through all his life, which spread far away before him, the end quite hidden by countless days of weaving. No wonder his thoughts were still with his loom and his money when he made his journeys through the fields and the lanes to fetch and carry home his work, so that his steps never wandered to the hedge-banks and the lane-side in search of the once

familiar herbs; these too belonged to the past, from which his life had shrunk away, like a rivulet that has sunk far down from the grassy fringe of its old breadth into a little shivering thread that cuts a groove for itself in the barren sand.

But about the Christmas of that fifteenth year a second great change came over Marner's life, and his history became blended in a singular manner with the life of his neighbors.

CHAPTER III

The greatest man in Raveloe was Squire Cass, who lived in the large red house with the handsome flight of stone steps in front and the high stables behind it, nearly opposite the church. He was only one among several landed parishioners, but he alone was honored with the title of Squire; for though Mr. Osgood's family was also understood to be of timeless origin—the Raveloe imagination having never ventured back to that fearful blank when there were no Osgoods—still, he merely owned the farm he occupied; whereas Squire Cass had a tenant or two, who complained of the game to him quite as if he had been a lord.

It was still that glorious war time which was felt to be a peculiar favor of Providence toward the landed interest, and the fall of prices had not yet come to carry the race of small squires and yeomen down that road to ruin for which extravagant habits and bad husbandry were plentifully anointing their wheels. I am speaking now in relation to Raveloe and the parishes that resembled it; for our old-fashioned country life had many different aspects, as all life must have when it is spread over a various surface, and breathed on variously by multitudinous currents, from the winds of heaven to the thoughts of men, which are forever moving and crossing each other with incalculable results. Raveloe lay low among the bushy trees and the rutted lanes, aloof from the currents of industrial energy and Puritan earnestness; the rich ate and drank freely, accepting gout and apoplexy as things that ran mysteriously in respectable families, and the poor thought that the rich were entirely in the right of it to lead a jolly life; besides, their feasting caused a multiplication of orts, which were the heirlooms of the poor. Betty Jay scented the boiling of Squire Cass's hams, but her longing was arrested by the unctuous liquor in which they were boiled; and when the seasons brought round the great merrymakings, they were regarded on all hands as a fine thing for the poor. For the Raveloe feasts were like the rounds of beef and the barrels of ale —they were on a large scale, and lasted a good while, especially in the winter-time. After ladies had packed up their best gowns and topknots in bandboxes, and had incurred the risk of fording streams on pillions with the precious burden in rainy or snowy weather, when there was no knowing how high the water would rise, it was not to be supposed that they looked forward to a brief pleasure. On this ground it was always contrived in the dark seasons, when there was little work to be done, and the hours were long, that several neighbors should keep open house in succession. So soon as Squire Cass's standing dishes diminished in plenty and freshness, his guests had nothing to do but to walk a little higher up the village to Mr. Osgood's,

28. **complained of the game,** made complaint to him if his game birds or animals damaged their crops. 31. **war time,** see note on line 23, page 141. 36. **squires, yeomen.** A squire was a country gentleman who owned considerable land; a yeoman, though not of gentle blood, owned his land and was an independent farmer.

60. **orts,** left-over food. 75. **pillion,** a pad on which a woman rode horseback behind the man rider.

at the Orchards, and they found hams and chines uncut, pork pies with the scent of the fire in them, spun butter in all its freshness—everything, in fact, that appetites at leisure could desire, in perhaps greater perfection, though not in greater abundance, than at Squire Cass's.

For the Squire's wife had died long ago, and the Red House was without that presence of the wife and mother which is the fountain of wholesome love and fear in parlor and kitchen; and this helped to account not only for there being more profusion than finished excellence in the holiday provisions, but also for the frequency with which the proud Squire condescended to preside in the parlor of the Rainbow rather than under the shadow of his own dark wainscot; perhaps, also, for the fact that his sons had turned out rather ill. Raveloe was not a place where moral censure was severe, but it was thought a weakness in the Squire that he had kept all his sons at home in idleness; and though some license was to be allowed to young men whose fathers could afford it, people shook their heads at the courses of the second son, Dunstan, commonly called Dunsey Cass, whose taste for swapping and betting might turn out to be a sowing of something worse than wild oats. To be sure, the neighbors said, it was no matter what became of Dunsey—a spiteful, jeering fellow, who seemed to enjoy his drink the more when other people went dry—always provided that his doings did not bring trouble on a family like Squire Cass's, with a monument in the church, and tankards older than King George. But it would be a thousand pities if Mr. Godfrey, the eldest, a fine, open-faced, good-natured young man who was to come into the land some day, should take to going along the same road with his brother, as he had seemed to do of late. If he went on in that way, he would lose Miss Nancy Lammeter; for it was well known that she had looked very shyly on him ever since last Whitsuntide twelvemonth, when there was so much talk about his being away from home days and days together. There was something wrong, more than common—that was quite clear; for Mr. Godfrey didn't look half so fresh-colored and open as he used to do. At one time everybody was saying what a handsome couple he and Miss Nancy Lammeter would make, and if she could come to be mistress at the Red House, there would be a fine change, for the Lammeters had been brought up in that way that they never suffered a pinch of salt to be wasted, and yet everybody in their household had of the best, according to his place. Such a daughter-in-law would be a saving to the old Squire, if she never brought a penny to her fortune; for it was to be feared that, notwithstanding his incomings, there were more holes in his pocket than the one where he put his own hand in. But if Mr. Godfrey didn't turn over a new leaf, he might say good-by to Miss Nancy Lammeter.

It was the once hopeful Godfrey who was standing, with his hands in his side-pockets and his back to the fire, in the dark, wainscoted parlor, one late November afternoon in that fifteenth year of Silas Marner's life at Raveloe. The fading gray light fell dimly on the walls decorated with guns, whips, and foxes' brushes, on coats and hats flung on the chairs, on tankards sending forth a scent of flat ale, and on a half-choked fire,

2. **chine**, a part of the meat along the backbone for roasting. 3. **spun**, that has been worked until smooth and fine-grained. 44. **King George**, George III of England (1738-1820).

90. **brush**, tail.

with pipes propped up in the chimney-corners; signs of a domestic life destitute of any hallowing charm, with which the look of gloomy vexation on Godfrey's blond face was in sad accordance. He seemed to be waiting and listening for someone's approach, and presently the sound of a heavy step, with an accompanying whistle, was heard across the large empty entrance-hall.

The door opened, and a thickset, heavy-looking young man entered, with the flushed face and the gratuitously elated bearing which mark the first stage of intoxication. It was Dunsey, and at the sight of him Godfrey's face parted with some of its gloom to take on the more active expression of hatred. The handsome brown spaniel that lay on the hearth retreated under the chair in the chimney-corner.

"Well, Master Godfrey, what do you want with me?" said Dunsey, in a mocking tone. "You're my elders and betters, you know; I was obliged to come when you sent for me."

"Why, this is what I want—and just shake yourself sober and listen, will you?" said Godfrey, savagely. He had himself been drinking more than was good for him, trying to turn his gloom into uncalculating anger. "I want to tell you, I must hand over that rent of Fowler's to the Squire, or else tell him I gave it you; for he's threatening to distrain for it, and it'll all be out soon, whether I tell him or not. He said, just now, before he went out, he should send word to Cox to distrain, if Fowler didn't come and pay up his arrears this week. The Squire's short o' cash, and in no humor to stand any nonsense; and you know what he threatened, if ever he found you making away with his money again. So, see and get the money, and pretty quickly, will you?"

"Oh!" said Dunsey, sneeringly, coming nearer to his brother and looking in his face. "Suppose, now, you get the money yourself, and save me the trouble, eh? Since you was so kind as to hand it over to me, you'll not refuse me the kindness to pay it back for me; it was your brotherly love made you do it, you know."

Godfrey bit his lip and clenched his fist. "Don't come near me with that look, else I'll knock you down."

"Oh, no, you won't," said Dunsey, turning away on his heel, however. "Because I'm such a good-natured brother, you know. I might get you turned out of house and home, and cut off with a shilling any day. I might tell the Squire how his handsome son was married to that nice young woman, Molly Farren, and was very unhappy because he couldn't live with his drunken wife, and I should slip into your place as comfortable as could be. But you see, I don't do it —I'm so easy and good-natured. You'll take any trouble for me. You'll get the hundred pounds for me—I know you will."

"How can I get the money?" said Godfrey, quivering. "I haven't a shilling to bless myself with. And it's a lie that you'd slip into my place; you'd get yourself turned out, too, that's all. For if you begin telling tales, I'll follow. Bob's my father's favorite—you know that very well. He'd only think himself well rid of you."

"Never mind," said Dunsey, nodding his head sideways as he looked out of the window. "It 'ud be very pleasant to me to go in your company—you're such a handsome brother, and we've always been so fond of quarreling with one another, I shouldn't know what to do without you. But you'd

38. **distrain for it**, seize property to enforce payment of rent.

like better for us both to stay at home together; I know you would. So you'll manage to get that little sum o' money, and I'll bid you good-by, though I'm sorry to part."

Dunstan was moving off, but Godfrey rushed after him and seized him by the arm, saying, with an oath,

"I tell you I have no money; I can get no money."

"Borrow of old Kimble."

"I tell you, he won't lend me any more, and I shan't ask him."

"Well, then, sell Wildfire."

"Yes, that's easy talking. I must have the money directly."

"Well, you've only got to ride him to the hunt tomorrow. There'll be Bryce and Keating there, for sure. You'll get more bids than one."

"I daresay, and get back home at eight o'clock, splashed up to the chin. I'm going to Mrs. Osgood's birthday dance."

"Oho!" said Dunsey, turning his head on one side, and trying to speak in a small, mincing treble. "And there's sweet Miss Nancy coming; and we shall dance with her, and promise never to be naughty again, and be taken into favor, and——"

"Hold your tongue about Miss Nancy, you fool," said Godfrey, turning red, "else I'll throttle you."

"What for?" said Dunsey, still in an artificial tone, but taking a whip from the table and beating the butt end of it on his palm. "You've a very good chance. I'd advise you to creep up her sleeve again; it 'ud be saving time, if Molly should happen to take a drop too much laudanum some day, and make a widower of you. Miss Nancy wouldn't mind being a second, if she didn't know it. And you've got a good-natured brother, who'll keep your secret well, because you'll be so very obliging to him."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Godfrey, quivering, and pale again, "my patience is pretty near at an end. If you'd a little more sharpness in you, you might know that you may urge a man a bit too far, and make one leap as easy as another. I don't know but what it is so now; I may as well tell the Squire everything myself—I should get you off my back, if I got nothing else. And, after all, he'll know sometime. She's been threatening to come herself and tell him. So, don't flatter yourself that your secrecy's worth any price you choose to ask. You drain me of money till I have got nothing to pacify *her* with, and she'll do as she threatens some day. It's all one. I'll tell my father everything myself, and you may go to the devil."

Dunsey perceived that he had overshot his mark, and that there was a point at which even the hesitating Godfrey might be driven into decision. But he said, with an air of unconcern, "As you please; but I'll have a draft of ale first." And ringing the bell, he threw himself across two chairs, and began to rap the window-seat with the handle of his whip.

Godfrey stood, still with his back to the fire, uneasily moving his fingers among the contents of his side-pockets, and looking at the floor. That big muscular frame of his held plenty of animal courage, but helped him to no decision when the dangers to be braved were such as could neither be knocked down nor throttled. His natural irresolution and moral cowardice were exaggerated by a position in which dreaded consequences seemed to press equally on all sides, and his irritation had no sooner provoked him to defy Dunstan and anticipate all possible betrayals, than the miseries he must

40. **creep up her sleeve**, get into her good graces.

bring on himself by such a step seemed more unendurable to him than the present evil. The results of confession were not contingent, they were certain; whereas betrayal was not certain. From the near vision of that certainty he fell back on suspense and vacillation with a sense of repose. The disinherited son of a small squire, equally disinclined to dig and to beg, was almost as helpless as an uprooted tree, which, by the favor of earth and sky, has grown to a handsome bulk on the spot where it first shot upward. Perhaps it would have been possible to think of digging with some cheerfulness if Nancy Lammeter were to be won on those terms; but, since he must irrevocably lose *her* as well as the inheritance, and must break every tie but the one that degraded him and left him without motive for trying to recover his better self, he could imagine no future for himself on the other side of confession but that of " 'listing for a soldier"—the most desperate step, short of suicide, in the eyes of respectable families. No! he would rather trust to casualties than to his own resolve—rather go on sitting at the feast, and sipping the wine he loved, though with the sword hanging over him and terror in his heart, than rush away into the cold darkness where there was no pleasure left. The utmost concession to Dunstan about the horse began to seem easy, compared with the fulfillment of his own threat. But his pride would not let him recommence the conversation otherwise than by continuing the quarrel. Dunstan was waiting for this, and took his ale in shorter drafts than usual.

"It's just like you," Godfrey burst out, in a bitter tone, "to talk about my selling Wildfire in that cool way—the last thing I've got to call my own, and the best bit of horseflesh I ever had in my life. And if you'd got a spark of pride in you, you'd be ashamed to see the stables emptied, and everybody sneering about it. But it's my belief you'd sell yourself, if it was only for the pleasure of making somebody feel he'd got a bad bargain."

"Aye, aye," said Dunstan, very placably, "you do me justice, I see. You know I'm a jewel for 'ticing people into bargains. For which reason I advise you to let *me* sell Wildfire. I'd ride him to the hunt tomorrow for you, with pleasure. I shouldn't look so handsome as you in the saddle, but it's the horse they'll bid for, and not the rider."

"Yes, I daresay—trust my horse to you!"

"As you please," said Dunstan, rapping the window-seat again with an air of great unconcern. "It's *you* have got to pay Fowler's money; it's none of my business. You received the money from him when you went to Bramcote, and *you* told the Squire it wasn't paid. I'd nothing to do with that; you chose to be so obliging as to give it to me, that was all. If you don't want to pay the money, let it alone; it's all one to me. But I was willing to accommodate you by undertaking to sell the horse, seeing it's not convenient to you to go so far tomorrow."

Godfrey was silent for some moments. He would have liked to spring on Dunstan, wrench the whip from his hand, and flog him to within an inch of his life; and no bodily fear could have deterred him; but he was mastered by another sort of fear, which was fed by feelings stronger even than his resentment. When he spoke again it was in a half-conciliatory tone.

"Well, you mean no nonsense about

32. **sword hanging over him**, from the story of the sword of Damocles, which see in an encyclopedia.

the horse, eh? You'll sell him all fair, and hand over the money? If you don't, you know, everything 'ull go to smash, for I've got nothing else to trust to. And you'll have less pleasure in pulling the house over my head, when your own skull's to be broken, too."

"Aye, aye," said Dunstan, rising; "all right. I thought you'd come round. I'm the fellow to bring old Bryce up to the scratch. I'll get you a hundred and twenty for him, if I get you a penny."

"But it'll perhaps rain cats and dogs tomorrow, as it did yesterday, and then you can't go," said Godfrey, hardly knowing whether he wished for that obstacle or not.

"Not *it*," said Dunstan. "I'm always lucky in my weather. It might rain if you wanted to go yourself. You never hold trumps, you know—I always do. You've got the beauty, you see, and I've got the luck, so you must keep me by you for your crooked sixpence; you'll *ne*-ver get along without me."

"Confound you, hold your tongue!" said Godfrey, impetuously. "And take care to keep sober tomorrow, else you'll get pitched on your head coming home, and Wildfire might be the worse for it."

"Make your tender heart easy," said Dunstan, opening the door. "You never knew me see double when I'd got a bargain to make; it 'ud spoil the fun. Besides, whenever I fall, I'm warranted to fall on my legs."

With that, Dunstan slammed the door behind him, and left Godfrey to that bitter rumination on his personal circumstances which was now unbroken from day to day save by the excitement of sporting, drinking, card playing, or the rarer and less oblivious pleasure of seeing Miss Nancy Lammeter. The subtle and varied pains springing from the higher sensibility that accompanies higher culture are perhaps less pitiable than that dreary absence of impersonal enjoyment and consolation which leaves ruder minds to the perpetual urgent companionship of their own griefs and discontents. The lives of those rural forefathers, whom we are apt to think very prosaic figures—men whose only work was to ride round their land, getting heavier and heavier in their saddles, and who passed the rest of their days in the half-listless gratification of senses dulled by monotony—had a certain pathos in them, nevertheless. Calamities came to *them* too, and their early errors carried hard consequences; perhaps the love of some sweet maiden, the image of purity, order, and calm, had opened their eyes to the vision of a life in which the days would not seem too long, even without rioting; but the maiden was lost, and the vision passed away, and then what was left to them, especially when they had become too heavy for the hunt, or for carrying a gun over the furrows, but to drink and get merry, or to drink and get angry, so that they might be independent of variety, and say over again with eager emphasis the things they had said already any time that twelvemonth? Assuredly, among these flushed and dull-eyed men there were some whom—thanks to their native human kindness—even riot could never drive into brutality; men who, when their cheeks were fresh, had felt the keen point of sorrow or remorse, had been pierced by the reeds they leaned on, or had lightly put their limbs in fetters from which no struggle could loose them; and under these sad circumstances, common to us all, their thoughts could find no resting-place outside the ever trodden round of their own petty history.

96. **crooked sixpence**, a mutilated coin carried for luck.

That, at least, was the condition of Godfrey Cass in this six-and-twentieth year of his life. A movement of compunction, helped by those small, indefinable influences which every personal relation exerts on a pliant nature, had urged him into a secret marriage, which was a blight on his life. It was an ugly story of low passion, delusion, and waking from delusion, which needs not to be dragged from the privacy of Godfrey's bitter memory. He had long known that the delusion was partly due to a trap laid for him by Dunstan, who saw in his brother's degrading marriage the means of gratifying at once his jealous hate and his cupidity. And if Godfrey could have felt himself simply a victim, the iron bit that destiny had put into his mouth would have chafed him less intolerably. If the curses he muttered half aloud when he was alone had had no other object than Dunstan's diabolical cunning, he might have shrunk less from the consequences of avowal. But he had something else to curse—his own vicious folly, which now seemed as mad and unaccountable to him as almost all our follies and vices do when their promptings have long passed away. For four years he had thought of Nancy Lammeter, and wooed her with tacit, patient worship, as the woman who made him think of the future with joy; she would be his wife, and would make home lovely to him, as his father's home had never been; and it would be easy, when she was always near, to shake off those foolish habits that were no pleasures, but only a feverish way of annulling vacancy. Godfrey's was an essentially domestic nature, bred up in a home where the hearth had no smiles, and where the daily habits were not chastised by the presence of household order. His easy disposition made him fall in unresistingly with the family courses, but the need of some tender, permanent affection, the longing for some influence that would make the good he preferred easy to pursue, caused the neatness, purity, and liberal orderliness of the Lammeter household, sunned by the smile of Nancy, to seem like those fresh, bright hours of the morning when temptations go to sleep and leave the ear open to the voice of the good angel, inviting to industry, sobriety, and peace. And yet the hope of this paradise had not been enough to save him from a course which shut him out of it forever. Instead of keeping fast hold of the strong silken rope by which Nancy would have drawn him safe to the green banks where it was easy to step firmly, he had let himself be dragged back into mud and slime, in which it was useless to struggle. He had made ties for himself which robbed him of all wholesome motive and were a constant exasperation.

Still, there was one position worse than the present: it was the position he would be in when the ugly secret was disclosed; and the desire that continually triumphed over every other was that of warding off the evil day when he would have to bear the consequences of his father's violent resentment for the wound inflicted on his family pride—would have, perhaps, to turn his back on that hereditary ease and dignity which, after all, was a sort of reason for living, and would carry with him the certainty that he was banished forever from the sight and esteem of Nancy Lammeter. The longer the interval, the more chance there was of deliverance from some, at least, of the hateful consequences to which he had sold himself; the more opportunities remained for him to snatch the strange gratification of seeing Nancy, and gathering some faint indications of her lingering re-

gard. Toward this gratification he was impelled, fitfully, every now and then, after having passed weeks in which he had avoided her as the far-off, bright-winged prize that only made him spring forward and find his chain all the more galling. One of those fits of yearning was on him now, and it would have been strong enough to have persuaded him to trust Wildfire to Dunstan rather than disappoint the yearning, even if he had not had another reason for his disinclination toward the morrow's hunt. That other reason was the fact that the morning's meet was near Batherley, the market-town where the unhappy woman lived whose image became more odious to him every day; and to his thought the whole vicinage was haunted by her. The yoke a man creates for himself by wrongdoing will breed hate in the kindliest nature; and the good-humored, affectionate-hearted Godfrey Cass was fast becoming a bitter man, visited by cruel wishes, that seemed to enter, and depart, and enter again, like demons who had found in him a ready-garnished home.

What was he to do this evening to pass the time? He might as well go to the Rainbow, and hear the talk about the cock-fighting; everybody was there, and what else was there to be done? Though, for his own part, he did not care a button for cock-fighting. Snuff, the brown spaniel, who had placed herself in front of him, and had been watching him for some time, now jumped up in impatience for the expected caress. But Godfrey thrust her away without looking at her, and left the room, followed humbly by the unresenting Snuff—perhaps because she saw no other career open to her.

20. **vicinage**, neighborhood.

CHAPTER IV

Dunstan Cass, setting off in the raw morning, at the judiciously quiet pace of a man who is obliged to ride to cover on his hunter, had to take his way along the lane which, at its farther extremity, passed by the piece of unenclosed ground called the Stone-pit, where stood the cottage, once a stonecutter's shed, now for fifteen years inhabited by Silas Marner. The spot looked very dreary at this season, with the moist, trodden clay about it, and the red, muddy water high up in the deserted quarry. That was Dunstan's first thought as he approached it; the second was that the old fool of a weaver, whose loom he heard rattling already, had a great deal of money hidden somewhere. How was it that he, Dunstan Cass, who had often heard talk of Marner's miserliness, had never thought of suggesting to Godfrey that he should frighten or persuade the old fellow into lending the money on the excellent security of the young Squire's prospects? The resource occurred to him now as so easy and agreeable, especially as Marner's hoard was likely to be large enough to leave Godfrey a handsome surplus beyond his immediate needs, and enable him to accommodate his faithful brother, that he had almost turned the horse's head toward home again. Godfrey would be ready enough to accept the suggestion; he would snatch eagerly at a plan that might save him from parting with Wildfire. But when Dunstan's meditation reached this point, the inclination to go on grew strong and prevailed. He didn't want to give Godfrey that pleasure; he preferred that Master Godfrey should be vexed. Moreover,

51. **cover**, the underbrush where the game is concealed and the chase begins. **hunter**, hunting-horse, which was often led to cover by an attendant, to keep it fresh.

Dunstan enjoyed the self-important consciousness of having a horse to sell, and the opportunity of driving a bargain, swaggering, and possibly taking somebody in. He might have all the satisfaction attendant on selling his brother's horse, and not the less have the further satisfaction of setting Godfrey to borrow Marner's money. So he rode on to cover.

Bryce and Keating were there, as Dunstan was quite sure they would be—he was such a lucky fellow.

"Heyday!" said Bryce, who had long had his eye on Wildfire, "you're on your brother's horse today; how's that?"

"Oh, I've swapped with him," said Dunstan, whose delight in lying, grandly independent of utility, was not to be diminished by the likelihood that his hearer would not believe him —"Wildfire's mine now."

"What! has he swapped with you for that big-boned hack of yours?" said Bryce, quite aware that he should get another lie in answer.

"Oh, there was a little account between us," said Dunsey, carelessly, "and Wildfire made it even. I accommodated him by taking the horse, though it was against my will, for I'd got an itch for a mare o' Jortin's—as rare a bit o' blood as ever you threw your leg across. But I shall keep Wildfire, now I've got him, though I'd a bid of a hundred and fifty for him the other day, from a man over at Flitton—he's buying for Lord Cromleck—a fellow with a cast in his eye, and a green waistcoat. But I mean to stick to Wildfire; I shan't get a better at a fence in a hurry. The mare's got more blood, but she's a bit too weak in the hindquarters."

Bryce of course divined that Dunstan wanted to sell the horse, and Dunstan knew that he divined it (horse-dealing is only one of many human transactions carried on in this ingenious manner); and they both considered that the bargain was in its first stage, when Bryce replied, ironically:

"I wonder at that now; I wonder you mean to keep him; for I never heard of a man who didn't want to sell his horse getting a bid of half as much again as the horse is worth. You'll be lucky if you get a hundred."

Keating rode up now, and the transaction became more complicated. It ended in the purchase of the horse by Bryce for a hundred and twenty, to be paid on the delivery of Wildfire, safe and sound, at the Batherley stables. It did occur to Dunsey that it might be wise for him to give up the day's hunting, proceed at once to Batherley, and, having waited for Bryce's return, hire a horse to carry him home with the money in his pocket. But the inclination for a run, encouraged by confidence in his luck, and by a draft of brandy from his pocket-pistol at the conclusion of the bargain, was not easy to overcome, especially with a horse under him that would take the fences to the admiration of the field. Dunstan, however, took one fence too many, and got his horse pierced with a hedge-stake. His own ill-favored person, which was quite unmarketable, escaped without injury; but poor Wildfire, unconscious of his price, turned on his flank and painfully panted his last. It happened that Dunstan, a short time before, having had to get down to arrange his stirrup, had muttered a good many curses at this interruption, which had thrown him in the rear of the hunt near the moment of glory, and under this exasperation had taken the fences more blindly. He would soon have been up with the hounds again, when

76. **pocket-pistol**, liquor flask carried in the pistol pocket.

the fatal accident happened; and hence he was between eager riders in advance, not troubling themselves about what happened behind them, and far-off stragglers who were as likely as not to pass quite aloof from the line of road in which Wildfire had fallen. Dunstan, whose nature it was to care more for immediate annoyances than for remote consequences, no sooner recovered his legs, and saw that it was all over with Wildfire, than he felt a satisfaction at the absence of witnesses to a position which no swaggering could make enviable. Reënforcing himself, after his shake, with a little brandy and much swearing, he walked as fast as he could to a coppice on his right hand, through which it occurred to him that he could make his way to Batherley without danger of encountering any member of the hunt. His first intention was to hire a horse there and ride home forthwith, for to walk many miles without a gun in his hand and along an ordinary road, was as much out of the question to him as to other spirited young men of his kind. He did not much mind about taking the bad news to Godfrey, for he had to offer him at the same time the resource of Marner's money; and if Godfrey kicked, as he always did, at the notion of making a fresh debt from which he himself got the smallest share of advantage, why, he wouldn't kick long; Dunstan felt sure he could worry Godfrey into anything. The idea of Marner's money kept growing in vividness, now the want of it had become immediate; the prospect of having to make his appearance with the muddy boots of a pedestrian at Batherley and to encounter the grinning queries of stablemen, stood unpleasantly in the way of his impatience to be back at Raveloe and carry out his felicitous plan; and a casual visitation of his waistcoat-pocket, as he was ruminating, awakened his memory to the fact that the two or three small coins his forefinger encountered there were of too pale a color to cover that small debt without payment of which the stable-keeper had declared he would never do any more business with Dunsey Cass. After all, according to the direction in which the run had brought him, he was not so very much farther from home than he was from Batherley; but Dunsey, not being remarkable for clearness of head, was only led to this conclusion by the gradual perception that there were other reasons for choosing the unprecedented course of walking home. It was now nearly four o'clock, and a mist was gathering; the sooner he got into the road the better. He remembered having crossed the road and seen the finger-post only a little while before Wildfire broke down; so, buttoning his coat, twisting the lash of his hunting-whip compactly round the handle, and rapping the tops of his boots with a self-possessed air, as if to assure himself that he was not at all taken by surprise, he set off with the sense that he was undertaking a remarkable feat of bodily exertion, which somehow and at some time he should be able to dress up and magnify to the admiration of a select circle at the Rainbow. When a young gentleman like Dunsey is reduced to so exceptional a mode of locomotion as walking, a whip in his hand is a desirable corrective to a too bewildering dreamy sense of unwontedness in his position; and Dunstan, as he went along through the gathering mist, was always rapping his whip somewhere. It was Godfrey's whip, which he had chosen to take without leave because it had a gold handle; of course no one could see, when Dunstan held it, that the name *Godfrey Cass* was cut in deep letters on that gold handle—they

could only see that it was a very handsome whip. Dunsey was not without fear that he might meet some acquaintance in whose eyes he would cut a pitiable figure, for mist is no screen when people get close to each other; but when he at last found himself in the well-known Raveloe lanes without having met a soul, he silently remarked that that was part of his usual good luck. But now the mist, helped by the evening darkness, was more of a screen than he desired, for it hid the ruts into which his feet were liable to slip—hid everything, so that he had to guide his steps by dragging his whip along the low bushes in advance of the hedgerow. He must soon, he thought, be getting near the opening at the Stone-pits; he should find it out by the break in the hedgerow. He found it out, however, by another circumstance which he had not expected—namely, by certain gleams of light, which he presently guessed to proceed from Silas Marner's cottage. That cottage and the money hidden within it had been in his mind continually during his walk, and he had been imagining ways of cajoling and tempting the weaver to part with the immediate possession of his money for the sake of receiving interest. Dunstan felt as if there must be a little frightening added to the cajolery, for his own arithmetical convictions were not clear enough to afford him any forcible demonstration as to the advantages of interest; and as for security, he regarded it vaguely as a means of cheating a man by making him believe that he would be paid. Altogether, the operation on the miser's mind was a task that Godfrey would be sure to hand over to his more daring and cunning brother—Dunstan had made up his mind to that; and by the time he saw the light gleaming through the chinks of Marner's shutters, the idea of a dialogue with the weaver had become so familiar to him that it occurred to him as quite a natural thing to make the acquaintance forthwith. There might be several conveniences attending this course; the weaver had possibly got a lantern, and Dunstan was tired of feeling his way. He was still nearly three-quarters of a mile from home, and the lane was becoming unpleasantly slippery, for the mist was passing into rain. He turned up the bank, not without some fear lest he might miss the right way, since he was not certain whether the light were in front or on the side of the cottage. But he felt the ground before him cautiously with his whip-handle, and at last arrived safely at the door. He knocked loudly, rather enjoying the idea that the old fellow would be frightened at the sudden noise. He heard no movement in reply; all was silence in the cottage. Was the weaver gone to bed, then? If so, why had he left a light? That was a strange forgetfulness in the miser. Dunstan knocked still more loudly, and, without pausing for a reply, pushed his fingers through the latchhole, intending to shake the door and pull the latchstring up and down, not doubting that the door was fastened. But, to his surprise, at this double motion the door opened, and he found himself in front of a bright fire which lit up every corner of the cottage—the bed, the loom, the three chairs, and the table—and showed him that Marner was not there.

Nothing at that moment could be much more inviting to Dunsey than the bright fire on the brick hearth; he walked in and seated himself by it at once. There was something in front of the fire, too, that would have been inviting to a hungry man, if it had been in a different stage of cooking. It was a small bit of pork suspended

from the kettle-hanger by a string passed through a large door-key, in a way known to primitive housekeepers unpossessed of jacks. But the pork had been hung at the farthest extremity of the hanger, apparently to prevent the roasting from proceeding too rapidly during the owner's absence. The old staring simpleton had hot meat for his supper, then, thought Dunstan. People had always said he lived on moldy bread, on purpose to check his appetite. But where could he be at this time, and on such an evening, leaving his supper in this stage of preparation, and his door unfastened? Dunstan's own recent difficulty in making his way suggested to him that the weaver had perhaps gone outside his cottage to fetch in fuel, or for some such brief purpose, and had slipped into the Stone-pit. That was an interesting idea to Dunstan, carrying consequences of entire novelty. If the weaver was dead, who had a right to his money? Who would know where his money was hidden? *Who would know that anybody had come to take it away?* He went no farther into the subtleties of evidence; the pressing question, "Where *is* the money?" now took such entire possession of him as to make him quite forget that the weaver's death was not a certainty. A dull mind, once arriving at an inference that flatters a desire, is rarely able to retain the impression that the notion from which the inference started was purely problematic. And Dunstan's mind was as dull as the mind of a possible felon usually is. There were only three hiding-places where he had ever heard of cottagers' hoards being found: the thatch, the bed, and a hole in the floor. Marner's cottage had no thatch; and Dunstan's first act, after a train of thought made rapid by the stimulus of cupidity, was to go up to the bed; but while he did so, his eyes traveled eagerly over the floor, where the bricks, distinct in the firelight, were discernible under the sprinkling of sand. But not everywhere; for there was one spot, and only one, which was quite covered with sand, and sand showing the marks of fingers, which had apparently been careful to spread it over a given space. It was near the treddles of the loom. In an instant Dunstan darted to that spot, swept away the sand with his whip, and, inserting the thin end of the hook between the bricks, found that they were loose. In haste he lifted up two bricks, and saw what he had no doubt was the object of his search; for what could there be but money in those two leather bags? And, from their weight, they must be filled with guineas. Dunstan felt around the hole, to be certain that it held no more; then hastily replaced the bricks, and spread the sand over them. Hardly more than five minutes had passed since he entered the cottage, but it seemed to Dunstan like a long while; and though he was without any distinct recognition of the possibility that Marner might be alive, and might reënter the cottage at any moment, he felt an undefinable dread laying hold on him, as he rose to his feet with the bags in his hand. He would hasten out into the darkness, and then consider what he should do with the bags. He closed the door behind him immediately, that he might shut in the stream of light; a few steps would be enough to carry him beyond betrayal by the gleams from the shutter-chinks and the latchhole. The rain and darkness had got thicker, and he was glad of it; though it was awkward walking with both hands

1. **kettle-hanger**, iron rod over the fire, on which kettles were hung. 4. **jack**, a mechanical device for turning roasting meat before the fire.

filled, so that it was as much as he could do to grasp his whip along with one of the bags. But when he had gone a yard or two, he might take his time. So he stepped forward into the darkness.

CHAPTER V

When Dunstan Cass turned his back on the cottage, Silas Marner was not more than a hundred yards away from it, plodding along from the village with a sack thrown round his shoulders as an overcoat, and with a horn lantern in his hand. His legs were weary, but his mind was at ease, free from the presentiment of change. The sense of security more frequently springs from habit than from conviction, and for this reason it often subsists after such a change in the conditions as might have been expected to suggest alarm. The lapse of time during which a given event has not happened is, in this logic of habit, constantly alleged as a reason why the event should never happen, even when the lapse of time is precisely the added condition which makes the event imminent. A man will tell you that he has worked in a mine for forty years unhurt by an accident as a reason why he should apprehend no danger, though the roof is beginning to sink; and it is often observable that the older a man gets, the more difficult it is to him to retain a believing conception of his own death. This influence of habit was necessarily strong in a man whose life was so monotonous as Marner's—who saw no new people and heard of no new events to keep alive in him the idea of the unexpected and the changeful; and it explains simply enough why his mind could be at ease, though he had left his house and his treasure more defenseless than usual. Silas was thinking with double complacency of his supper; first, because it would be hot and savory, and secondly, because it would cost him nothing. For the little bit of pork was a present from that excellent housewife, Miss Priscilla Lammeter, to whom he had this day carried home a handsome piece of linen; and it was only on occasion of a present like this, that Silas indulged himself with roast meat. Supper was his favorite meal, because it came at his time of revelry, when his heart warmed over his gold; whenever he had roast meat, he always chose to have it for supper. But this evening, he had no sooner ingeniously knotted his string fast round his bit of pork, twisted the string according to rule over his door-key, passed it through the handle, and made it fast on the hanger than he remembered that a piece of very fine twine was indispensable to his "setting up" a new piece of work in his loom early in the morning. It had slipped his memory, because, in coming from Mr. Lammeter's he had not had to pass through the village; but to lose time by going on errands in the morning was out of the question. It was a nasty fog to turn out into, but there were things Silas loved better than his own comfort; so, drawing his pork to the extremity of the hanger, and arming himself with his lantern and his old sack, he set out on what, in ordinary weather, would have been a twenty minutes' errand. He could not have locked his door without undoing his well-knotted string and retarding his supper; it was not worth his while to make that sacrifice. What thief would find his way to the Stone-pits on such a night as this, and why should he come on this particular night, when he had never come through all the fifteen years before?

12. **horn**, formerly lanterns were made of thin pieces of horn.

These questions were not distinctly present in Silas's mind; they merely serve to represent the vaguely-felt foundation of his freedom from anxiety.

He reached his door in much satisfaction that his errand was done; he opened it, and to his short-sighted eyes everything remained as he had left it, except that the fire sent out a welcome increase of heat. He trod about the floor while putting by his lantern and throwing aside his hat and sack, so as to merge the marks of Dunstan's feet on the sand in the marks of his own nailed boots. Then he moved his pork nearer to the fire, and sat down to the agreeable business of tending the meat and warming himself at the same time.

Anyone who had looked at him, as the red light shone upon his pale face, strange straining eyes, and meager form, would perhaps have understood the mixture of contemptuous pity, dread, and suspicion with which he was regarded by his neighbors in Raveloe. Yet few men could be more harmless than poor Marner. In his truthful, simple soul, not even the growing greed and worship of gold could beget any vice directly injurious to others. The light of his faith quite put out, and his affections made desolate, he had clung with all the force of his nature to his work and his money; and like all objects to which a man devotes himself, they had fashioned him into correspondence with themselves. His loom, as he wrought in it without ceasing, had in its turn wrought on him, and confirmed more and more the monotonous craving for its monotonous response. His gold, as he hung over it and saw it grow, gathered his power of loving together into a hard isolation like its own.

As soon as he was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and it would be pleasant to see them on the table before him as he ate his unwonted feast. For joy is the best of wine, and Silas's guineas were a golden wine of that sort.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once—only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? A man falling into dark waters seeks a momentary footing even on sliding stones; and Silas, by acting as if he believed in false hopes, warded off the moment of despair. He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

Yes, there was a sort of refuge which always comes with the prostration of thought under an overpowering passion; it was that expectation of impossibilities, that belief in contradictory images, which is still distinct from madness, because it is capable of being dissipated by the

external fact. Silas got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table; didn't the gold lie there after all? The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him—looked all round his dwelling, seeming to strain his brown eyes after some possible appearance of the bags where he had already sought them in vain. He could see every object in his cottage—and his gold was not there.

Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild, ringing scream, the cry of desolation. For a few moments after, he stood motionless; but the cry had relieved him from the first maddening pressure of the truth. He turned, and tottered toward his loom, and got into the seat where he worked, instinctively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality.

And now that all the false hopes had vanished, and the first shock of certainty was past, the idea of a thief began to present itself, and he entertained it eagerly, because a thief might be caught and made to restore the gold. The thought brought some new strength with it, and he started from his loom to the door. As he opened it the rain beat in upon him, for it was falling more and more heavily. There were no footsteps to be tracked on such a night—footsteps? When had the thief come? During Silas's absence in the daytime the door had been locked, and there had been no marks of any inroad on his return by daylight. And in the evening, too, he said to himself, everything was the same as when he had left it. The sand and bricks looked as if they had not been moved. *Was* it a thief who had taken the bags, or was it a cruel power that no hands could reach which had delighted in making him a second time desolate? He shrank from this vaguer dread, and fixed his mind with struggling effort on the robber with hands, who could be reached by hands. His thoughts glanced at all the neighbors who had made any remarks, or asked any questions which he might now regard as a ground of suspicion. There was Jem Rodney, a known poacher, and otherwise disreputable; he had often met Marner in his journeys across the fields, and had said something jestingly about the weaver's money; nay, he had once irritated Marner by lingering at the fire when he called to light his pipe, instead of going about his business. Jem Rodney was the man—there was ease in the thought. Jem could be found and made to restore the money; Marner did not want to punish him, but only to get back his gold which had gone from him, and left his soul like a forlorn traveler on an unknown desert. The robber must be laid hold of. Marner's ideas of legal authority were confused, but he felt that he must go and proclaim his loss; and the great people in the village—the clergyman, the constable, and Squire Cass—would make Jem Rodney, or somebody else, deliver up the stolen money. He rushed out in the rain, under the stimulus of this hope, forgetting to cover his head, not caring to fasten his door; for he felt as if he had nothing left to lose. He ran swiftly, till want of breath compelled him to slacken his pace as he was entering the village at the turning close to the Rainbow.

The Rainbow, in Marner's view, was a place of luxurious resort for rich and stout husbands, whose wives had superfluous stores of linen; it was the place where he was likely to find the powers and dignities of Raveloe, and where he could most speedily make his loss public. He lifted the latch, and turned into the

bright bar, or kitchen, on the right hand, where the less lofty customers of the house were in the habit of assembling, the parlor on the left being reserved for the more select society in which Squire Cass frequently enjoyed the double pleasure of conviviality and condescension. But the parlor was dark tonight, the chief personages who ornamented its circle being all at Mrs. Osgood's birthday dance, as Godfrey Cass was. And in consequence of this, the party on the high-screened seats in the kitchen was more numerous than usual; several personages, who would otherwise have been admitted into the parlor and enlarged the opportunity of hectoring and condescension for their betters, being content this evening to vary their enjoyment by taking their spirits-and-water where they could themselves hector and condescend in company that called for beer.

CHAPTER VI

The conversation, which was at a high pitch of animation when Silas approached the door of the Rainbow, had, as usual, been slow and intermittent when the company first assembled. The pipes began to be puffed in a silence which had an air of severity; the more important customers, who drank spirits and sat nearest the fire, staring at each other as if a bet were depending on the first man who winked; while the beer-drinkers, chiefly men in fustian jackets and smock-frocks, kept their eyelids down and rubbed their hands across their mouths, as if their drafts of beer were a funereal duty attended with embarrassing sadness. At last, Mr. Snell, the landlord, a man of a neutral disposition, accustomed to stand aloof from human differences as those of beings who were all alike in need of liquor, broke silence, by saying in a doubtful tone to his cousin the butcher,

"Some folks 'ud say that was a fine beast you druv in yesterday, Bob?"

The butcher, a jolly, smiling, red-haired man, was not disposed to answer rashly. He gave a few puffs before he spat and replied, "And they wouldn't be fur wrong, John."

After this feeble delusive thaw, the silence set in as severely as before.

"Was it a red Durham?" said the farrier, taking up the thread of discourse after the lapse of a few minutes.

The farrier looked at the landlord, and the landlord looked at the butcher, as the person who must take the responsibility of answering.

"Red it was," said the butcher, in his good-humored husky treble—"and a Durham it was."

"Then you needn't tell *me* who you bought it of," said the farrier, looking round with some triumph; "I know who it is has got the red Durhams o' this countryside. And she'd a white star on her brow, I'll bet a penny?" The farrier leaned forward with his hands on his knees as he put this question, and his eyes twinkled knowingly.

"Well! yes—she might," said the butcher, slowly, considering that he was giving a decided affirmative. "I don't say contrairy."

"I knew that very well," said the farrier, throwing himself backward again, and speaking defiantly; "if *I* don't know Mr. Lammeter's cows, I should like to know who does—that's all. And as for the cow you've bought, bargain or no bargain, I've been at the drenching of her—contradick me who will."

92. **drenching of her**, giving her medicine by force.

The farrier looked fierce, and the mild butcher's conversational spirit was roused a little.

"I'm not for contradicking no man," he said; "I'm for peace and quietness. Some are for cutting long ribs—I'm for cutting 'em short myself; but *I* don't quarrel with 'em. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss—and anybody as was reasonable, it 'ud bring tears into their eyes to look at it."

"Well, it's the cow as I drenched, whatever it is," pursued the farrier angrily; "and it was Mr. Lammeter's cow, else you told a lie when you said it was a red Durham."

"I tell no lies," said the butcher, with the same mild huskiness as before, "and I contradick none—not if a man was to swear himself black; he's no meat o' mine, nor none o' my bargains. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss. And what I say I'll stick to; but I'll quarrel wi' no man."

"No," said the farrier, with bitter sarcasm, looking at the company generally; "and p'rhaps you aren't pig-headed; and p'rhaps you didn't say the cow was a red Durham; and p'rhaps you didn't say she'd got a star on her brow—stick to that, now you're at it."

"Come, come," said the landlord; "let the cow alone. The truth lies atween you; you're both right and both wrong, as I allays say. And as for the cow's being Mr. Lammeter's, I say nothing to that; but this I say, as the Rainbow's the Rainbow. And for the matter o' that, if the talk is to be o' the Lammeters, *you* know the most upo' that head, eh, Mr. Macey? You remember when first Mr. Lammeter's father come into these parts, and took the Warrens?"

Mr. Macey, tailor and parish-clerk, the latter of which functions rheumatism had of late obliged him to share with a small-featured young man who sat opposite him, held his white head on one side, and twirled his thumbs with an air of complacency, slightly seasoned with criticism, He smiled pityingly, in answer to the landlord's appeal, and said—

"Aye, aye; I know, I know; but I let other folks talk. I've laid by now, and gev up to the young uns. Ask them as have been to school at Tarley; they've learnt pernouncing; that's come up since my day."

"If you're pointing at me, Mr. Macey," said the deputy-clerk, with an air of anxious propriety, "I'm nowise a man to speak out of my place. As the psalm says,

> I know what's right, nor only so,
> But also practice what I know."

"Well, then, I wish you'd keep hold o' the tune, when it's set for you; if you're for prac*ti*cing, I wish you'd prac*tice* that," said a large, jocose-looking man, an excellent wheelwright in his week-day capacity, but on Sundays leader of the choir. He winked, as he spoke, at two of the company, who were known officially as the "bassoon" and the "key-bugle," in the confidence that he was expressing the sense of the musical profession in Raveloe.

Mr. Tookey, the deputy-clerk, who shared the unpopularity common to deputies, turned very red, but replied, with careful moderation, "Mr. Winthrop, if you'll bring me any proof as I'm in the wrong, I'm not the man to say I won't alter. But there's people set up their own ears for a standard, and expect the whole choir to follow 'em. There may be two opinions, I hope."

"Aye, aye," said Mr. Macey, who

46. **parish-clerk**, in England, one who keeps the records of the parish and assists the minister.

78. **key-bugle**, a kind of bugle on which notes compassing two octaves can be played.

felt very well satisfied with this attack on youthful presumption; "you're right there, Tookey; there's allays two 'pinions; there's the 'pinion a man has of himsen, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself."

"Well, Mr. Macey," said poor Tookey, serious amidst the general laughter, "I undertook to partially fill up the office of parish-clerk by Mr. Crackenthorp's desire, whenever your infirmities should make you unfitting; and it's one of the rights thereof to sing in the choir, else why have you done the same yourself?"

"Ah! but the old gentleman and you are two folks," said Ben Winthrop. "The old gentleman's got a gift. Why the Squire used to invite him to take a glass, only to hear him sing the 'Red Rovier'; didn't he, Mr. Macey? It's a nat'ral gift. There's my little lad Aaron, he's got a gift—he can sing a tune off straight, like a throstle. But as for you, Master Tookey, you'd better stick to your 'Amens'; your voice is well enough when you keep it up in your nose. It's your inside as isn't right made for music; it's no better nor a hollow stalk."

This kind of unflinching frankness was the most piquant form of joke to the company at the Rainbow, and Ben Winthrop's insult was felt by everybody to have capped Mr. Macey's epigram.

"I see what it is plain enough," said Mr. Tookey, unable to keep cool any longer. "There's a consperacy to turn me out o' the choir, as I shouldn't share the Christmas money —that's where it is. But I shall speak to Mr. Crackenthorp; I'll not be put upon by no man."

"Nay, nay, Tookey," said Ben Winthrop. "We'll pay you your share to keep out of it—that's what we'll do. There's things folks 'ud pay to be rid on, besides varmin."

"Come, come," said the landlord, who felt that paying people for their absence was a principle dangerous to society; "a joke's a joke. We're all good friends here, I hope. We must give and take. You're both right and you're both wrong, as I say. I agree wi' Mr. Macey here, as there's two opinions; and if mine was asked, I should say they're both right. Tookey's right and Winthrop's right, and they've only got to split the difference and make themselves even."

The farrier was puffing his pipe rather fiercely, in some contempt at this trivial discussion. He had no ear for music himself, and never went to church, as being of the medical profession, and likely to be in requisition for delicate cows. But the butcher, having music in his soul, had listened with a divided desire for Tookey's defeat and for the preservation of the peace.

"To be sure," he said, following up the landlord's conciliatory view, "we're fond of our old clerk; it's nat'ral, and him used to be such a singer, and got a brother as is known for the first fiddler in this countryside. Eh, it's a pity but what Solomon lived in our village, and could give us a tune when we liked; eh, Mr. Macey? I'd keep him in liver and lights for nothing—that I would."

"Aye, aye," said Mr. Macey, in the height of complacency: "our family's been known for musicianers as far back as anybody can tell. But them things are dying out, as I tell Solomon every time he comes round; there's no voices like what there used to be, and there's nobody remembers what we remember, if it isn't the old crows."

27. **throstle**, song thrush.

86. **lights**, beef lungs.

"Aye, you remember when first Mr. Lammeter's father come into these parts, don't you, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"I should think I did," said the old man, who had now gone through that complimentary process necessary to bring him up to the point of narration; "and a fine old gentleman he was—as fine, and finer nor the Mr. Lammeter as now is. He came from a bit north'ard, so far as I could ever make out. But there's nobody rightly knows about those parts; only it couldn't be far north'ard, nor much different from this country, for he brought a fine breed o' sheep with him, so there must be pastures there, and everything reasonable. We heared tell as he'd sold his own land to come and take the Warrens, and that seemed odd for a man as had land of his own, to come and rent a farm in a strange place. But they said it was along of his wife's dying; though there's reasons in things as nobody knows on—that's pretty much what I've made out; yet some folks are so wise, they'll find you fifty reasons straight off, and all the while the real reason's winking at 'em in the corner, and they niver see 't. Howsomever, it was soon seen as we'd got a new parish'ner as know'd the rights and customs o' things, and kep a good house, and was well looked on by everybody. And the young man—that's the Mr. Lammeter as now is, for he'd niver a sister—soon begun to court Miss Osgood, that's the sister o' the Mr. Osgood as now is, and a fine, handsome lass she was—eh, you can't think—they pretend this young lass is like her, but that's the way wi' people as don't know what come before 'em. *I* should know, for I helped the old rector, Mr. Drumlow as was. I helped him marry 'em."

Here Mr. Macey paused; he always gave his narrative in installments, expecting to be questioned according to precedent.

"Aye, and a partic'lar thing happened, didn't it, Mr. Macey, so as you were likely to remember that marriage?" said the landlord, in a congratulatory tone.

"I should think there did—a *very* partic'lar thing," said Mr. Macey, nodding sideways. "For Mr. Drumlow—poor old gentleman, I was fond on him, though he'd got a bit confused in his head, what wi' age and wi' taking a drop o' summat warm when the service come of a cold morning. And young Mr. Lammeter he'd have no way but he must be married in Janiwary, which, to be sure, 's a unreasonable time to be married in, for it isn't like a christening or a burying, as you can't help; and so Mr. Drumlow—poor old gentleman, I was fond on him—but when he come to put the questions, he put 'em by the rule o' contrairy, like, and he says, 'Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded wife?' says he, and then he says, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded husband?' says he. But the partic'larest thing of all is, as nobody took any notice on it but me, and they answered straight off 'Yes,' like as if it had been me saying 'Amen' i' the right place, without listening to what went before."

"But *you* knew what was going on well enough, didn't you, Mr. Macey? You were live enough, eh?" said the butcher.

"Lor bless you!" said Mr. Macey, pausing, and smiling in pity at the impotence of his hearer's imagination—"why, I was all of a tremble; it was as if I'd been a coat pulled by the two tails, like; for I couldn't stop the parson, I couldn't take upon me to

do that; and yet I said to myself, I says, 'Suppose they shouldn't be fast married, 'cause the words are contrairy?' and my head went working like a mill, for I was allays uncommon for turning things over and seeing all round 'em; and I says to myself, 'Is't the meanin' or the words as makes folks fast i' wedlock?' For the parson meant right, and the bride and bridegroom meant right. But then, when I come to think on it, meanin' goes but a little way i' most things, for you may mean to stick things together and your glue may be bad, and then where are you? And so I says to mysen, 'It isn't the meanin', it's the glue.' And I was worreted as if I'd got three bells to pull at once, when we went into the vestry, and they begun to sign their names. But where's the use o' talking?—you can't think what goes on in a 'cute man's inside."

"But you held in for all that, didn't you, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"Aye, I held in tight till I was by mysen wi' Mr. Drumlow, and then I out wi' everything, but respectful, as I allays did. And he made light on it, and he says, 'Pooh, pooh, Macey, make yourself easy,' he says; 'it's neither the meaning nor the words—it's the *reges*ter does it—that's the glue.' So you see he settled it easy; for parsons and doctors know everything by heart, like, so as they aren't worreted wi' thinking what's the rights and wrongs o' things, as I'n been many and many's the time. And sure enough the wedding turned out all right, on'y poor Mrs. Lammeter—that's Miss Osgood as was—died afore the lasses was growed up; but for prosperity and everything respectable, there's no family more looked on."

Every one of Mr. Macey's audience had heard this story many times, but it was listened to as if it had been a favorite tune, and at certain points the puffing of the pipes was momentarily suspended, that the listeners might give their whole minds to the expected words. But there was more to come; and Mr. Snell, the landlord, duly put the leading question,

"Why, old Mr. Lammeter had a pretty fortin', didn't they say, when he come into these parts?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Macey; "but I daresay it's as much as this Mr. Lammeter's done to keep it whole. For there was allays a talk as nobody could get rich on the Warrens; though he holds it cheap, for it's what they call Charity Land."

"Aye, and there's few folks know so well as you how it come to be Charity Land, eh, Mr. Macey?" said the butcher.

"How should they?" said the old clerk, with some contempt. "Why, my grandfather made the groom's livery for that Mr. Cliff as came and built the big stables at the Warrens. Why, they're stables four times as big as Squire Cass's, for he thought o' nothing but hosses and hunting, Cliff didn't—a Lunnon tailor, some folks said, as had gone mad wi' cheating. For he couldn't ride; lor bless you! they said he'd got no more grip o' the hoss than if his legs had been cross-sticks; my grandfather heared old Squire Cass say so many and many a time. But ride he would as if Old Harry had been a-driving him; and he'd a son, a lad o' sixteen; and nothing would his father have him do, but he must ride and ride—though the lad was frighted, they said. And it was a common saying as the father wanted to ride

87. **cross-sticks**, unable to bend, so as to curve around the horse.

the tailor out o' the lad, and make a gentleman on him—not but what I'm a tailor myself, but in respect as God made me such, I'm proud on it, for 'Macey, tailor,' 's been wrote up over our door since afore the Queen's heads went out on the shillings. But Cliff, he was ashamed o' being called a tailor, and he was sore vexed as his riding was laughed at, and nobody o' the gentlefolks hereabout could abide him. Howsomever, the poor lad got sickly and died, and the father didn't live long after him, for he got queerer nor ever, and they said he used to go out i' the dead of the night, wi' a lantern in his hand, to the stables, and set a lot o' lights burning, for he got as he couldn't sleep; and there he'd stand, cracking his whip and looking at his hosses; and they said it was a mercy as the stables didn't get burnt down wi' the poor dumb creaturs in 'em. But at last he died raving, and they found as he'd left all his property, Warrens and all, to a Lunnon Charity, and that's how the Warrens come to be Charity Land; though, as for the stables, Mr. Lammeter never uses 'em—they're out o' all charicter—lor bless you! if you was to set the doors a-banging in 'em, it 'ud sound like thunder half o'er the parish."

"Aye, but there's more going on in the stables than what folks see by daylight, eh, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"Aye, aye; go that way of a dark night, that's all," said Mr. Macey, winking mysteriously, "and then make believe, if you like, as you didn't see lights i' the stables, nor hear the stamping o' the hosses, nor the cracking o' the whips, and howling, too, if it's tow'rt daybreak. 'Cliff's Holiday' has been the name of it ever sin' I were a boy; that's to say, some said as it was the holiday Old Harry gev him from roasting, like. That's what my father told me, and he was a reasonable man, though there's folks nowadays know what happened afore they were born better nor they know their own business."

"What do you say to that, eh, Dowlas?" said the landlord, turning to the farrier, who was swelling with impatience for his cue. "There's a nut for *you* to crack."

Mr. Dowlas was the negative spirit in the company, and was proud of his position.

"Say? I say what a man *should* say as doesn't shut his eyes to look at a finger-post. I say as I'm ready to wager any man ten pound, if he'll stand out wi' me any dry night in the pasture before the Warren stables, as we shall neither see lights nor hear noises, if it isn't the blowing of our own n. ses. That's what I say, and I've said it many a time; but there's nobody 'ull ventur a ten-pun' note on their ghos'es as they make so sure of."

"Why, Dowlas, that's easy betting, that is," said Ben Winthrop. "You might as well bet a man as he wouldn't catch the rheumatise if he stood up to's neck in the pool of a frosty night. It 'ud be fine fun for a man to win his bet as he'd catch the rheumatise. Folks as believe in Cliff's Holiday aren't a-going to ventur near it for a matter o' ten pound."

"If Master Dowlas wants to know the truth on it," said Mr. Macey, with a sarcastic smile, tapping his thumbs together, "he's no call to lay any bet—let him go and stan' by himself—there's nobody 'ull hinder him; and then he can let the parish'ners know if they're wrong."

"Thank you! I'm obliged to you," said the farrier, with a snort of scorn.

7. **Queen.** Queen Anne, who reigned from 1702-1714.

"If folks are fools, it's no business o' mine. *I* don't want to make out the truth about ghos'es; I know it a'ready. But I'm not against a bet—everything fair and open. Let any man bet me ten pound as I shall see Cliff's Holiday, and I'll go and stand by myself. I want no company. I'd as lief do it as I'd fill this pipe."

"Ah, but who's to watch you, Dowlas, and see you do it? That's no fair bet," said the butcher.

"No fair bet!" replied Mr. Dowlas, angrily. "I should like to hear any man stand up and say I want to bet unfair. Come now, Master Lundy, I should like to hear you say it."

"Very like you would," said the butcher. "But it's no business o' mine. You're none o' my bargains, and I aren't a-going to try and 'bate your price. If anybody'll bid for you at your own vallying, let him. I'm for peace and quietness, I am."

"Yes, that's what every yapping cur is, when you hold a stick up at him," said the farrier. "But I'm afraid o' neither man nor ghost, and I'm ready to lay a fair bet. *I* aren't a turn-tail cur."

"Aye, but there's this in it, Dowlas," said the landlord, speaking in a tone of much candor and tolerance. "There's folks, i' my opinion, they can't see ghos'es, not if they stood as plain as a pikestaff before 'em. And there's reason i' that. For there's my wife, now, can't smell, not if she'd the strongest o' cheese under her nose. I never see'd a ghost myself; but then I says to myself, 'Very like I haven't got the smell for 'em.' I mean, putting a ghost for a smell, or else contrairiways. And so, I'm for holding with both sides; for, as I say, the truth lies between 'em. And if Dowlas was to go and stand, and say he'd never seen a wink o' Cliff's Holiday all the night through, I'd back him; and if anybody said as Cliff's Holiday was certain sure for all that, I'd back *him* too. For the smell's what I go by."

The landlord's analogical argument was not well received by the farrier—a man intensely opposed to compromise.

"Tut, tut," he said, setting down his glass with refreshed irritation; "what's the smell got to do with it? Did ever a ghost give a man a black eye? That's what I should like to know. If ghos'es want me to believe in 'em, let 'em leave off skulking i' the dark and i' lone places—let 'em come where there's company and candles."

"As if ghos'es 'ud want to be believed in by anybody so ignirant!" said Mr. Macey, in deep disgust at the farrier's crass incompetence to apprehend the conditions of ghostly phenomena.

CHAPTER VII

Yet the next moment there seemed to be some evidence that ghosts had a more condescending disposition than Mr. Macey attributed to them; for the pale, thin figure of Silas Marner was suddenly seen standing in the warm light, uttering no word, but looking round at the company with his strange, unearthly eyes. The long pipes gave a simultaneous movement, like the antennæ of startled insects, and every man present, not excepting even the skeptical farrier, had an impression that he saw, not Silas Marner in the flesh, but an apparition; for the door by which Silas had entered was hidden by the high-screened seats, and no one had noticed his approach. Mr. Macey, sitting a long way off the ghost, might be supposed to have felt an argumentative triumph, which would tend to neutralize his share of the general alarm. Had

he not always said that when Silas Marner was in that strange trance of his, his soul went loose from his body? Here was the demonstration; nevertheless, on the whole, he would have been as well contented without it. For a few moments there was a dead silence, Marner's want of breath and agitation not allowing him to speak. The landlord, under the habitual sense that he was bound to keep his house open to all company, and confident in the protection of his unbroken neutrality, at last took on himself the task of adjuring the ghost.

"Master Marner," he said, in a conciliatory tone, "what's lacking to you? What's your business here?"

"Robbed!" said Silas, gaspingly. "I've been robbed! I want the constable—and the Justice—and Squire Cass—and Mr. Crackenthorp."

"Lay hold on him, Jem Rodney," said the landlord, the idea of a ghost subsiding; "he's off his head, I doubt. He's wet through."

Jem Rodney was the outermost man, and sat conveniently near Marner's standing-place; but he declined to give his services.

"Come and lay hold on him yourself, Mr. Snell, if you've a mind," said Jem, rather sullenly. "He's been robbed, and murdered, too, for what I know," he added, in a muttering tone.

"Jem Rodney!" said Silas, turning and fixing his strange eyes on the suspected man.

"Aye, Master Marner, what do ye want wi' me?" said Jem, trembling a little, and seizing his drinking-can as a defensive weapon,

"If it was you stole my money," said Silas, clasping his hands entreatingly, and raising his voice to a cry, "give it me back—and I won't meddle with you. I won't set the constable on you. Give it me back, and I'll let you—I'll let you have a guinea."

"Me stole your money!" said Jem, angrily. "I'll pitch this can at your eye if you talk o' *my* stealing your money."

"Come, come, Master Marner," said the landlord, now rising resolutely, and seizing Marner by the shoulder, "if you've got any information to lay, speak it out sensible, and show as you're in your right mind, if you expect anybody to listen to you. You're as wet as a drownded rat. Sit down and dry yourself, and speak straight forrard."

"Ah, to be sure, man," said the farrier, who began to feel that he had not been quite on a par with himself and the occasion. "Let's have no more staring and screaming, else we'll have you strapped for a madman. That was why I didn't speak at the first—thinks I, the man's run mad."

"Aye, aye, make him sit down," said several voices at once, well pleased that the reality of ghosts remained still an open question.

The landlord forced Marner to take off his coat, and then to sit down on a chair aloof from everyone else, in the center of the circle and in the direct rays of the fire. The weaver, too feeble to have any distinct purpose beyond that of getting help to recover his money, submitted unresistingly. The transient fears of the company were now forgotten in their strong curiosity, and all faces were turned toward Silas, when the landlord, having seated himself again, said,

"Now then, Master Marner, what's this you've got to say—as you've been robbed? Speak out."

"He'd better not say again as it was me robbed him," cried Jem Rodney, hastily. "What could I ha' done with his money? I could as

easy steal the parson's surplice, and wear it."

"Hold your tongue, Jem, and let's hear what he's got to say," said the landlord. "Now then, Master Marner."

Silas now told his story, under frequent questioning as the mysterious character of the robbery became evident.

This strangely novel situation of opening his trouble to his Raveloe neighbors, of sitting in the warmth of a hearth not his own, and feeling the presence of faces and voices which were his nearest promise of help, had doubtless its influence on Marner, in spite of his passionate preoccupation with his loss. Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us; there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud.

The slight suspicion with which his hearers at first listened to him gradually melted away before the convincing simplicity of his distress; it was impossible for the neighbors to doubt that Marner was telling the truth, not because they were capable of arguing at once from the nature of his statements to the absence of any motive for making them falsely, but because, as Mr. Macey observed, "Folks as had the devil to back 'em were not likely to be so mushed" as poor Silas was. Rather, from the strange fact that the robber had left no traces, and had happened to know the nick of time, utterly incalculable by mortal agents, when Silas would go away from home without locking his door, the more probable conclusion seemed to be that his disreputable intimacy in that quarter, if it ever existed, had been broken up, and that, in consequence, this ill turn had been done to Marner by somebody it was quite in vain to set the constable after. Why this preternatural felon should be obliged to wait until the door was left unlocked was a question which did not present itself.

"It isn't Jem Rodney as has done this work, Master Marner," said the landlord. "You mustn't be a-casting your eye at poor Jem. There may be a bit of a reckoning against Jem for the matter of a hare or so if anybody was bound to keep their eyes staring open, and niver to wink; but Jem's been a-sitting here drinking his can, like the decentest man i' the parish, since before you left your house, Master Marner, by your own account."

"Aye, aye," said Mr. Macey; "let's have no accusing o' the innicent. That isn't the law. There must be folks to swear again' a man before he can be ta'en up. Let's have no accusing o' the innicent, Master Marner."

Memory was not so utterly torpid in Silas that it could not be wakened by these words. With a movement of compunction as new and strange to him as everything else within the last hour, he started from his chair, and went close up to Jem, looking at him as if he wanted to assure himself of the expression in his face.

"I was wrong," he said—"yes, yes—I ought to have thought. There's nothing to witness against you, Jem. Only you'd been into my house oftener than anybody else, and so you came into my head. I don't accuse you—I won't accuse anybody—only," he added, lifting up his hands to his head, and turning away with bewildered misery, "I try—I try to think where my guineas can be."

38. mushed, upset.

"Aye, aye, they're gone where it's hot enough to melt 'em, I doubt," said Mr. Macey.

"Tchuh!" said the farrier. And then he asked, with a cross-examining air, "How much money might there be in the bags, Master Marner?"

"Two hundred and seventy-two pounds, twelve and sixpence, last night when I counted it," said Silas, seating himself again, with a groan.

"Pooh! why, they'd be none so heavy to carry. Some tramp's been in, that's all; and as for the no foot-marks, and the bricks and the sand being all right—why, your eyes are pretty much like a insect's, Master Marner; they're obliged to look so close you can't see much at a time. It's my opinion as, if I'd been you, or you'd been me—for it comes to the same thing—you wouldn't have thought you'd found everything as you left it. But what I vote is, as two of the sensiblest o' the company should go with you to Master Kench, the constable's—he's ill i' bed, I know that much—and get him to appoint one of us his deppity; for that's the law, and I don't think anybody 'ull take upon him to contradick me, there. It isn't much of a walk to Kench's; and then, if it's me as is deppity, I'll go back with you, Master Marner, and examine your premises; and if anybody's got any fault to find with that, I'll thank him to stand up and say it out like a man."

By this pregnant speech the farrier had reëstablished his self-complacency, and waited with confidence to hear himself named as one of the superlatively sensible men.

"Let us see how the night is, though," said the landlord, who also considered himself personally concerned in this proposition. "Why, it rains heavy still," he said, returning from the door.

"Well, I'm not the man to be afraid o' the rain," said the farrier. "For it'll look bad when Justice Malam hears as respectable men like us had a information laid before 'em and took no steps."

The landlord agreed with this view, and after taking the sense of the company, and duly rehearsing a small ceremony known in high ecclesiastical life as the *nolo episcopari*, he consented to take on himself the chill dignity of going to Kench's. But to the farrier's strong disgust, Mr. Macey now started an objection to his proposing himself as a deputy-constable; for that oracular old gentleman, claiming to know the law, stated, as a fact delivered to him by his father, that no doctor could be a constable.

"And you're a doctor, I reckon, though you're only a cow-doctor, for a fly's a fly, though it may be a hoss fly," concluded Mr. Macey, wondering a little at his own "'cuteness."

There was a hot debate upon this, the farrier being of course indisposed to renounce the quality of doctor, but contending that a doctor could be a constable if he liked—the law meant he needn't be one if he didn't like. Mr. Macey thought this was nonsense, since the law was not likely to be fonder of doctors than of other folks. Moreover, if it was in the nature of doctors more than of other men not to like being constables, how came Mr. Dowlas to be so eager to act in that capacity?

"*I* don't want to act the constable," said the farrier, driven into a corner by this merciless reasoning; "and there's no man can say it of me, if he'd tell the truth. But if there's to be any jealousy and en*vy*ing about going to Kench's in the rain, let them

60. **nolo episcopari**, "I do not wish to be a bishop," a formal phrase used by those appointed bishops of the Church of England. The landlord apes the bishops' seeming unwillingness to assume responsibility.

go as like it—you won't get me to go, I can tell you."

By the landlord's intervention, however, the dispute was accommodated. Mr. Dowlas consented to go as a second person disinclined to act officially; and so poor Silas, furnished with some old coverings, turned out with his two companions into the rain again, thinking of the long night hours before him, not as those do who long to rest, but as those who expect to "watch for the morning."

CHAPTER VIII

When Godfrey Cass returned from Mrs. Osgood's party at midnight, he was not much surprised to learn that Dunsey had not come home. Perhaps he had not sold Wildfire, and was waiting for another chance—perhaps, on that foggy afternoon, he had preferred housing himself at the Red Lion at Batherley for the night, if the run had kept him in that neighborhood; for he was not likely to feel much concern about leaving his brother in suspense. Godfrey's mind was too full of Nancy Lammeter's looks and behavior, too full of the exasperation against himself and his lot, which the sight of her always produced in him, for him to give much thought to Wildfire, or to the probabilities of Dunstan's conduct.

The next morning the whole village was excited by the story of the robbery, and Godfrey, like everyone else, was occupied in gathering and discussing news about it, and in visiting the Stone-pits. The rain had washed away all possibility of distinguishing footmarks, but a close investigation of the spot had disclosed, in the direction opposite to the village, a tinder-box, with a flint and steel, half sunk in the mud. It was not Silas's tinder-box, for the only one he had ever had was still standing on his shelf; and the inference generally accepted was, that the tinder-box in the ditch was somehow connected with the robbery. A small minority shook their heads, and intimated their opinion that it was not a robbery to have much light thrown on it by tinder-boxes, that Master Marner's tale had a queer look with it, and that such things had been known as a man's doing himself a mischief, and then setting the justice to look for the doer. But when questioned closely as to their grounds for this opinion, and what Master Marner had to gain by such false pretenses, they only shook their heads as before, and observed that there was no knowing what some folks counted gain; moreover, that everybody had a right to their own opinions, grounds or no grounds, and that the weaver, as everybody knew, was partly crazy. Mr. Macey, though he joined in the defense of Marner against all suspicions of deceit, also pooh-poohed the tinder-box; indeed, repudiated it as a rather impious suggestion, tending to imply that everything must be done by human hands, and that there was no power which could make away with the guineas without moving the bricks. Nevertheless, he turned round rather sharply on Mr. Tookey, when the zealous deputy, feeling that this was a view of the case peculiarly suited to a parish-clerk, carried it still further, and doubted whether it was right to inquire into a robbery at all when the circumstances were so mysterious.

"As if," concluded Mr. Tookey—"as if there was nothing but what could be made out by justices and constables."

"Now, don't you be for overshooting the mark, Tookey," said Mr.

13. **watch for the morning**, see *Psalms* cxxx, 6. 43. **tinder-box**, box of easily-lighted material, used with a flint and steel to start fire, before the invention of matches.

Macey, nodding his head aside, admonishingly. "That's what you're allays at; if I throw a stone and hit, you think there's summat better than hitting, and you try to throw a stone beyond. What I said was against the tinder-box; I said nothing against justices and constables, for they're o' King George's making, and it 'ud be ill-becoming a man in a parish office to fly out again' King George."

While these discussions were going on amongst the group outside the Rainbow, a higher consultation was being carried on within, under the presidency of Mr. Crackenthorp, the rector, assisted by Squire Cass and other substantial parishioners. It had just occurred to Mr. Snell, the landlord—he being, as he observed, a man accustomed to put two and two together—to connect with the tinder-box, which, as deputy-constable, he himself had had the honorable distinction of finding, certain recollections of a peddler who had called to drink at the house about a month before, and had actually stated that he carried a tinder-box about with him to light his pipe. Here, surely, was a clue to be followed out. And as memory, when duly impregnated with ascertained facts, is sometimes surprisingly fertile, Mr. Snell gradually recovered a vivid impression of the effect produced on him by the peddler's countenance and conversation. He had a "look with his eye" which fell unpleasantly on Mr. Snell's sensitive organism. To be sure, he didn't say anything particular—no, except that about the tinder-box—but it isn't what a man says, it's the way he says it. Moreover, he had a swarthy foreignness of complexion which boded little honesty.

"Did he wear earrings?" Mr. Crackenthorp wished to know, having some acquaintance with foreign customs.

"Well—stay—let me see," said Mr. Snell, like a docile clairvoyante, who would really not make a mistake if she could help it. After stretching the corners of his mouth and contracting his eyes, as if he were trying to see the earrings, he appeared to give up the effort, and said, "Well, he'd got earrings in his box to sell, so it's nat'ral to suppose he might wear 'em. But he called at every house, a'most, in the village; there's somebody else, mayhap, saw 'em in his ears, though I can't take upon me rightly to say."

Mr. Snell was correct in his surmise that somebody else would remember the peddler's earrings. For on the spread of inquiry among the villagers it was stated, with gathering emphasis, that the parson had wanted to know whether the peddler wore earrings in his ears, and an impression was created that a great deal depended on the eliciting of this fact. Of course, everyone who heard the question, not having any distinct image of the peddler as *without* earrings, immediately had an image of him *with* earrings, larger or smaller, as the case might be; and the image was presently taken for a vivid recollection, so that the glazier's wife, a well-intentioned woman, not given to lying, and whose house was among the cleanest in the village, was ready to declare, as sure as ever she meant to take the sacrament the very next Christmas that was ever coming, that she had seen big earrings, in the shape of the young moon, in the peddler's two ears; while Jinny Oates, the cobbler's daughter, being a more imaginative person, stated not only that she had seen them, too, but that they had made her blood creep, as it did at that very moment while there she stood.

Also, by way of throwing further light on this clue of the tinder-box, a

collection was made of all the articles purchased from the peddler at various houses, and carried to the Rainbow to be exhibited there. In fact, there was a general feeling in the village, that for the clearing-up of this robbery there must be a great deal done at the Rainbow, and that no man need offer his wife an excuse for going there while it was the scene of severe public duties.

Some disappointment was felt, and perhaps a little indignation also, when it became known that Silas Marner, on being questioned by the Squire and the parson, had retained no other recollection of the peddler than that he called at his door, but had not entered his house, having turned away at once when Silas, holding the door ajar, had said that he wanted nothing. This had been Silas's testimony, though he clutched strongly at the idea of the peddler's being the culprit, if only because it gave him a definite image of a whereabout for his gold after it had been taken away from its hiding place; he could see it now in the peddler's box. But it was observed with some irritation in the village, that anybody but a "blind creatur" like Marner would have seen the man prowling about, for how came he to leave his tinder-box in the ditch close by, if he hadn't been lingering there? Doubtless, he had made his observations when he saw Marner at the door. Anybody might know—and only look at him—that the weaver was a half-crazy miser. It was a wonder the peddler hadn't murdered him; men of that sort, with rings in their ears, had been known for murderers often and often; there had been one tried at the 'sizes, not so long ago but what there were people living who remembered it.

45, 'sizes, assizes, the regular sessions of the superior court of the county.

Godfrey Cass, indeed, entering the Rainbow during one of Mr. Snell's frequently repeated recitals of his testimony, had treated it lightly, stating that he himself had bought a penknife of the peddler, and thought him a merry, grinning fellow enough; it was all nonsense, he said, about the man's evil looks. But this was spoken of in the village as the random talk of youth, "as if it was only Mr. Snell who had seen something odd about the peddler!" On the contrary, there were at least half-a-dozen who were ready to go before Justice Malam, and give in much more striking testimony than any the landlord could furnish. It was to be hoped Mr. Godfrey would not go to Tarley and throw cold water on what Mr. Snell said there, and so prevent the justice from drawing up a warrant. He was suspected of intending this, when, after midday, he was seen setting off on horseback in the direction of Tarley.

But by this time Godfrey's interest in the robbery had faded before his growing anxiety about Dunstan and Wildfire, and he was going, not to Tarley, but to Batherley, unable to rest in uncertainty about them any longer. The possibility that Dunstan had played him the ugly trick of riding away with Wildfire, to return at the end of a month, when he had gambled away or otherwise squandered the price of the horse, was a fear that urged itself upon him more, even, than the thought of an accidental injury; and now that the dance at Mrs. Osgood's was past, he was irritated with himself that he had trusted his horse to Dunstan. Instead of trying to still his fears, he encouraged them, with that superstitious impression which clings to us all, that if we expect evil very strongly it is the less likely to come; and when he heard a horse approaching at a trot, and saw

a hat rising above a hedge beyond an angle of the lane, he felt as if his conjuration had succeeded. But no sooner did the horse come within sight, than his heart sank again. It was not Wildfire; and in a few moments more he discerned that the rider was not Dunstan, but Bryce, who pulled up to speak, with a face that implied something disagreeable.

"Well, Mr. Godfrey, that's a lucky brother of yours, that Master Dunsey, isn't he?"

"What do you mean?" said Godfrey, hastily.

"Why, hasn't he been home yet?" said Bryce.

"Home? No. What has happened? Be quick. What has he done with my horse?"

"Ah, I thought it was yours, though he pretended you had parted with it to him."

"Has he thrown him down and broken his knees?" said Godfrey, flushed with exasperation.

"Worse than that," said Bryce. "You see, I'd made a bargain with him to buy the horse for a hundred and twenty—a swinging price, but I always liked the horse. And what does he do but go and stake him—fly at a hedge with stakes in it, atop of a bank with a ditch before it. The horse had been dead a pretty good while when he was found. So he hasn't been home since, has he?"

"Home? No," said Godfrey, "and he'd better keep away. Confound me for a fool! I might have known this would be the end of it."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Bryce, "after I'd bargained for the horse, it did come into my head that he might be riding and selling the horse without your knowledge, for I didn't believe it was his own. I knew Master Dunsey was up to his tricks sometimes. But where can he be gone? He's never been seen at Batherley. He couldn't have been hurt, for he must have walked off."

"Hurt?" said Godfrey, bitterly. "He'll never be hurt—he's made to hurt other people."

"And so you *did* give him leave to sell the horse, eh?" said Bryce.

"Yes; I wanted to part with the horse—he was always a little too hard in the mouth for me," said Godfrey; his pride making him wince under the idea that Bryce guessed the sale to be a matter of necessity. "I was going to see after him—I thought some mischief had happened. I'll go back now," he added, turning the horse's head, and wishing he could get rid of Bryce; for he felt that the long-dreaded crisis of his life was close upon him. "You're coming on to Raveloe, aren't you?"

"Well, no, not now," said Bryce. "I *was* coming round there, for I had to go to Flitton, and I thought I might as well take you in my way, and just let you know all I knew myself about the horse. I suppose Master Dunsey didn't like to show himself till the ill news had blown over a bit. He's perhaps gone to pay a visit at the Three Crowns, by Whitbridge—I know he's fond of the house."

"Perhaps he is," said Godfrey, rather absently. Then rousing himself, he said, with an effort at carelessness, "We shall hear of him soon enough, I'll be bound."

"Well, here's my turning," said Bryce, not surprised to perceive that Godfrey was rather "down"; "so I'll bid you good-day, and wish I may bring you better news another time."

Godfrey rode along slowly, representing to himself the scene of confession to his father from which he felt that there was now no longer any

30. **swinging price**, a good round sum.

escape. The revelation about the money must be made the very next morning; and if he withheld the rest, Dunstan would be sure to come back shortly, and, finding that he must bear the brunt of his father's anger, would tell the whole story out of spite, even though he had nothing to gain by it. There was one step, perhaps, by which he might still win Dunstan's silence and put off the evil day: he might tell his father that he had himself spent the money paid to him by Fowler; and as he had never been guilty of such an offense before, the affair would blow over after a little storming. But Godfrey could not bend himself to this. He felt that in letting Dunstan have the money, he had already been guilty of a breach of trust hardly less culpable than that of spending the money directly for his own behoof; and yet there was a distinction between the two acts which made him feel that the one was so much more blackening than the other as to be intolerable to him.

"I don't pretend to be a good fellow," he said to himself; "but I'm not a scoundrel—at least, I'll stop short somewhere. I'll bear the consequences of what I *have* done sooner than make believe I've done what I never would have done. I'd never have spent the money for my own pleasure—I was tortured into it."

Through the remainder of this day Godfrey, with only occasional fluctuations, kept his will bent in the direction of a complete avowal to his father, and he withheld the story of Wildfire's loss till the next morning, that it might serve him as an introduction to heavier matter. The old Squire was accustomed to his son's frequent absence from home, and thought neither Dunstan's nor Wildfire's nonappearance a matter calling for remark. Godfrey said to himself again and again that if he let slip this one opportunity of confession, he might never have another; the revelation might be made even in a more odious way than by Dunstan's malignity; *she* might come as she had threatened to do. And then he tried to make the scene easier to himself by rehearsal: he made up his mind how he would pass from the admission of his weakness in letting Dunstan have the money to the fact that Dunstan had a hold on him which he had been unable to shake off, and how he would work up his father to expect something very bad before he told him the fact. The old Squire was an implacable man; he made resolutions in violent anger, and he was not to be moved from them after his anger had subsided—as fiery volcanic matters cool and harden into rock. Like many violent and implacable men he allowed evils to grow under favor of his own heedlessness, till they pressed upon him with exasperating force, and then he turned round with fierce severity and became unrelentingly hard. This was his system with his tenants: he allowed them to get into arrears, neglect their fences, reduce their stock, sell their straw, and otherwise go the wrong way—and then, when he became short of money in consequence of this indulgence, he took the hardest measures and would listen to no appeal. Godfrey knew all this, and felt it with the greater force because he had constantly suffered annoyance from witnessing his father's sudden fits of unrelentingness, for which his own habitual irresolution deprived him of all sympathy. (He was not critical on the faulty indulgence which preceded these fits; *that* seemed to him natural enough.) Still there was just the chance, Godfrey thought, that his father's pride might see this marriage in a light that would induce him to hush it

up, rather than turn his son out and make the family the talk of the country for ten miles round.

This was the view of the case that Godfrey managed to keep before him pretty close till midnight, and he went to sleep thinking that he had done with inward debating. But when he awoke in the still, morning darkness he found it impossible to reawaken his evening thoughts; it was as if they had been tired out and were not to be roused to further work. Instead of arguments for confession, he could now feel the presence of nothing but its evil consequences; the old dread of disgrace came back—the old shrinking from the thought of raising a hopeless barrier between himself and Nancy—the old disposition to rely on chances which might be favorable to him, and save him from betrayal. Why, after all, should he cut off the hope of them by his own act? He had seen the matter in a wrong light yesterday. He had been in a rage with Dunstan, and had thought of nothing but a thorough break-up of their mutual understanding; but what it would be really wisest for him to do was to try and soften his father's anger against Dunsey, and keep things as nearly as possible in their old condition. If Dunsey did not come back for a few days (and Godfrey did not know but that the rascal had enough money in his pocket to enable him to keep away still longer), everything might blow over.

CHAPTER IX

Godfrey rose and took his own breakfast earlier than usual, but lingered in the wainscoted parlor till his younger brothers had finished their meal and gone out; awaiting his father, who always took a walk with his managing-man before breakfast. Everyone breakfasted at a different hour in the Red House, and the Squire was always the latest, giving a long chance to a rather feeble morning appetite before he tried it. The table had been spread with substantial eatables nearly two hours before he presented himself—a tall, stout man of sixty, with a face in which the knit brow and rather hard glance seemed contradicted by the slack and feeble mouth. His person showed marks of habitual neglect, his dress was slovenly; and yet there was something in the presence of the old Squire distinguishable from that of the ordinary farmers in the parish, who were perhaps every whit as refined as he, but, having slouched their way through life with a consciousness of being in the vicinity of their "betters," wanted that self-possession and authoritativeness of voice and carriage which belonged to a man who thought of superiors as remote existences with whom he had personally little more to do than with America or the stars. The Squire had been used to parish homage all his life, used to the presupposition that his family, his tankards, and everything that was his, were the oldest and best; and as he never associated with any gentry higher than himself, his opinion was not disturbed by comparison.

He glanced at his son as he entered the room, and said, "What, sir! haven't *you* had your breakfast yet?" but there was no pleasant morning greeting between them—not because of any unfriendliness, but because the sweet flower of courtesy is not a growth of such homes as the Red House.

"Yes, sir," said Godfrey, "I've had my breakfast, but I was waiting to speak to you."

"Ah! well," said the Squire, throwing himself indifferently into his chair, and speaking in a ponderous, coughing fashion, which was felt in Raveloe to be a sort of privilege of his rank, while

he cut a piece of beef, and held it up before the deer-hound that had come in with him. "Ring the bell for my ale, will you? You youngsters' business is your own pleasure, mostly. There's no hurry about it for anybody but yourselves."

The Squire's life was quite as idle as his sons', but it was a fiction kept up by himself and his contemporaries in Raveloe that youth was exclusively the period of folly, and that their aged wisdom was constantly in a state of endurance mitigated by sarcasm. Godfrey waited, before he spoke again, until the ale had been brought and the door closed—an interval during which Fleet, the deer-hound, had consumed enough bits of beef to make a poor man's holiday dinner.

"There's been a cursed piece of ill-luck with Wildfire," he began; "happened the day before yesterday."

"What! broke his knees?" said the Squire, after taking a draft of ale. "I thought you knew how to ride better than that, sir. I never threw a horse down in my life. If I had, I might ha' whistled for another, for *my* father wasn't quite so ready to unstring as some other fathers I know of. But they must turn over a new leaf—*they* must. What with mortgages and arrears, I'm as short o' cash as a roadside pauper. And that fool Kimble says the newspaper's talking about peace. Why, the country wouldn't have a leg to stand on. Prices 'ud run down like a jack, and I should never get my arrears, not if I sold all the fellows up. And there's that damned Fowler—I won't put up with him any longer; I've told Winthrop to go to Cox this very day. The lying scoundrel told me he'd be sure to pay me a hundred last month. He takes advantage because he's on that outlying farm, and thinks I shall forget him."

30. **unstring**, untie the strings of his purse.

The Squire had delivered this speech in a coughing and interrupted manner, but with no pause long enough for Godfrey to make it a pretext for taking up the word again. He felt that his father meant to ward off any request for money on the ground of the misfortune with Wildfire, and that the emphasis he had thus been led to lay on his shortness of cash and his arrears was likely to produce an attitude of mind the utmost unfavorable for his own disclosure. But he must go on, now he had begun.

"It's worse than breaking the horse's knees—he's been staked and killed," he said, as soon as his father was silent, and had begun to cut his meat. "But I wasn't thinking of asking you to buy me another horse; I was only thinking I'd lost the means of paying you with the price of Wildfire, as I'd meant to do. Dunsey took him to the hunt to sell him for me the other day, and after he'd made a bargain for a hundred and twenty with Bryce, he went after the hounds, and took some fool's leap or other that did for the horse at once. If it hadn't been for that, I should have paid you a hundred pounds this morning."

The Squire had laid down his knife and fork, and was staring at his son in amazement, not being sufficiently quick of brain to form a probable guess as to what could have caused so strange an inversion of the paternal and filial relations as this proposition of his son to pay him a hundred pounds.

"The truth is, sir—I'm very sorry—I was quite to blame," said Godfrey. "Fowler did pay that hundred pounds. He paid it to me when I was over there one day last month. And Dunsey bothered me for the money, and I let him have it, because I hoped I should be able to pay it you before this."

The Squire was purple with anger before his son had done speaking, and

found utterance difficult. "You let Dunsey have it, sir? And how long have you been so thick with Dunsey that you must *collogue* with him to embezzle my money? Are you turning out a scamp? I tell you I won't have it. I'll turn the whole pack of you out of the house together, and marry again. I'd have you to remember, sir, my property's got no entail on it—since my grandfather's time the Casses can do as they like with their land. Remember that, sir. Let Dunsey have the money! Why should you let Dunsey have the money? There's some lie at the bottom of it."

"There's no lie, sir," said Godfrey. "I wouldn't have spent the money myself, but Dunsey bothered me, and I was a fool, and let him have it. But I meant to pay it, whether he did or not. That's the whole story. I never meant to embezzle money, and I'm not the man to do it. You never knew me to do a dishonest trick, sir."

"Where's Dunsey, then? What do you stand talking there for? Go and fetch Dunsey, as I tell you, and let him give an account of what he wanted the money for, and what he's done with it. He shall repent it. I'll turn him out. I said I would, and I'll do it. He shan't brave me. Go and fetch him."

"Dunsey isn't come back, sir."

"What! did he break his own neck, then?" said the Squire, with some disgust at the idea that, in that case, he could not fulfill his threat.

"No, he wasn't hurt, I believe, for the horse was found dead, and Dunsey must have walked off. I daresay we shall see him again by-and-by. I don't know where he is."

"And what must you be letting him have my money for? Answer me that," said the Squire, attacking Godfrey again, since Dunsey was not within reach.

"Well, sir, I don't know," said Godfrey, hesitatingly. That was a feeble evasion, but Godfrey was not fond of lying, and, not being sufficiently aware that no sort of duplicity can long flourish without the help of vocal falsehoods, he was quite unprepared with invented motives.

"You don't know? I tell you what it is, sir. You've been up to some trick, and you've been bribing him not to tell," said the Squire, with a sudden acuteness which startled Godfrey, who felt his heart beat violently at the nearness of his father's guess. The sudden alarm pushed him on to take the next step—a very slight impulse suffices for that on a downward road.

"Why, sir," he said, trying to speak with careless ease, "it was a little affair between me and Dunsey; it's no matter to anybody else. It's hardly worth while to pry into young men's fooleries; it wouldn't have made any difference to you, sir, if I'd not had the bad luck to lose Wildfire. I should have paid you the money."

"Fooleries! Pshaw! it's time you'd done with fooleries. And I'd have you know sir, you *must* ha' done with 'em," said the Squire, frowning and casting an angry glance at his son. "Your goings-on are not what I shall find money for any longer. There's my grandfather had his stables full o' horses, and kept a good house, too, and in worse times, by what I can make out; and so might I, if I hadn't four good-for-nothing fellows to hang on me like horse-leeches. I've been too good a father to you all—that's what it is. But I shall pull up, sir."

Godfrey was silent. He was not likely to be very penetrating in his judgments, but he had always had a sense that his father's indulgence had not been kindness, and had had a

4. **collogue**, conspire. 10. **entail**. An estate was entailed when the law limited the inheritance to a particular descendent, i. e., the eldest son.

vague longing for some discipline that would have checked his own errant weakness and helped his better will. The Squire ate his bread and meat hastily, took a deep draft of ale, then turned his chair from the table, and began to speak again.

"It'll be all the worse for you, you know—you'd need try and help me keep things together."

"Well, sir, I've often offered to take the management of things, but you know you've taken it ill always, and seemed to think I wanted to push you out of your place."

"I know nothing o' your offering or o' my taking it ill," said the Squire, whose memory consisted in certain strong impressions unmodified by detail; "but I know one while you seemed to be thinking o' marrying, and I didn't offer to put any obstacles in your way, as some fathers would. I'd as lieve you married Lammeter's daughter as anybody. I suppose, if I said you nay, you'd ha' kept on with it; but, for want o' contradiction, you've changed your mind. You're a shilly-shally fellow; you take after your poor mother. She never had a will of her own; a woman has no call for one, if she's got a proper man for her husband. But *your* wife had need have one, for you hardly know your own mind enough to make both your legs walk one way. The lass hasn't said downright she won't have you, has she?"

"No," said Godfrey, feeling very hot and uncomfortable; "but I don't think she will."

"Think! why haven't you the courage to ask her? Do you stick to it, you want to have *her*—that's the thing?"

"There's no other woman I want to marry," said Godfrey, evasively.

"Well, then, let me make the offer for you, that's all, if you haven't the pluck to do it yourself. Lammeter isn't likely to be loath for his daughter to marry into *my* family, I should think. And as for the pretty lass, she wouldn't have her cousin—and there's nobody else, as I see, could ha' stood in your way."

"I'd rather let it be, please, sir, at present," said Godfrey, in alarm. "I think she's a little offended with me just now, and I should like to speak for myself. A man must manage these things for himself."

"Well, speak, then, and manage it, and see if you can't turn over a new leaf. That's what a man must do when he thinks o' marrying."

"I don't see how I can think of it at present, sir. You wouldn't like to settle me on one of the farms, I suppose, and I don't think she'd come to live in this house with all my brothers. It's a different sort of life to what she's been used to."

"Not come to live in this house? Don't tell me. You ask her, that's all," said the Squire, with a short, scornful laugh.

"I'd rather let the thing be, at present, sir," said Godfrey. "I hope you won't try to hurry it on by saying anything."

"I shall do what I choose," said the Squire, "and I shall let you know I'm master; else you may turn out, and find an estate to drop into somewhere else. Go out and tell Winthrop not to go to Cox's, but wait for me. And tell 'em to get my horse saddled. And stop; look out and get that hack o' Dunsey's sold, and hand me the money, will you? He'll keep no more hacks at my expense. And if you know where he's sneaking—I daresay you do—you may tell him to spare himself the journey o' coming back home. Let him turn ostler, and keep himself. He shan't hang on me any more."

"I don't know where he is; and if I

did, it isn't my place to tell him to keep away," said Godfrey, moving toward the door.

"Confound it, sir, don't stay arguing, but go and order my horse," said the Squire, taking up a pipe.

Godfrey left the room, hardly knowing whether he were more relieved by the sense that the interview was ended without having made any change in his position, or more uneasy that he had entangled himself still further in prevarication and deceit. What had passed about his proposing to Nancy had raised a new alarm, lest by some after-dinner words of his father's to Mr. Lammeter he should be thrown into the embarrassment of being obliged absolutely to decline her when she seemed to be within his reach. He fled to his usual refuge, that of hoping for some unforeseen turn of fortune, some favorable chance which would save him from unpleasant consequences—perhaps even justify his insincerity by manifesting its prudence.

In this point of trusting to some throw of fortune's dice, Godfrey can hardly be called old-fashioned. Favorable Chance is the god of all men who follow their own devices instead of obeying a law they believe in. Let even a polished man of these days get into a position he is ashamed to avow, and his mind will be bent on all the possible issues that may deliver him from the calculable results of that position. Let him live outside his income, or shirk the resolute honest work that brings wages, and he will presently find himself dreaming of a possible benefactor, a possible simpleton who may be cajoled into using his interest, a possible state of mind in some possible person not yet forthcoming. Let him neglect the responsibilities of his office, and he will inevitably anchor himself on the chance that the thing left undone may turn out not to be of the supposed importance. Let him betray his friend's confidence, and he will adore that same cunning complexity called Chance, which gives him the hope that his friend will never know. Let him forsake a decent craft that he may pursue the gentilities of a profession to which nature never called him, and his religion will infallibly be the worship of blessed Chance, which he will believe in as the mighty creator of success. The evil principle deprecated in that religion is the orderly sequence by which the seed brings forth a crop after its kind.

CHAPTER X

Justice Malam was naturally regarded in Tarley and Raveloe as a man of capacious mind, seeing that he could draw much wider conclusions without evidence than could be expected of his neighbors who were not on the Commission of the Peace. Such a man was not likely to neglect the clue of the tinder-box, and an inquiry was set on foot concerning the peddler, name unknown, with curly black hair and a foreign complexion, carrying a box of cutlery and jewelry, and wearing large rings in his ears. But either because inquiry was too slow-footed to overtake him, or because the description applied to so many peddlers that inquiry did not know how to choose among them, weeks passed away, and there was no other result concerning the robbery than a gradual cessation of the excitement it had caused in Raveloe. Dunstan Cass's absence was hardly a subject of remark; he had once before had a quarrel with his father, and had gone off, nobody knew whither, to return at the end of six weeks, take up his old quar-

70. **on the Commission of the Peace,** one of those having authority to attend to minor legal matters, like our justice of the peace.

ters unforbidden, and swagger as usual. His own family, who equally expected this issue, with the sole difference that the Squire was determined this time to forbid him the old quarters, never mentioned his absence; and when his Uncle Kimble or Mr. Osgood noticed it, the story of his having killed Wildfire and committed some offense against his father was enough to prevent surprise. To connect the fact of Dunsey's disappearance with that of the robbery occurring on the same day, lay quite away from the track of everyone's thought —even Godfrey's, who had better reason than anyone else to know what his brother was capable of. He remembered no mention of the weaver between them since the time, twelve years ago, when it was their boyish sport to deride him; and, besides, his imagination constantly created an *alibi* for Dunstan; he saw him continually in some congenial haunt, to which he had walked off on leaving Wildfire—saw him sponging on chance acquaintances, and meditating a return home to the old amusement of tormenting his elder brother. Even if any brain in Raveloe had put the said two facts together, I doubt whether a combination so injurious to the prescriptive respectability of a family with a mural monument and venerable tankards would not have been suppressed as of unsound tendency. But Christmas puddings, brawn, and abundance of spirituous liquors, throwing the mental originality into the channel of nightmare, are great preservatives against a dangerous spontaneity of waking thought.

When the robbery was talked of at the Rainbow and elsewhere, in good company, the balance continued to waver between the rational explanation founded on the tinder-box, and the theory of an impenetrable mystery that mocked investigation. The advocates of the tinder-box-and-peddler view considered the other side a muddle-headed and credulous set, who, because they themselves were wall-eyed, supposed everybody else to have the same blank outlook; and the adherents of the inexplicable more than hinted that their antagonists were animals inclined to crow before they had found any corn—mere skimming-dishes in point of depth—whose clear-sightedness consisted in supposing there was nothing behind a barn-door because they couldn't see through it; so that, though their controversy did not serve to elicit the fact concerning the robbery, it elicited some true opinions of collateral importance.

But while poor Silas's loss served thus to brush the slow current of Raveloe conversation, Silas himself was feeling the withering desolation of that bereavement about which his neighbors were arguing at their ease. To anyone who had observed him before he lost his gold, it might have seemed that so withered and shrunken a life as his could hardly be susceptible of a bruise, could hardly endure any subtraction but such as would put an end to it altogether. But in reality it had been an eager life, filled with immediate purpose which fenced him in from the wide, cheerless unknown. It had been a clinging life; and though the object round which its fibers had clung was a dead, disrupted thing, it satisfied the need for clinging. But now the fence was broken down—the support was snatched away. Marner's thoughts could no longer move in their old round, and were baffled by a blank like that which meets a plodding ant when the earth has broken away on its

33. **mural monument**, plate on the church wall commemorating some ancestor.

53. **wall-eyed**, with eyes turned outward so as to be unable to see what is right in front of them. 67. **collateral**, secondary.

homeward path. The loom was there, and the weaving, and the growing pattern in the cloth; but the bright treasure in the hole under his feet was gone; the prospect of handling and counting it was gone; the evening had no phantasm of delight to still the poor soul's craving. The thought of the money he would get by his actual work could bring no joy, for its meager image was only a fresh reminder of his loss; and hope was too heavily crushed by the sudden blow, for his imagination to dwell on the growth of a new hoard from that small beginning.

He filled up the blank with grief. As he sat weaving, he every now and then moaned low, like one in pain; it was the sign that his thoughts had come round again to the sudden chasm—to the empty evening time. And all the evening, as he sat in his loneliness by his dull fire, he leaned his elbows on his knees, and clasped his head with his hands, and moaned very low—not as one who seeks to be heard.

And yet he was not utterly forsaken in his trouble. The repulsion Marner had always created in his neighbors was partly dissipated by the new light in which this misfortune had shown him. Instead of a man who had more cunning than honest folks could come by, and, what was worse, had not the inclination to use that cunning in a neighborly way, it was now apparent that Silas had not cunning enough to keep his own. He was generally spoken of as a "poor mushed creatur"; and that avoidance of his neighbors, which had before been referred to his ill-will and to a probable addiction to worse company, was now considered mere craziness.

This change to a kindlier feeling was shown in various ways. The odor of Christmas cooking being on the wind, it was the season when superfluous pork and black puddings are suggestive of charity in well-to-do families; and Silas's misfortune had brought him uppermost in the memory of housekeepers like Mrs. Osgood. Mr. Crackenthorp, too, while he admonished Silas that his money had probably been taken from him because he thought too much of it and never came to church, enforced the doctrine by a present of pigs' pettitoes, well calculated to dissipate unfounded prejudices against the clerical character. Neighbors who had nothing but verbal consolation to give showed a disposition not only to greet Silas and discuss his misfortune at some length when they encountered him in the village, but also to take the trouble of calling at his cottage and getting him to repeat all the details on the very spot; and then they would try to cheer him by saying, "Well, Master Marner, you're no worse off nor other poor folks, after all; and if you was to be crippled, the parish 'ud give you a 'lowance."

I suppose one reason why we are seldom able to comfort our neighbors with our words is that our good will gets adulerated, in spite of ourselves, before it can pass our lips. We can send black puddings and pettitoes, without giving them a flavor of our own egoism; but language is a stream that is almost sure to smack of a mingled soil. There was a fair proportion of kindness in Raveloe; but it was often of a beery and bungling sort, and took the shape least allied to the complimentary and hypocritical.

Mr. Macey, for example, coming one evening expressly to let Silas know that recent events had given him the advantage of standing more favorably in the opinion of a man whose judgment was not formed lightly, opened the conversation by saying, as soon

59. **pettitoes**, pigs' feet.

as he had seated himself and adjusted his thumbs:

"Come, Master Marner, why, you've no call to sit a-moaning. You're a deal better off to ha' lost your money nor to ha' kep it by foul means. I used to think, when you first come into these parts, as you were no better nor you should be; you were younger a deal than what you are now; but you were allays a staring, white-faced creatur, partly like a bald-faced calf, as I may say. But there's no knowing; it isn't every queer-looksed thing as Old Harry's had the making of—I mean, speaking o' toads and such; for they're often harmless, and useful against varmin. And it's pretty much the same wi' you, as fur as I can see. Though as to the yarbs and stuff to cure the breathing, if you brought that sort o' knowledge from distant parts, you might ha' been a bit freer of it. And if the knowledge wasn't well come by, why, you might ha' made up for it by coming to church reg'lar; for as for the children as the Wise Woman charmed, I've been at the christening of 'em again and again, and they took the water just as well. And that's reasonable; for if Old Harry's a mind to do a bit o' kindness for a holiday, like, who's got anything against it? That's my thinking; and I've been clerk o' this parish forty year, and I know, when the parson and me does the cussing of a Ash Wednesday, there's no cussing o' folks as have a mind to be cured without a doctor, let Kimble say what he will. And so, Master Marner, as I was saying—for there's windings i' things as they may carry you to the fur end o' the prayer-book afore you get back to 'em—my advice is, as you keep up your speerits; for as for thinking you're a deep un, and ha' got more inside you nor 'ull bear daylight, I'm not o' that opinion at all, and so I tell the neighbors. For, says I, you talk o' Master Marner making out a tale—why, it's nonsense, that is. It 'ud take a 'cute man to make a tale like that; and, says I, he looked as scared as a rabbit."

During this discursive address Silas had continued motionless in his previous attitude, leaning his elbows on his knees, and pressing his hands against his head. Mr. Macey, not doubting that he had been listened to, paused, in the expectation of some appreciatory reply, but Marner remained silent. He had a sense that the old man meant to be good-natured and neighborly; but the kindness fell on him as sunshine falls on the wretched—he had no heart to taste it, and felt that it was very far off him.

"Come, Master Marner, have you got nothing to say to that?" said Mr. Macey, at last, with a slight accent of impatience.

"Oh," said Marner, slowly, shaking his head between his hands, "I thank you—thank you—kindly."

"Aye, aye, to be sure; I thought you would," said Mr. Macey; "and my advice is—have you got a Sunday suit?"

"No," said Marner.

"I doubted it was so," said Mr. Macey. "Now, let me advise you to get a Sunday suit; there's Tookey, he's a poor creatur, but he's got my tailoring business, and some o' my money in it, and he shall make a suit at a low price, and give you trust, and then you can come to church, and be a bit neighborly. Why, you've never heared me say 'Amen' since you come into these parts, and I recommend you to lose no time, for it'll be poor work when Tookey has it all to himself, for I mayn't be equil to stand i' the desk at all, come another winter." Here Mr.

37. **cussing of a Ash Wednesday**, reading the part of the service denouncing sinners.

Macey paused, perhaps expecting some sign of emotion in his hearer; but not observing any, he went on. "And as for the money for the suit o' clothes, why you get a matter of a pound a week at your weaving, Master Marner, and you're a young man, eh, for all you look so mushed. Why, you couldn't ha' been five-and-twenty when you come into these parts, eh?"

Silas started a little at the change to a questioning tone, and answered mildly, "I don't know; I can't rightly say—it's a long while since."

After receiving such an answer as this, it is not surprising that Mr. Macey observed, later on in the evening at the Rainbow, that Marner's head was "all of a muddle," and that it was to be doubted if he ever knew when Sunday came round, which showed him a worse heathen than many a dog.

Another of Silas's comforters, besides Mr. Macey, came to him with a mind highly charged on the same topic. This was Mrs. Winthrop, the wheelwright's wife. The inhabitants of Raveloe were not severely regular in their church-going, and perhaps there was hardly a person in the parish who would not have held that to go to church every Sunday in the calendar would have shown a greedy desire to stand well with Heaven, and get an undue advantage over their neighbors —a wish to be better than the "common run," that would have implied a reflection on those who had had godfathers and godmothers as well as themselves, and had an equal right to the burying-service. At the same time, it was understood to be requisite for all who were not household servants, or young men, to take the sacrament at one of the great festivals. Squire Cass himself took it on Christmas Day; while those who were held to be "good livers" went to church with greater, though still with moderate, frequency.

Mrs. Winthrop was one of these; she was in all respects a woman of scrupulous conscience, so eager for duties that life seemed to offer them too scantily unless she rose at half-past four, though this threw a scarcity of work over the more advanced hours of the morning, which it was a constant problem with her to remove. Yet she had not the vixenish temper which is sometimes supposed to be a necessary condition of such habits; she was a very mild, patient woman, whose nature it was to seek out all the sadder and more serious elements of life, and pasture her mind upon them.

She was the person always first thought of in Raveloe when there was illness or death in the family, when leeches where to be applied, or there was a sudden disappointment in a monthly nurse. She was a "comfortable woman"—good-looking, fresh-complexioned, having her lips always slightly screwed, as if she felt herself in a sick-room with a doctor or the clergyman present. But she was never whimpering; no one had seen her shed tears; she was simply grave and inclined to shake her head and sigh, almost imperceptibly, like a funereal mourner who is not a relation. It seemed surprising that Ben Winthrop, who loved his quart-pot and his joke, got along so well with Dolly; but she took her husband's jokes and joviality as patiently as everything else, considering that "men *would* be so," and viewing the stronger sex in the light of animals whom it had pleased Heaven to make naturally troublesome, like bulls and turkey-cocks.

This good, wholesome woman could hardly fail to have her mind drawn strongly toward Silas Marner, now that he appeared in the light of a sufferer; and one Sunday afternoon she took her little boy Aaron with her, and went to call on Silas, carrying in

her hand some small lard-cakes, flat, paste-like articles much esteemed in Raveloe. Aaron, an apple-cheeked youngster of seven, with a clean, starched frill which looked like a plate for the apples, needed all his adventurous curiosity to embolden him against the possibility that the big-eyed weaver might do him some bodily injury; and his dubiety was much increased when, on arriving at the Stone-pits, they heard the mysterious sound of the loom.

"Ah, it is as I thought," said Mrs. Winthrop, sadly.

They had to knock loudly before Silas heard them; but when he did come to the door he showed no impatience, as he would once have done, at a visit that had been unasked for and unexpected. Formerly, his heart had been as a locked casket with its treasure inside; but now the casket was empty, and the lock was broken. Left groping in darkness, with his prop utterly gone, Silas had inevitably a sense, though a dull and half-despairing one, that if any help came to him it must come from without; and there was a slight stirring of expectation at the sight of his fellow-men, a faint consciousness of dependence on their goodwill. He opened the door wide to admit Dolly, but without otherwise returning her greeting than by moving the armchair a few inches as a sign that she was to sit down in it. Dolly, as soon as she was seated, removed the white cloth that covered her lard-cakes, and said in her gravest way:

"I'd a baking yisterday, Master Marner, and the lard-cakes turned out better nor common, and I'd ha' asked you to accept some, if you'd thought well. I don't eat such things myself, for a bit o' bread's what I like from one year's end to the other; but men's stomichs are made so comical they want a change—they do, I know, God help 'em."

Dolly sighed gently as she held out the cakes to Silas, who thanked her kindly and looked very close at them, absently, being accustomed to look so at everything he took into his hand—eyed all the while by the wondering bright orbs of the small Aaron, who had made an outwork of his mother's chair, and was peeping round from behind it.

"There's letters pricked on 'em," said Dolly. "I can't read 'em myself, and there's nobody, not Mr. Macey himself, rightly knows what they mean; but they've a good meaning, for they're the same as is on the pulpit-cloth at church. What are they, Aaron, my dear?"

Aaron retreated completely behind his outwork.

"Oh, go, that's naughty," said his mother, mildly. "Well, whativer the letters are, they've a good meaning; and it's a stamp as has been in our house, Ben says, ever since he was a little un, and his mother used to put it on the cakes, and I've allays put it on, too; for if there's any good, we've need of it i' this world."

"It's I. H. S.," said Silas, at which proof of learning Aaron peeped round the chair again.

"Well, to be sure, you can read 'em off," said Dolly. "Ben's read 'em to me many and many a time, but they slip out o' my mind again; the more's the pity, for they're good letters, else they wouldn't be in the church; and so I prick 'em on all the loaves and all the cakes, though sometimes they won't hold, because o' the rising—for, as I said if there's any good to be got we've need of it i' this world—that we have; and I hope they'll bring good to you, Master Marner, for it's wi' that will I brought you the cakes; and you see the letters have held better nor common."

80. I. H. S., *Iesus hominum salvator*, Jesus, humanity's savior.

Silas was as unable to interpret the letters as Dolly, but there was no possibility of misunderstanding the desire to give comfort that made itself heard in her quiet tones. He said, with more feeling than before—"Thank you—thank you kindly." But he laid down the cakes and seated himself absently—drearily unconscious of any distinct benefit toward which the cakes and the letters, or even Dolly's kindness, could tend for him.

"Ah, if there's good anywhere, we've need of it," repeated Dolly, who did not lightly forsake a serviceable phrase. She looked at Silas pityingly as she went on. "But you didn't hear the church bells this morning, Master Marner? I doubt you didn't know it was Sunday. Living so lone here, you lose your count, I daresay; and then, when your loom makes a noise, you can't hear the bells, more partic'lar now the frost kills the sound."

"Yes, I did; I heard 'em," said Silas, to whom Sunday bells were a mere accident of the day, and not part of its sacredness. There had been no bells in Lantern Yard.

"Dear heart!" said Dolly, pausing before she spoke again. "But what a pity it is you should work of a Sunday, and not clean yourself—if you *didn't* go to church; for if you'd a roasting bit, it might be as you couldn't leave it, being a lone man. But there's the bakehus, if you could make up your mind to spend a twopence on the oven now and then—not every week, in course—I shouldn't like to do that myself—you might carry your bit o' dinner there, for it's nothing but right to have a bit o' summat hot of a Sunday, and not to make it as you can't know your dinner from Saturday. But now, upo' Christmas Day, this blessed Christmas as is ever coming, if you was to take your dinner to the bakehus, and go to church, and see the holly and the yew, and hear the anthim, and then take the sacramen', you'd be a deal the better, and you'd know which end you stood on, and you could put your trust i' Them as knows better nor we do, seein' you'd ha' done what it lies on us all to do."

Dolly's exhortation, which was an unusually long effort of speech for her, was uttered in the soothing, persuasive tone with which she would have tried to prevail on a sick man to take his medicine, or a basin of gruel for which he had no appetite. Silas had never before been closely urged on the point of his absence from church, which had only been thought of as a part of his general queerness; and he was too direct and simple to evade Dolly's appeal.

"Nay, nay," he said, "I know nothing o' church. I've never been to church."

"No!" said Dolly, in a low tone of wonderment. Then bethinking herself of Silas's advent from an unknown country, she said, "Could it ha' been as they'd no church where you was born?"

"Oh, yes," said Silas, meditatively, sitting in his usual posture of leaning on his knees, and supporting his head. "There was churches—a many—it was a big town. But I knew nothing of 'em—I went to chapel."

Dolly was much puzzled at this new word, but she was rather afraid of inquiring further, lest "chapel" might mean some haunt of wickedness. After a little thought, she said:

"Well, Master Marner, it's niver too late to turn over a new leaf, and if you've niver had no church, there's no telling the good it'll do you. For

37. **bakehus**, public bakery, where in England meats are roasted as well as bread baked.

72. **church.** Silas belonged to a branch of the Protestants who called their house of worship chapel.

I feels so set up and comfortable as niver was when I've been and heard the prayers, and the singing to the praise and glory o' God, as Mr. Macey gives out—and Mr. Crackenthorp saying good words, and more partic-'lar on Sacramen' Day; and if a bit o' trouble comes, I feel as I can put up wi' it, for I've looked for help i' the right quarter, and gev myself up to Them as we must all give ourselves up to at the last; and if we'n done our part, it isn't to be believed as Them as are above us 'ull be worse nor we are, and come short o' Their'n."

Poor Dolly's exposition of her simple Raveloe theology fell rather unmeaningly on Silas's ears, for there was no word in it that could rouse a memory of what he had known as religion, and his comprehension was quite baffled by the plural pronoun, which was no heresy of Dolly's, but only her way of avoiding a presumptuous familiarity. He remained silent, not feeling inclined to assent to the part of Dolly's speech which he fully understood—her recommendation that he should go to church. Indeed, Silas was so unaccustomed to talk beyond the brief questions and answers necessary for the transaction of his simple business that words did not easily come to him without the urgency of a distinct purpose.

But now, little Aaron, having become used to the weaver's awful presence, had advanced to his mother's side, and Silas, seeming to notice him for the first time, tried to return Dolly's signs of good-will by offering the lad a bit of lard-cake. Aaron shrank back a little, and rubbed his head against his mother's shoulder, but still thought the piece of cake worth the risk of putting his hand out for it.

"Oh, for shame, Aaron," said his mother, taking him on her lap, however; "why, you don't want cake again yet awhile. He's wonderful hearty," she went on, with a little sigh—"that he is, God knows. He's my youngest, and we spoil him sadly, for either me or the father must allays hev him in our sight—that we must."

She stroked Aaron's brown head, and thought it must do Master Marner good to see such a "pictur of a child." But Marner, on the other side of the hearth, saw the neat-featured rosy face as a mere dim round, with two dark spots in it.

"And he's got a voice like a bird—you wouldn't think," Dolly went on; "he can sing a Christmas carril as his father's taught him; and I take it for a token as he'll come to good, as he can learn the good tunes so quick. Come, Aaron, stan' up and sing the carril to Master Marner, come."

Aaron replied by rubbing his forehead against his mother's shoulder.

"Oh, that's naughty," said Dolly, gently. "Stan' up, when mother tells you, and let me hold the cake till you've done."

Aaron was not indisposed to display his talents, even to an ogre, under protecting circumstances; and after a few more signs of coyness, consisting chiefly in rubbing the backs of his hands over his eyes, and then peeping between them at Master Marner, to see if he looked anxious for the "carril," he at length allowed his head to be duly adjusted, and standing behind the table, which let him appear above it only as far as his broad frill, so that he looked like a cherubic head untroubled with a body, he began with a clear chirp, and in a melody that had the rhythm of an industrious hammer:

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Savior
Was born on Christmas Day.

Dolly listened with a devout look, glancing at Marner in some confidence that this strain would help to allure him to church.

"That's Christmas music," she said, when Aaron had ended, and had secured his piece of cake again. "There's no other music equil to the Christmas music—'Hark the erol angils sing.' And you may judge what it is at church, Master Marner, with the bassoon and the voices, as you can't help thinking you've got to a better place a'ready—for I wouldn't speak ill o' this world, seeing as Them put us in it as knows best—but what wi' the drink, and the quarreling, and the bad illnesses, and the hard dying, as I've seen times and times, one's thankful to hear of a better. The boy sings pretty, don't he, Master Marner?"

"Yes," said Silas, absently, "very pretty."

The Christmas carol, with its hammer-like rhythm, had fallen on his ears as strange music, quite unlike a hymn, and could have none of the effect Dolly contemplated. But he wanted to show her that he was grateful, and the only mode that occurred to him was to offer Aaron a bit more cake.

"Oh, no, thank you, Master Marner," said Dolly, holding down Aaron's willing hands. "We must be going home now. And so I wish you good-by, Master Marner; and if you ever feel anyways bad in your inside, as you can't fend for yourself, I'll come and clean up for you, and get you a bit o' victual, and willing. But I beg and pray of you to leave off weaving of a Sunday, for it's bad for soul and body—and the money as comes i' that way 'ull be a bad bed to lie down on at the last, if it doesn't fly away, nobody knows where, like the white frost. And you'll excuse me being that free with you, Master Marner, for I wish you well—I do. Make your bow, Aaron."

Silas said "Good-by, and thank you kindly," as he opened the door for Dolly, but he couldn't help feeling relieved when she was gone—relieved that he might weave again and moan at his ease. Her simple view of life and its comforts, by which she had tried to cheer him, was only like a report of unknown objects, which his imagination could not fashion. The fountains of human love and of faith in a divine love had not yet been unlocked, and his soul was still the shrunken rivulet, with only this difference, that its little groove of sand was blocked up, and it wandered confusedly against dark obstruction.

And so, notwithstanding the honest persuasions of Mr. Macey and Dolly Winthrop, Silas spent his Christmas Day in loneliness, eating his meat in sadness of heart, though the meat had come to him as a neighborly present. In the morning he looked out on the black frost that seemed to press cruelly on every blade of grass, while the half-icy red pool shivered under the bitter wind; but toward evening the snow began to fall, and curtained from him even that dreary outlook, shutting him close up with his narrow grief. And he sat in his robbed home through the livelong evening, not caring to close his shutters or lock his door, pressing his head between his hands and moaning, till the cold grasped him and told him that his fire was gray.

Nobody in this world but himself knew that he was the same Silas Marner who had once loved his fellow with tender love, and trusted in an unseen goodness. Even to himself that past experience had become dim.

But in Raveloe village the bells rang merrily, and the church was fuller than all through the rest of the year, with red faces among the abundant dark-green boughs—faces prepared for a longer service than usual by an odor-

ous breakfast of toast and ale. Those green boughs, the hymn and anthem never heard but at Christmas—even the Athanasian Creed, which was discriminated from the others only as being longer and of exceptional virtue, since it was only read on rare occasions—brought a vague, exulting sense, for which the grown men could as little have found words as the children, that something great and mysterious had been done for them in heaven above and in earth below, which they were appropriating by their presence. And then the red faces made their way through the black biting frost to their own homes, feeling themselves free for the rest of the day to eat, drink, and be merry, and using that Christian freedom without diffidence.

At Squire Cass's family party that day nobody mentioned Dunstan—nobody was sorry for his absence, or feared it would be too long. The doctor and his wife, Uncle and Aunt Kimble, were there, and the annual Christmas talk was carried through without any omissions, rising to the climax of Mr. Kimble's experience when he walked the London hospitals thirty years back, together with striking professional anecdotes then gathered. Whereupon cards followed, with Aunt Kimble's annual failure to follow suit, and Uncle Kimble's irascibility concerning the odd trick which was rarely explicable to him, when it was not on his side, without a general visitation of tricks to see that they were formed on sound principles; the whole being accompanied by a strong steaming odor of spirits-and-water.

But the party on Christmas Day, being a strictly family party, was not the preëminently brilliant celebration of the season at the Red House. It was the great dance on New Year's Eve that made the glory of Squire Cass's hospitality, as of his forefathers', time out of mind. This was the occasion when all the society of Raveloe and Tarley, whether old acquaintances separated by long rutty distances, or cooled acquaintances separated by misunderstandings concerning runaway calves, or acquaintances founded on intermittent condescension, counted on meeting and on comporting themselves with mutual appropriateness. This was the occasion on which fair dames who came on pillions sent their bandboxes before them, supplied with more than their evening costume; for the feast was not to end with a single evening, like a paltry town entertainment, where the whole supply of eatables is put on the table at once, and bedding is scanty. The Red House was provisioned as if for a siege; and as for the spare feather-beds ready to be laid on floors, they were as plentiful as might naturally be expected in a family that had killed its own geese for many generations.

Godfrey Cass was looking forward to this New Year's Eve with a foolish, reckless longing, that made him half deaf to his importunate companion, Anxiety. "Dunsey will be coming home soon; there will be a great blow-up, and how will you bribe his spite to silence?" said Anxiety.

"Oh, he won't come home before New Year's Eve, perhaps," said Godfrey; "and I shall sit by Nancy then, and dance with her, and get a kind look from her in spite of herself."

"But money is wanted in another quarter," said Anxiety in a louder voice, "and how will you get it without selling your mother's diamond pin? And if you don't get it . . . ?"

"Well, but something may happen to make things easier. At any rate, there's one pleasure for me close at hand: Nancy is coming."

4. **Athanasian Creed**, as formulated by Athanasius (296-373), Bishop of Alexandria.

"Yes, and suppose your father should bring matters to a pass that will oblige you to decline marrying her—and to give your reasons?"

"Hold your tongue, and don't worry me. I can see Nancy's eyes, just as they will look at me, and feel her hand in mine already."

But Anxiety went on, though in noisy Christmas company; refusing to be utterly quieted even by much drinking.

CHAPTER XI

Some women, I grant, would not appear to advantage seated on a pillion, and attired in a drab joseph and a drab beaver bonnet, with a crown resembling a small stewpan; for a garment suggesting a coachman's great-coat, cut out under an exiguity of cloth that would only allow of miniature capes, is not well adapted to conceal deficiencies of contour, nor is drab a color that will throw sallow cheeks into lively contrast. It was all the greater triumph to Miss Nancy Lammeter's beauty that she looked thoroughly bewitching in that costume, as seated on the pillion behind her tall, erect father, she held one arm round him, and looked down, with open-eyed anxiety, at the treacherous, snow-covered pools and puddles which sent up formidable splashings of mud under the stamp of Dobbin's foot. A painter would, perhaps, have preferred her in those moments when she was free from self-consciousness; but certainly the bloom on her cheeks was at its highest point of contrast with the surrounding drab when she arrived at the door of the Red House, and saw Mr. Godfrey Cass ready to lift her from the pillion. She wished her sister Priscilla had come up at the same time behind the servant, for then she would have contrived that Mr. Godfrey should have lifted off Priscilla first, and, in the meantime, she would have persuaded her father to go round to the horse-block instead of alighting at the doorsteps. It was very painful, when you had made it quite clear to a young man that you were determined not to marry him, however much he might wish it, that he would still continue to pay you marked attentions; besides, why didn't he always show the same attentions, if he meant them sincerely, instead of being so strange as Mr. Godfrey Cass was, sometimes behaving as if he didn't want to speak to her, and taking no notice of her for weeks and weeks, and then, all on a sudden, almost making love again? Moreover, it was quite plain he had no real love for her, else he would not let people have *that* to say of him which they did say. Did he suppose that Miss Nancy Lammeter was to be won by any man, squire or no squire, who led a bad life? That was not what she had been used to see in her own father, who was the soberest and best man in that countryside, only a little hot and hasty now and then, if things were not done to the minute.

All these thoughts rushed through Miss Nancy's mind, in their habitual succession, in the moments between her first sight of Mr. Godfrey Cass standing at the door and her own arrival there. Happily, the Squire came out, too, and gave a loud greeting to her father, so that, somehow, under cover of this noise she seemed to find concealment for her confusion and neglect of any suitably formal behavior, while she was being lifted from the pillion by strong arms which seemed to find her ridiculously small and light. And there was the best reason for hastening into the house at once, since the snow was beginning

15. **joseph**, a woman's riding coat. 19. **exiguity**, scantiness.

to fall again, threatening an unpleasant journey for such guests as were still on the road. These were a small minority; for already the afternoon was beginning to decline, and there would not be too much time for the ladies who came from a distance to attire themselves in readiness for the early tea which was to inspirit them for the dance.

There was a buzz of voices through the house, as Miss Nancy entered, mingled with the scrape of a fiddle preluding in the kitchen; but the Lammeters were guests whose arrival had evidently been thought of so much that it had been watched for from the windows, for Mrs. Kimble, who did the honors at the Red House on these great occasions, came forward to meet Miss Nancy in the hall, and conduct her upstairs. Mrs. Kimble was the Squire's sister, as well as the doctor's wife—a double dignity, with which her diameter was in direct proportion; so that, a journey upstairs being rather fatiguing to her, she did not oppose Miss Nancy's request to be allowed to find her way alone to the Blue Room, where the Miss Lammeters' bandboxes had been deposited on their arrival in the morning.

There was hardly a bedroom in the house where feminine compliments were not passing and feminine toilets going forward, in various stages, in space made scanty by extra beds spread upon the floor; and Miss Nancy, as she entered the Blue Room, had to make her little formal curtsy to a group of six. On the one hand, there were ladies no less important than the two Miss Gunns, the wine merchant's daughters from Lytherly, dressed in the height of fashion, with the tightest skirts and the shortest waists, and gazed at by Miss Ladbrook (of the Old Pastures) with a shyness not unsustained by inward criticism. Partly, Miss Ladbrook felt that her own skirt must be regarded as unduly lax by the Miss Gunns, and partly, that it was a pity the Miss Gunns did not show that judgment which she herself would show if she were in their place, by stopping a little on this side of the fashion. On the other hand, Mrs. Ladbrook was standing in skullcap and front, with her turban in her hand, curtsying and smiling blandly and saying, "After you, ma'am," to another lady in similar circumstances, who had politely offered the precedence at the looking-glass.

But Miss Nancy had no sooner made her curtsy than an elderly lady came forward, whose full white muslin kerchief, and mobcap round her curls of smooth gray hair, were in daring contrast with the puffed yellow satins and topknotted caps of her neighbors. She approached Miss Nancy with much primness, and said, with a slow, treble suavity,

"Niece, I hope I see you well in health." Miss Nancy kissed her aunt's cheek dutifully, and answered, with the same sort of amiable primness, "Quite well, I thank you, Aunt; and I hope I see you the same."

"Thank you, niece; I keep my health for the present. And how is my brother-in-law?"

These dutiful questions and answers were continued until it was ascertained in detail that the Lammeters were all as well as usual, and the Osgoods likewise, also that niece Priscilla must certainly arrive shortly, and that traveling on pillions in snowy weather was unpleasant, though a joseph was a great protection. Then Nancy was formally introduced to her aunt's visitors, the Miss Gunns, as being the daughters of a mother known to *their*

59. **front**, false hair. 69. **mobcap**, a full cap with frills around the face.

mother, though now for the first time induced to make a journey into these parts; and these ladies were so taken by surprise at finding such a lovely face and figure in an out-of-the-way country place that they began to feel some curiosity about the dress she would put on when she took off her joseph. Miss Nancy, whose thoughts were always conducted with the propriety and moderation conspicuous in her manners, remarked to herself that the Miss Gunns were rather hard-featured than otherwise, and that such very low dresses as they wore might have been attributed to vanity if their shoulders had been pretty, but that, being as they were, it was not reasonable to suppose that they showed their necks from a love of display, but rather from some obligation not inconsistent with sense and modesty. She felt convinced, as she opened her box, that this must be her Aunt Osgood's opinion, for Miss Nancy's mind resembled her Aunt's to a degree that everybody said was surprising, considering the kinship was on Mr. Osgood's side; and though you might not have supposed it from the formality of their greeting, there was a devoted attachment and mutual admiration between Aunt and niece. Even Miss Nancy's refusal of her cousin Gilbert Osgood (on the ground solely that he was her cousin), though it had grieved her Aunt greatly, had not in the least cooled the preference which had determined her to leave Nancy several of her hereditary ornaments, let Gilbert's future wife be whom she might.

Three of the ladies quickly retired, but the Miss Gunns were quite content that Mrs. Osgood's inclination to remain with her niece gave them also a reason for staying to see the rustic beauty's toilet. And it was really a pleasure—from the first opening of the bandbox, where everything smelled of lavender and rose-leaves, to the clasping of the small coral necklace that fitted closely round her little white neck. Everything belonging to Miss Nancy was of delicate purity and nattiness; not a crease was where it had no business to be, not a bit of her linen professed whiteness without fulfilling its profession; the very pins on her pincushion were stuck in after a pattern from which she was careful to allow no aberration; and as for her own person, it gave the same idea of perfect unvarying neatness as the body of a little bird. It is true that her light-brown hair was cropped behind like a boy's, and was dressed in front in a number of flat rings, that lay quite away from her face; but there was no sort of coiffure that could make Miss Nancy's cheek and neck look otherwise than pretty; and when at last she stood complete in her silvery twilled silk, her lace tucker, her coral necklace, and coral eardrops, the Miss Gunns could see nothing to criticize except her hands, which bore the traces of butter-making, cheese-crushing, and even still coarser work. But Miss Nancy was not ashamed of that, for while she was dressing she narrated to her Aunt how she and Priscilla had packed their boxes yesterday, because this morning was baking morning, and since they were leaving home, it was desirable to make a good supply of meat pies for the kitchen; and as she concluded this judicious remark, she turned to the Miss Gunns that she might not commit the rudeness of not including them in the conversation. The Miss Gunns smiled stiffly, and thought what a pity it was that these rich country people, who could afford to buy such good clothes (really Miss Nancy's lace and silk were very costly),

74. **lace tucker**, a piece of lace filling in the neck of the dress.

should be brought up in utter ignorance and vulgarity. She actually said "mate" for "meat," " 'appen" for for "perhaps," and "oss" for "horse," which to young ladies living in good Lytherly society, who habitually said 'orse, even in domestic privacy, and only said 'appen on the right occasions, was necessarily shocking. Miss Nancy, indeed, had never been to any school higher than Dame Tedman's; her acquaintance with profane literature hardly went beyond the rimes she had worked in her large sampler under the lamb and the shepherdess; and in order to balance an account, she was obliged to effect her subtraction by removing visible metallic shillings and sixpences from a visible metallic total. There is hardly a servant-maid in these days who is not better informed than Miss Nancy; yet she had the essential attributes of a lady—high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits—and lest these should not suffice to convince grammatical fair ones that her feelings can at all resemble theirs, I will add that she was slightly proud and exacting, and as constant in her affection toward a baseless opinion as toward an erring lover.

The anxiety about sister Priscilla, which had grown rather active by the time the coral necklace was clasped, was happily ended by the entrance of that cheerful-looking lady herself, with a face made blowsy by cold and damp. After the first questions and greetings, she turned to Nancy, and surveyed her from head to foot—then wheeled her round, to ascertain that the back view was equally faultless.

"What do you think o' *these* gowns, Aunt Osgood?" said Priscilla, while Nancy helped her to unrobe.

"Very handsome indeed, niece," said Mrs. Osgood, with a slight increase of formality. She always thought niece Priscilla too rough.

"I'm obliged to have the same as Nancy, you know, for all I'm five years older, and it makes me look yallow; for she never *will* have anything without I have mine just like it, because she wants us to look like sisters. And I tell her, folks 'ull think it's my weakness makes me fancy as I shall look pretty in what she looks pretty in. For I *am* ugly—there's no denying that; I feature my father's family. But, law! I don't mind, do you?" Priscilla here turned to the Miss Gunns, rattling on in too much preoccupation with the delight of talking, to notice that her candor was not appreciated. "The pretty uns do for flycatchers—they keep the men off us. I've no opinion o' the men, Miss Gunn—I don't know what *you* have. And as for fretting and stewing about what *they*'ll think of you from morning till night, and making your life uneasy about what they're doing when they're out o' your sight—as I tell Nancy, it's a folly no woman need be guilty of, if she's got a good father and a good home; let her leave it to them as have got no fortin, and can't help themselves. As I say, Mr. Have-your-own-way is the best husband, and the only one I'd ever promise to obey. I know it isn't pleasant, when you've been used to living in a big way, and managing hogsheads and all that, to go and put your nose in by somebody else's fireside, or to sit down by yourself to a scrag or a knuckle; but, thank God! my father's a sober man and likely to live; and if you've got a man by the chimney-corner, it doesn't matter if he's childish—the business needn't be broke up."

12. **profane literature**, all reading not sacred, i. e., anything besides the Bible.

89. **scrag or a knuckle**, a bony piece of meat or a knee joint.

The delicate process of getting her narrow gown over her head without injury to her smooth curls obliged Miss Priscilla to pause in this rapid survey of life, and Mrs. Osgood seized the opportunity of rising and saying—

"Well, niece, you'll follow us. The Miss Gunns will like to go down."

"Sister," said Nancy, when they were alone, "you've offended the Miss Gunns, I'm sure."

"What have I done, child?" said Priscilla, in some alarm.

"Why, you asked them if they minded about being ugly—you're so very blunt."

"Law, did I? Well, it popped out; it's a mercy I said no more, for I'm a bad un to live with folks when they don't like the truth. But as for being ugly, look at me, child, in this silver-colored silk—I told you how it 'ud be—I look yallow as a daffodil. Anybody 'ud say you wanted to make a mawkin of me."

"No, Priscy, don't say so. I begged and prayed of you not to let us have this silk if you'd like another better. I was willing to have *your* choice, you know I was," said Nancy, in anxious self-vindication.

"Nonsense, child! you know you'd set your heart on this; and reason good, for you're the color o' cream. It 'ud be fine doings for you to dress yourself to suit *my* skin. What I find fault with is that notion o' yours as I must dress myself just like you. But you do as you like with me—you always did, from when first you begun to walk. If you wanted to go the field's length, the field's length you'd go; and there was no whipping you, for you looked as prim and innicent as a daisy all the while."

"Priscy," said Nancy, gently, as she fastened a coral necklace, exactly like her own, round Priscilla's neck, which was very far from being like her own, "I'm sure I'm willing to give way as far as is right, but who shouldn't dress alike if it isn't sisters? Would you have us go about looking as if we were no kin to one another—us that have got no mother and not another sister in the world? I'd do what was right, if I dressed in a gown dyed with cheese-coloring; and I'd rather you'd choose, and let me wear what pleases you."

"There you go again! You'd come round to the same thing if one talked to you from Saturday night till Saturday morning. It'll be fine fun to see how you'll master your husband and never raise your voice above the singing o' the kettle all the while. I like to see the men mastered!"

"Don't talk *so*, Priscy," said Nancy, blushing. "You know I don't mean ever to be married."

"Oh, you never mean a fiddlestick's end!" said Priscilla, as she arranged her discarded dress, and closed her bandbox. "Who shall *I* have to work for when father's gone, if you are to go and take notions in your head and be an old maid, because some folks are no better than they should be? I haven't a bit o' patience with you—sitting on an addled egg forever, as if there was never a fresh un in the world. One old maid's enough out o' two sisters; and I shall do credit to a single life, for God A'mighty meant me for it. Come, we can go down now. I'm as ready as a mawkin *can* be—there's nothing a-wanting to frighten the crows, now I've got my eardroppers in."

As the two Miss Lammeters walked into the large parlor together, anyone who did not know the character of both might certainly have supposed that the reason why the square-shouldered, clumsy, high-featured Priscilla

25. **mawkin**, scarecrow.

wore a dress the facsimile of her pretty sister's was either the mistaken vanity of the one, or the malicious contrivance of the other in order to set off her own rare beauty. But the good-natured self-forgetful cheeriness and common-sense of Priscilla would soon have dissipated the one suspicion; and the modest calm of Nancy's speech and manners told clearly of a mind free from all disavowed devices.

Places of honor had been kept for the Miss Lammeters near the head of the principal tea-table in the wainscoted parlor, now looking fresh and pleasant with handsome branches of holly, yew, and laurel, from the abundant growths of the old garden; and Nancy felt an inward flutter, that no firmness of purpose could prevent, when she saw Mr. Godfrey Cass advancing to lead her to a seat between himself and Mr. Crackenthorp, while Priscilla was called to the opposite side between her father and the Squire. It certainly did make some difference to Nancy that the lover she had given up was the young man of quite the highest consequence in the parish—at home in a venerable and unique parlor, which was the extremity of grandeur in her experience, a parlor where *she* might one day have been mistress, with the consciousness that she was spoken of as "Madam Cass," the Squire's wife. These circumstances exalted her inward drama in her own eyes, and deepened the emphasis with which she declared to herself that not the most dazzling rank should induce her to marry a man whose conduct showed him careless of his character, but that "love once, love always," was the motto of a true and pure woman, and no man should ever have any right over her which would be a call on her to destroy the dried flowers that she treasured, and always would treasure, for Godfrey Cass's sake. And Nancy was capable of keeping her word to herself under very trying conditions. Nothing but a becoming blush betrayed the moving thoughts that urged themselves upon her as she accepted the seat next to Mr. Crackenthorp; for she was so instinctively neat and adroit in all her actions, and her pretty lips met each other with such quiet firmness, that it would have been difficult for her to appear agitated.

It was not the Rector's practice to let a charming blush pass without an appropriate compliment. He was not in the least lofty or aristocratic, but simply a merry-eyed, small-featured, gray-haired man, with his chin propped by an ample, many-creased white neckcloth which seemed to predominate over every other point in his person, and somehow to impress its peculiar character on his remarks; so that to have considered his amenities apart from his cravat would have been a severe, and perhaps a dangerous, effort of abstraction.

"Ha, Miss Nancy," he said, turning his head within his cravat and smiling down pleasantly upon her, "when anybody pretends this has been a severe winter, I shall tell them I saw the roses blooming on New Year's Eve—eh, Godfrey, what do *you* say?"

Godfrey made no reply, and avoided looking at Nancy very markedly; for though these complimentary personalities were held to be in excellent taste in old-fashioned Raveloe society, reverent love has a politeness of its own which it teaches to men otherwise of small schooling. But the Squire was rather impatient at Godfrey's showing himself a dull spark in this way. By this advanced hour of the day, the Squire was always in higher spirits than we have seen him in at the breakfast-table, and felt it quite

pleasant to fulfill the hereditary duty of being noisily jovial and patronizing; the large silver snuffbox was in active service and was offered without fail to all neighbors from time to time, however often they might have declined the favor. At present, the Squire had only given an express welcome to the heads of families as they appeared; but always as the evening deepened, his hospitality rayed out more widely, till he had tapped the youngest guests on the back and shown a peculiar fondness for their presence, in the full belief that they must feel their lives made happy by their belonging to a parish where there was such a hearty man as Squire Cass to invite them and wish them well. Even in this early stage of the jovial mood, it was natural that he should wish to supply his son's deficiencies by looking and speaking for him.

"Aye, aye," he began, offering his snuffbox to Mr. Lammeter, who for the second time bowed his head and waved his hand in stiff rejection of the offer, "us old fellows may wish ourselves young tonight, when we see the mistletoe-bough in the White Parlor. It's true, most things are gone back'ard in these last thirty years—the country's going down since the old king fell ill. But when I look at Miss Nancy here, I begin to think the lasses keep up their quality—ding me if I remember a sample to match her, not when I was a fine young fellow, and thought a deal about my pigtail. No offense to you, madam," he added, bending to Mrs. Crackenthorp, who sat by him; "I didn't know *you* when you were as young as Miss Nancy here."

Mrs. Crackenthorp—a small, blinking woman, who fidgeted incessantly with her lace, ribbons, and gold chain, turning her head about and making subdued noises, very much like a guinea-pig that twitches its nose and soliloquizes in all company indiscriminately—now blinked and fidgeted toward the Squire, and said, "Oh, no—no offense."

This emphatic compliment of the Squire's to Nancy was felt by others besides Godfrey to have a diplomatic significance; and her father gave a slight additional erectness to his back, as he looked across the table at her with complacent gravity. That grave and orderly senior was not going to bate a jot of his dignity by seeming elated at the notion of a match between his family and the Squire's; he was gratified by any honor paid to his daughter; but he must see an alteration in several ways before his consent would be vouchsafed. His spare but healthy person, and high-featured, firm face, that looked as if it had never been flushed by excess, was in strong contrast, not only with the Squire's, but with the appearance of the Raveloe farmers generally—in accordance with a favorite saying of his own, that "breed was stronger than pasture."

"Miss Nancy's wonderful like what her mother was, though; isn't she, Kimble?" said the stout lady of that name, looking round for her husband.

But Doctor Kimble (country apothecaries in old days enjoyed that title without authority of diploma), being a thin and agile man, was flitting about the room with his hands in his pockets, making himself agreeable to his feminine patients, with medical impartiality, and being welcomed everywhere as a doctor by hereditary right—not one of those miserable apothecaries who canvass for practice in strange neighborhoods, and spend all their income in starving their one horse,

40. **pigtail**, own hair, instead of a wig.

but a man of substance, able to keep an extravagant table like the best of his patients. Time out of mind the Raveloe doctor had been a Kimble; Kimble was inherently a doctor's name; and it was difficult to contemplate firmly the melancholy fact that the actual Kimble had no son, so that his practice might one day be handed over to a successor with the incongruous name of Taylor or Johnson. But in that case the wiser people in Raveloe would employ Dr. Blick of Flitton—as less unnatural. "Did you speak to me, my dear?" said the authentic doctor, coming quickly to his wife's side; but, as if foreseeing that she would be too much out of breath to repeat her remark, he went on immediately—"Ha, Miss Priscilla, the sight of you revives the taste of that super-excellent pork pie. I hope the batch isn't near an end."

"Yes, indeed, it is, doctor," said Priscilla; "but I'll answer for it the next shall be as good. My pork pies don't turn out well by chance."

"Not as your doctoring does, eh, Kimble!—because folks forget to take your physic, eh?" said the Squire, who regarded physic and doctors as many loyal churchmen regarded the church and the clergy—tasting a joke against them when he was in health, but impatiently eager for their aid when anything was the matter with him. He tapped his box, and looked round with a triumphant laugh.

"Ah, she has a quick wit, my friend Priscilla has," said the doctor, choosing to attribute the epigram to a lady rather than allow a brother-in-law that advantage over him. "She saves a little pepper to sprinkle over her talk—that's the reason why she never puts too much into her pies. There's my wife, now, she never has an answer at her tongue's end; but if I offend her, she's sure to scarify my throat with black pepper the next day, or else give me the colic with watery greens. That's an awful tit-for-tat." Here the vivacious doctor made a pathetic grimace.

"Did you ever hear the like?" said Mrs. Kimble, laughing above her double chin with much good-humor, aside to Mrs. Crackenthorp, who blinked and nodded, and amiably intended to smile, but the intention lost lost itself in small twitchings and noises.

"I suppose that's the sort of tit-for-tat adopted in your profession, Kimble, if you've a grudge against a patient," said the Rector.

"Never do have a grudge against our patients," said Mr. Kimble, "except when they leave us; and then, you see, we haven't the chance of prescribing for 'em. Ha, Miss Nancy," he continued, suddenly skipping to Nancy's side, "you won't forget your promise? You're to save a dance for me, you know."

"Come, come, Kimble, don't you be too for'ard," said the Squire. "Give the young uns fair play. There's my son Godfrey'll be wanting to have a round with you if you run off with Miss Nancy. He's bespoke her for the first dance, I'll be bound. Eh, sir! what do you say?" he continued, throwing himself backward, and looking at Godfrey. "Haven't you asked Miss Nancy to open the dance with you?"

Godfrey, sorely uncomfortable under this significant insistence about Nancy, and afraid to think where it would end by the time his father had set his usual hospitable example of drinking before and after supper, saw no course open but to turn to Nancy and say, with as little awkwardness as possible, "No; I've not asked her yet, but I hope she'll consent—if somebody else hasn't been before me."

"No, I've not engaged myself," said Nancy, quietly, though blushingly. (If Mr. Godfrey founded any hopes on her consenting to dance with him, he would soon be undeceived; but there was no need for her to be uncivil.)

"Then I hope you've no objections to dancing with me," said Godfrey, beginning to lose the sense that there was anything uncomfortable in this arrangement.

"No, no objections," said Nancy, in a cold tone.

"Ah, well, you're a lucky fellow, Godfrey," said Uncle Kimble; "but you're my godson, so I won't stand in your way. Else I'm not so very old, eh, my dear?" he went on, skipping to his wife's side again. "You wouldn't mind my having a second after you were gone—not if I cried a good deal first?"

"Come, come, take a cup o' tea and stop your tongue, do," said good-humored Mrs. Kimble, feeling some pride in a husband who must be regarded as so clever and amusing by the company generally. If he had only not been irritable at cards!

While safe, well-tasted personalities were enlivening the tea in this way, the sound of the fiddle approaching within a distance at which it could be heard distinctly made the young people look at each other with sympathetic impatience for the end of the meal.

"Why, there's Solomon in the hall," said the Squire, "and playing my fav'rite tune, *I* believe—'The Flaxen-headed Plowboy'—he's for giving us a hint as we aren't enough in a hurry to hear him play. "Bob," he called out to his third long-legged son, who was at the other end of the room, "open the door, and tell Solomon to come in. He shall give us a tune here."

Bob obeyed, and Solomon walked in, fiddling as he walked, for he would on no account break off in the middle of a tune.

"Here, Solomon," said the Squire, with loud patronage. "Round here, my man. Ah, I knew it was 'The Flaxen-headed Plowboy'; there's no finer tune."

Solomon Macey, a small hale old man, with an abundant crop of long white hair reaching nearly to his shoulders, advanced to the indicated spot, bowing reverently while he fiddled, as much as to say that he respected the company though he respected the keynote more. As soon as he had repeated the tune and lowered his fiddle, he bowed again to the Squire and the Rector, and said, "I hope I see your honor and your reverence well, and wishing you health and long life and a happy New Year. And wishing the same to you, Mr. Lammeter, sir; and to the other gentlemen, and the madams, and the young lasses."

As Solomon uttered the last words, he bowed in all directions solicitously, lest he should be wanting in due respect. But thereupon he immediately began to prelude, and fell into the tune which he knew would be taken as a special compliment by Mr. Lammeter.

"Thank ye, Solomon, thank ye," said Mr. Lammeter when the fiddle paused again. "That's 'Over the Hills and Far Away,' that is. My father used to say to me, whenever we heard that tune, 'Ah, lad, *I* come from over the hills and far away.' There's a many tunes I don't make head or tail of; but that speaks to me like the blackbird's whistle. I suppose it's the name; there's a deal in the name of a tune."

But Solomon was already impatient to prelude again, and presently broke

with much spirit into "Sir Roger de Coverley," at which there was a sound of chairs pushed back, and laughing voices.

"Aye, aye, Solomon, we know what that means," said the Squire, rising. "It's time to begin the dance, eh? Lead the way, then, and we'll all follow you."

So Solomon, holding his white head on one side, and playing vigorously, marched forward at the head of the gay procession into the White Parlor, where the mistletoe-bough was hung, and multitudinous tallow candles made rather a brilliant effect, gleaming from among the berried holly-boughs, and reflected in the old-fashioned oval mirrors fastened in the panels of the white wainscot. A quaint procession! Old Solomon, in his seedy clothes and long white locks, seemed to be luring that decent company by the magic scream of his fiddle—luring discreet matrons in turban-shaped caps, nay, Mrs. Crackenthorp herself, the summit of whose perpendicular feather was on a level with the Squire's shoulder—luring fair lasses complacently conscious of very short waists and skirts blameless of front-folds—luring burly fathers in large variegated waistcoats, and ruddy sons, for the most part shy and sheepish, in short nether garments and very long coat-tails.

Already Mr. Macey and a few other privileged villagers, who were allowed to be spectators on these great occasions, were seated on benches placed for them near the door; and great was the admiration and satisfaction in that quarter when the couples had formed themselves for the dance, and the Squire led off with Mrs. Crackenthorp, joining hands with the Rector and Mrs. Osgood. That was as it should be—that was what everybody had been used to—and the charter of Raveloe seemed to be renewed by the ceremony. It was not thought of as an unbecoming levity for the old and middle-aged people to dance a little before sitting down to cards, but rather as part of their social duties. For what were these if not to be merry at appropriate times, interchanging visits and poultry with due frequency, paying each other old-established compliments in sound, traditional phrases, passing well-tried, personal jokes, urging your guests to eat and drink too much out of hospitality, and eating and drinking too much in your neighbor's house to show that you liked your cheer? And the parson naturally set an example in these social duties. For it would not have been possible for the Raveloe mind, without a peculiar revelation, to know that a clergyman should be a pale-faced memento of solemnities, instead of a reasonably faulty man whose exclusive authority to read prayers and preach, to christen, marry, and bury you, necessarily coexisted with the right to sell you the ground to be buried in and to take tithe in kind; on which last point, of course, there was a little grumbling, but not to the extent of irreligion—not of deeper significance than the grumbling at the rain, which was by no means accompanied with a spirit of impious defiance, but with a desire that the prayer for fine weather might be read forthwith.

There was no reason, then, why the Rector's dancing should not be received as part of the fitness of things quite as much as the Squire's, or why, on the other hand, Mr. Macey's official respect should restrain him from sub-

1. **Sir Roger de Coverley**, a popular dance of the time, to which our Virginia Reel is very similar. **3½. short nether garments**, knee breeches.

78. **take tithe in kind**, accept church taxes in the form of farm produce.

jecting the parson's performance to that criticism with which minds of extraordinary acuteness must necessarily contemplate the doings of their fallible fellow-men.

"The Squire's pretty springe, considering his weight," said Mr. Macey, "and he stamps uncommon well. But Mr. Lammeter beats 'em all for shapes; you see he holds his head like a sodger, and he isn't so cushiony as most o' the oldish gentlefolks—they run fat in general; and he's got a fine leg. The parson's nimble enough, but he hasn't got much of a leg; it's a bit too thick down'ard, and his knees might be a bit nearer wi'out damage; but he might do worse, he might do worse. Though he hasn't that grand way o' waving his hand as the Squire has."

"Talk o' nimbleness, look at Mrs. Osgood," said Ben Winthrop, who was holding his son Aaron between his knees. "She trips along with her little steps, so as nobody can see how she goes—it's like as if she had little wheels to her feet. She doesn't look a day older nor last year; she's the finest-made woman as is, let the next be where she will."

"I don't heed how the women are made," said Mr. Macey, with some contempt. "They wear nayther coat nor breeches; you can't make much out o' their shapes."

"Fayder," said Aaron, whose feet were busy beating out the tune, "how does that big cock's-feather stick in Mrs. Crackenthorp's yead? Is there a little hole for it, like in my shuttlecock?"

"Hush, lad, hush; that's the way the ladies dress theirselves, that is," said the father, adding, however, in an undertone to Mr. Macey, "it does make her look funny, though—partly like a short-necked bottle wi' a long quill in it. Hey, by jingo, there's the young Squire leading off now, wi' Miss Nancy for partners! There's a lass for you!—like a pink-and-white posy—there's nobody 'ud think as anybody could be so pritty. I shouldn't wonder if she's Madam Cass some day, arter all—and nobody more rightfuller, for they'd make a fine match. You can find nothing against Master Godfrey's shapes, Macey, *I*'ll bet a penny."

Mr. Macey screwed up his mouth, leaned his head further on one side, and twirled his thumbs with a presto movement as his eyes followed Godfrey up the dance. At last he summed up his opinion.

"Pretty well down'ard, but a bit too round i' the shoulder-blades. And as for them coats as he gets from the Flitton tailor, they're a poor cut to pay double money for."

"Ah, Mr. Macey, you and me are two folks," said Ben, slightly indignant at this carping. "When I've got a pot o' good ale, I like to swaller it, and do my inside good, i'stead o' smelling and staring at it to see if I can't find faut wi' the brewing. I should like you to pick me out a finer-limbed young fellow nor Master Godfrey—one as 'ud knock you down easier, or 's more pleasanter looksed when he's piert and merry."

"Tchuh!" said Mr. Macey, provoked to increased severity, "he isn't come to his right color yet; he's partly like a slack-baked pie. And I doubt he's got a soft place in his head, else why should he be turned round the finger by that offal Dunsey as nobody's seen o' late, and let him kill that fine hunting hoss as was the talk o' the country? And one while he was allays after Miss Nancy, and then it all went off again, like a smell o' hot porridge, as I may say. That wasn't my way when *I* went a-coorting."

6. springe, active.

"Ah, but mayhap Miss Nancy hung off like, and your lass didn't," said Ben.

"I should say she didn't," said Mr. Macey, significantly. "Before I said 'sniff,' I took care to know as she'd say 'snaff,' and pretty quick too. I wasn't a-going to open *my* mouth, like a dog at a fly, and snap it to again, wi' nothing to swaller."

"Well, I think Miss Nancy's a-coming round again," said Ben, "for Master Godfrey doesn't look so downhearted tonight. And I see he's for taking her away to sit down, now they're at the end o' the dance; that looks like sweethearting, that does."

The reason why Godfrey and Nancy had left the dance was not so tender as Ben imagined. In the close press of couples a slight accident had happened to Nancy's dress, which, while it was short enough to show her neat ankle in front, was long enough behind to be caught under the stately stamp of the Squire's foot, so as to rend certain stitches at the waist, and cause much sisterly agitation in Priscilla's mind, as well as serious concern in Nancy's. One's thoughts may be much occupied with love-struggles, but hardly so as to be insensible to a disorder in the general framework of things. Nancy had no sooner completed her duty in the figure they were dancing than she said to Godfrey, with a deep blush, that she must go and sit down till Priscilla could come to her; for the sisters had already exchanged a short whisper and an open-eyed glance full of meaning. No reason less urgent than this could have prevailed on Nancy to give Godfrey this opportunity of sitting apart with her. As for Godfrey, he was feeling so happy and oblivious under the long charm of the country-dance with Nancy that he got rather bold on the strength of her confusion, and was capable of leading her straight away, without leave asked, into the adjoining small parlor, where the card-tables were set.

"Oh, no, thank you," said Nancy, coldly, as soon as she perceived where he was going, "not in there. I'll wait here till Priscilla's ready to come to me. I'm sorry to bring you out of the dance and make myself troublesome."

"Why, you'll be more comfortable here by yourself," said the artful Godfrey; "I'll leave you here till your sister can come." He spoke in an indifferent tone.

That was an agreeable proposition, and just what Nancy desired; why, then, was she a little hurt that Mr. Godfrey should make it? They entered, and she seated herself on a chair against one of the card-tables, as the stiffest and most unapproachable position she could choose.

"Thank you, sir," she said immediately. "I needn't give you any more trouble. I'm sorry you've had such an unlucky partner."

"That's very ill-natured of you," said Godfrey, standing by her without any sign of intended departure, "to be sorry you've danced with me."

"Oh, no, sir, I don't mean to say what's ill-natured at all," said Nancy, looking distractingly prim and pretty. "When gentlemen have so many pleasures, one dance can matter but very little."

"You know that isn't true. You know one dance with you matters more to me than all the other pleasures in the world."

It was a long, long while since Godfrey had said anything so direct as that, and Nancy was startled. But her instinctive dignity and repugnance to any show of emotion made her sit perfectly still, and only throw a little more decision into her voice, as she said,

"No, indeed, Mr. Godfrey, that's not known to me, and I have very good reasons for thinking different. But if it's true, I don't wish to hear it."

"Would you never forgive me, then, Nancy—never think well of me, let what would happen—would you never think the present made amends for the past? Not if I turned a good fellow, and gave up everything you didn't like?"

Godfrey was half conscious that this sudden opportunity of speaking to Nancy alone had driven him beside himself; but blind feeling had got the mastery of his tongue. Nancy really felt much agitated by the possibility Godfrey's words suggested, but this very pressure of emotion that she was in danger of finding too strong for her roused all her power of self-command.

"I should be glad to see a good change in anybody, Mr. Godfrey," she answered, with the slightest discernible difference of tone, "but it 'ud be better if no change was wanted."

"You are very hard-hearted, Nancy," said Godfrey, pettishly. "You might encourage me to be a better fellow. I'm very miserable—but you've no feeling."

"I think those have the least feeling that act wrong to begin with," said Nancy, sending out a flash in spite of herself. Godfrey was delighted with that little flash, and would have liked to go on and make her quarrel with him; Nancy was so exasperatingly quiet and firm. But she was not indifferent to him *yet*.

The entrance of Priscilla, bustling forward and saying, "Dear heart alive, child, let us look at this gown," cut off Godfrey's hopes of a quarrel.

"I suppose I must go now," he said to Priscilla.

"It's no matter to me whether you go or stay," said that frank lady, searching for something in her pocket, with a preoccupied brow.

"Do *you* want me to go?" said Godfrey, looking at Nancy, who was now standing up by Priscilla's order.

"As you like," said Nancy, trying to recover all her former coldness, and looking down carefully at the hem of her gown.

"Then I like to stay," said Godfrey, with a reckless determination to get as much of this joy as he could to-night, and think nothing of the morrow.

CHAPTER XII

While Godfrey Cass was taking drafts of forgetfulness from the sweet presence of Nancy, willingly losing all sense of that hidden bond which at other moments galled and fretted him so as to mingle irritation with the very sunshine, Godfrey's wife was walking with slow, uncertain steps through the snow-covered Raveloe lanes, carrying her child in her arms.

This journey on New Year's Eve was a premeditated act of vengeance which she had kept in her heart ever since Godfrey, in a fit of passion, had told her he would sooner die than acknowledge her as his wife. There would be a great party at the Red House on New Year's Eve, she knew; her husband would be smiling and smiled upon, hiding *her* existence in the darkest corner of his heart. But she would mar his pleasure; she would go in her dingy rags, with her faded face, once as handsome as the best, with her little child that had its father's hair and eyes, and disclose herself to the Squire as his eldest son's wife. It is seldom that the miserable can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserable. Molly knew that the cause of

her dingy rags was not her husband's neglect, but the demon Opium, to whom she was enslaved, body and soul, except in the lingering mother's tenderness that refused to give him her hungry child. She knew this well; and yet, in the moments of wretched, unbenumbed consciousness, the sense of her want and degradation transformed itself continually into bitterness toward Godfrey. *He* was well off; and if she had her rights she would be well off too. The belief that he repented his marriage, and suffered from it, only aggravated her vindictiveness. Just and self-reproving thoughts do not come to us too thickly, even in the purest air and with the best lessons of heaven and earth; how should those white-winged, delicate messengers make their way to Molly's poisoned chamber, inhabited by no higher memories than those of a barmaid's paradise of pink ribbons and gentlemen's jokes?

She had set out at an early hour, but had lingered on the road, inclined by her indolence to believe that if she waited under a warm shed the snow would cease to fall. She had waited longer than she knew, and now that she found herself belated in the snow-hidden ruggedness of the long lanes, even the animation of a vindictive purpose could not keep her spirit from failing. It was seven o'clock, and by this time she was not very far from Raveloe, but she was not familiar enough with those monotonous lanes to know how near she was to her journey's end. She needed comfort, and she knew but one comforter—the familiar demon in her bosom; but she hesitated a moment, after drawing out the black remnant, before she raised it to her lips. In that moment the mother's love pleaded for painful consciousness rather than oblivion—pleaded to be left in aching weariness, rather than to have the encircling arms benumbed so that they could not feel the dear burden. In another moment Molly had flung something away, but it was not the black remnant—it was an empty phial. And she walked on again under the breaking cloud, from which there came now and then the light of a quickly veiled star, for a freezing wind had sprung up since the snowing had ceased. But she walked always more and more drowsily, and clutched more and more automatically the sleeping child at her bosom.

Slowly the demon was working his will, and cold and weariness were his helpers. Soon she felt nothing but a supreme immediate longing that curtained off all futurity—the longing to lie down and sleep. She had arrived at a spot where her footsteps were no longer checked by a hedgerow, and she had wandered vaguely, unable to distinguish any objects, notwithstanding the wide whiteness around her, and the growing starlight. She sank down against a straggling furze bush, an easy pillow enough; and the bed of snow, too, was soft. She did not feel that the bed was cold, and did not heed whether the child would wake and cry for her. But her arms had not yet relaxed their instinctive clutch; and the little one slumbered on as gently as if it had been rocked in a lace-trimmed cradle.

But the complete torpor came at last; the fingers lost their tension, the arms unbent; then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight. At first there was a little peevish cry of "mammy," and an effort to regain the pillowing arm and bosom; but mammy's ear was deaf, and the pillow seemed to be slipping away backward. Suddenly, as the child rolled downward on its mother's knees,

all wet with snow, its eyes were caught by a bright glancing light on the white ground, and, with the ready transition of infancy, it was immediately absorbed in watching the bright living thing running toward it, yet never arriving. That bright living thing must be caught; and in an instant the child had slipped on all fours, and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam would not be caught in that way, and now the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place; and the little one, rising on its legs, toddled through the snow, the old grimy shawl in which it was wrapped trailing behind it, and the queer little bonnet dangling at its back—toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the warm hearth, where there was a bright fire of logs and sticks, which had thoroughly warmed the old sack (Silas's great-coat) spread out on the bricks to dry. The little one, accustomed to be left to itself for long hours without notice from its mother, squatted down on the sack, and spread its tiny hands toward the blaze, in perfect contentment, gurgling and making many inarticulate communications to the cheerful fire, like a new-hatched gosling beginning to find itself comfortable. But presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little golden head sank down on the old sack, and the blue eyes were veiled by their delicate, half-transparent lids.

But where was Silas Marner while this strange visitor had come to his hearth? He was in the cottage, but he did not see the child. During the last few weeks, since he had lost his money, he had contracted the habit of opening his door and looking out from time to time, as if he thought that his money might be somehow coming back to him, or that some trace, some news of it, might be mysteriously on the road, and be caught by the listening ear or the straining eye. It was chiefly at night, when he was not occupied in his loom, that he fell into this repetition of an act for which he could have assigned no definite purpose, and which can hardly be understood except by those who have undergone a bewildering separation from a supremely loved object. In the evening twilight, and later whenever the night was not dark, Silas looked out on that narrow prospect round the Stone-pits, listening and gazing, not with hope, but with mere yearning and unrest.

This morning he had been told by some of his neighbors that it was New Year's Eve, and that he must sit up and hear the old year rung out and the new rung in, because that was good luck, and might bring his money back again. This was only a friendly Raveloe way of jesting with the half-crazy oddities of a miser, but it had perhaps helped to throw Silas into a more than usually excited state. Since the on-coming of twilight he had opened his door again and again, though only to shut it immediately at seeing all distance veiled by the falling snow. But the last time he opened it the snow had ceased, and the clouds were parting here and there. He stood and listened, and gazed for a long while—there was really something on the road coming toward him then, but he caught no sign of it; and the stillness and the wide, trackless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and touched his yearning with the chill of despair. He went in again, and put his right hand on the latch of the door to close it—but he did not close it; he was arrested, as he had been already since his loss, by the invisible wand of catalepsy, and stood like a graven

SILAS DISCOVERS THE CHILD

image, with wide but sightless eyes, holding open his door, powerless to resist either the good or evil that might enter there.

When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning toward the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold!—his own gold—brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft, warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream—his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was* it a dream? He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision—it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child, and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair, powerless under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge? He had never been beyond the door. But along with that question, and almost thrusting it away, there was a vision of the old home and the old streets leading to Lantern Yard—and within that vision another, of the thoughts which had been present with him in those far-off scenes. The thoughts were strange to him now, like old friendships impossible to revive; and yet he had a dreamy feeling that this child was somehow a message come to him from that far-off life; it stirred fibers that had never been moved in Raveloe—old quiverings of tenderness—old impressions of awe at the presentiment of some Power presiding over his life; for his imagination had not yet extricated itself from the sense of mystery in the child's sudden presence, and had formed no conjectures of ordinary, natural means by which the event could have been brought about.

But there was a cry on the hearth; the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of inarticulate cries with "mammy" by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide, quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery too. But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow, and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered or been brought into his house. Under the prompting of this new idea, and without waiting to form conjectures, he raised the child in his arms, and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it, there was the cry of "mammy" again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their track to the furze bushes. "Mammy!" the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas's arms, before he himself was aware that there was something more than the bush before him—that there was a human body with the head sunk low in the furze, and half-covered with the shaken snow.

CHAPTER XIII

It was after the early supper-time at the Red House, and the entertainment was in that stage when bashfulness itself had passed into easy jollity, when gentlemen, conscious of unusual accomplishments, could at length be prevailed on to dance a hornpipe, and when the Squire preferred talking loudly, scattering snuff, and patting his visitors' backs, to sitting longer at the whist table—a choice exasperating to Uncle Kimble, who, being always volatile in sober business hours, became intense and bitter over cards and brandy, shuffled before his adversary's deal with a glare of suspicion, and turned up a mean trump-card with an air of inexpressible disgust, as if in a world where such things could happen one might as well enter on a course of reckless profligacy. When the evening had advanced to this pitch of freedom and enjoyment, it was usual for the servants, the heavy duties of supper being well over, to get their share of amusement by coming to look on at the dancing; so that the back regions of the house were left in solitude.

There were two doors by which the White Parlor was entered from the hall, and they were both standing open for the sake of air; but the lower one was crowded with the servants and villagers, and only the upper doorway was left free. Bob Cass was figuring in a hornpipe, and his father, very proud of this lithe son, whom he repeatedly declared to be just like himself in his young days in a tone that implied this to be the very highest

stamp of juvenile merit, was the center of a group who had placed themselves opposite the performer, not far from the upper door. Godfrey was standing a little way off, not to admire his brother's dancing, but to keep sight of Nancy, who was seated in the group, near her father. He stood aloof, because he wished to avoid suggesting himself as a subject for the Squire's fatherly jokes in connection with matrimony and Miss Nancy Lammeter's beauty, which were likely to become more and more explicit. But he had the prospect of dancing with her again when the hornpipe was concluded, and in the meanwhile it was very pleasant to get long glances at her quite unobserved.

But when Godfrey was lifting his eyes from one of those long glances, they encountered an object as startling to him at that moment as if it had been an apparition from the dead. It *was* an apparition from that hidden life which lies, like a dark by-street, behind the goodly ornamented façade that meets the sunlight and the gaze of respectable admirers. It was his own child carried in Silas Marner's arms. That was his instantaneous impression, unaccompanied by doubt, though he had not seen the child for months past; and when the hope was rising that he might possibly be mistaken, Mr. Crackenthorp and Mr. Lammeter had already advanced to Silas, in astonishment at this strange advent. Godfrey joined them immediately, unable to rest without hearing every word—trying to control himself, but conscious that if anyone noticed him, they must see that he was white-lipped and trembling.

But now all eyes at that end of the room were bent on Silas Marner; the Squire himself had risen, and asked angrily, "How's this? What's this? What do you do coming in here in this way?"

"I'm come for the doctor—I want the doctor," Silas had said, in the first moment, to Mr. Crackenthorp.

"Why, what's the matter, Marner?" said the Rector. "The doctor's here; but say quietly what you want him for."

"It's a woman," said Silas, speaking low, and half-breathlessly, just as Godfrey came up. "She's dead, I think—dead in the snow at the Stone-pits—not far from my door."

Godfrey felt a great throb. There was one terror in his mind at that moment; it was that the woman might *not* be dead. That was an evil terror—an ugly inmate to have found a nestling-place in Godfrey's kindly disposition; but no disposition is a security from evil wishes to a man whose happiness hangs on duplicity.

"Hush, hush!" said Mr. Crackenthorp. "Go out into the hall there. I'll fetch the doctor to you. Found a woman in the snow—and thinks she's dead," he added, speaking low, to the Squire. "Better say as little about it as possible; it will shock the ladies. Just tell them a poor woman is ill from cold and hunger. I'll go and fetch Kimble."

By this time, however, the ladies had pressed forward, curious to know what could have brought the solitary linen-weaver there under such strange circumstances, and interested in the pretty child, who, half alarmed and half attracted by the brightness and the numerous company, now frowned and hid her face, now lifted up her head again and looked round placably, until a touch or a coaxing word brought back the frown, and made her bury her face with new determination.

"What child is it?" said several ladies at once, and, among the rest, Nancy Lammeter, addressing Godfrey.

"I don't know—some poor woman's who has been found in the snow, I

believe," was the answer Godfrey wrung from himself with a terrible effort. ("After all, *am* I certain?" he hastened to add, in anticipation of his own conscience.)

"Why, you'd better leave the child here, then, Master Marner," said good-natured Mrs. Kimble, hesitating, however, to take those dingy clothes into contact with her own ornamented satin bodice. "I'll tell one o' the girls to fetch it."

"No—no—I can't part with it, I can't let it go," said Silas, abruptly. "It's come to me—I've a right to keep it."

The proposition to take the child from him had come to Silas quite unexpectedly, and his speech, uttered under a strong, sudden impulse, was almost like a revelation to himself; a minute before, he had no distinct intention about the child.

"Did you ever hear the like?" said Mrs. Kimble, in mild surprise, to her neighbor.

"Now, ladies, I must trouble you to stand aside," said Mr. Kimble, coming from the card-room, in some bitterness at the interruption, but drilled by the long habit of his profession into obedience to unpleasant calls, even when he was hardly sober.

"It's a nasty business turning out now, eh, Kimble?" said the Squire. "He might ha' gone for your young fellow—the 'prentice, there—what's his name?"

"Might? aye—what's the use of talking about might?" growled Uncle Kimble, hastening out with Marner, and followed by Mr. Crackenthorp and Godfrey. "Get me a pair of thick boots, Godfrey, will you? And stay, let somebody run to Winthrop's and fetch Dolly—she's the best woman to get. Ben was here himself before supper; is he gone?"

"Yes, sir, I met him," said Marner; "but I couldn't stop to tell him anything, only I said I was going for the doctor, and he said the doctor was at the Squire's. And I made haste and ran, and there was nobody to be seen at the back o' the house, and so I went in to where the company was."

The child, no longer distracted by the bright light and the smiling women's faces, began to cry and call for "mammy," though always clinging to Marner, who had apparently won her thorough confidence. Godfrey had come back with the boots, and felt the cry as if some fiber were drawn tight within him.

"I'll go," he said, hastily, eager for some movement; "I'll go and fetch the woman—Mrs. Winthrop."

"Oh, pooh—send somebody else," said Uncle Kimble, hurrying away with Marner.

"You'll let me know if I can be of any use, Kimble," said Mr. Crackenthorp. But the doctor was out of hearing.

Godfrey, too, had disappeared; he was gone to snatch his hat and coat, having just reflection enough to remember that he must not look like a madman; but he rushed out of the house into the snow without heeding his thin shoes.

In a few minutes he was on his rapid way to the Stone-pits by the side of Dolly, who, though feeling that she was entirely in her place in encountering cold and snow on an errand of mercy, was much concerned at a young gentleman's getting his feet wet under a like impulse.

"You'd a deal better go back, sir," said Dolly, with respectful compassion. "You've no call to catch cold; and I'd ask you if you'd be so good as tell my husband to come, on your way back—he's at the Rainbow, I doubt—if you found him anyway sober enough to be o' use. Or else, there's Mrs.

Snell 'ud happen send the boy up to fetch and carry, for there may be things wanted from the doctor's."

"No, I'll stay, now I'm once out—I'll stay outside here," said Godfrey, when they came opposite Marner's cottage. "You can come and tell me if I can do anything."

"Well, sir, you're very good; you've a tender heart," said Dolly, going to the door.

Godfrey was too painfully preoccupied to feel a twinge of self-reproach at this undeserved praise. He walked up and down, unconscious that he was plunging ankle-deep in snow, unconscious of everything but trembling suspense about what was going on in the cottage, and the effect of each alternative on his future lot. No, not quite unconscious of everything else. Deeper down, and half-smothered by passionate desire and dread, there was the sense that he ought not to be waiting on these alternatives; that he ought to accept the consequences of his deeds, own the miserable wife, and fulfill the claims of the helpless child. But he had not moral courage enough to contemplate that active renunciation of Nancy as possible for him; he had only conscience and heart enough to make him forever uneasy under the weakness that forbade the renunciation. And at this moment his mind leaped away from all restraint toward the sudden prospect of deliverance from his long bondage.

"Is she dead?" said the voice that predominated over every other within him. "If she is, I may marry Nancy; and then I shall be a good fellow in future, and have no secrets, and the child—shall be taken care of somehow." But across that vision came the other possibility—"She may live, and then it's all up with me."

Godfrey never knew how long it was before the door of the cottage opened and Mr. Kimble came out. He went forward to meet his uncle, prepared to suppress the agitation he must feel, whatever news he was to hear.

"I waited for you, as I'd come so far," he said, speaking first.

"Pooh, it was nonsense for you to come out; why didn't you send one of the men? There's nothing to be done. She's dead—has been dead for hours, I should say."

"What sort of woman is she?" said Godfrey, feeling the blood rush to his face.

"A young woman, but emaciated, with long black hair. Some vagrant—quite in rags. She's got a wedding-ring on, however. They must fetch her away to the workhouse tomorrow. Come, come along."

"I want to look at her," said Godfrey. "I think I saw such a woman yesterday. I'll overtake you in a minute or two."

Mr. Kimble went on, and Godfrey turned back to the cottage. He cast only one glance at the dead face on the pillow, which Dolly had smoothed with decent care; but he remembered that last look at his unhappy, hated wife so well, that at the end of sixteen years every line in the worn face was present to him when he told the full story of this night.

He turned immediately toward the hearth, where Silas Marner sat lulling the child. She was perfectly quiet now, but not asleep—only soothed by sweet porridge and warmth into that wide-gazing calm which makes us older human beings, with our inward turmoil, feel a certain awe in the presence of a little child, such as we feel before some quiet majesty or beauty in the earth or sky—before a steady, glowing planet, or a full-flowered eglantine, or the bending trees over a silent pathway. The wide-

open blue eyes looked up at Godfrey's without any uneasiness or sign of recognition. The child could make no visible audible claim on its father; and the father felt a strange mixture of feelings, a conflict of regret and joy, that the pulse of that little heart had no response for the half-jealous yearning in his own, when the blue eyes turned away from him slowly, and fixed themselves on the weaver's queer face, which was bent low down to look at them, while the small hand began to pull Marner's withered cheek with loving disfiguration.

"You'll take the child to the parish tomorrow?" asked Godfrey, speaking as indifferently as he could.

"Who says so?" said Marner, sharply. "Will they make me take her?"

"Why, you wouldn't like to keep her, should you—an old bachelor like you?"

"Till anybody shows they've a right to take her away from me," said Marner. "The mother's dead, and I reckon it's got no father; it's a lone thing—and I'm a lone thing. My money's gone, I don't know where—and this is come from I don't know where. I know nothing—I'm partly mazed."

"Poor little thing!" said Godfrey. "Let me give something toward finding it clothes."

He had put his hand in his pocket and found half-a-guinea, and, thrusting it into Silas's hand, he hurried out of the cottage to overtake Mr. Kimble.

"Ah, I see it's not the same woman I saw," he said, as he came up. "It's a pretty little child; the old fellow seems to want to keep it; that's strange for a miser like him. But I gave him a trifle to help him out; the parish isn't likely to quarrel with him for the right to keep the child."

"No; but I've seen the time when I might have quarreled with him for it myself. It's too late now, though. If the child ran into the fire, your aunt's too fat to overtake it; she could only sit and grunt like an alarmed sow. But what a fool you are, Godfrey, to come out in your dancing shoes and stockings in this way—and you one of the beaux of the evening, and at your own house! What do you mean by such freaks, young fellow? Has Miss Nancy been cruel, and do you want to spite her by spoiling your pumps?"

"Oh, everything has been disagreeable tonight. I was tired to death of jigging and gallanting, and that bother about the hornpipes. And I'd got to dance with the other Miss Gunn," said Godfrey, glad of the subterfuge his uncle had suggested to him.

The prevarication and white lies which a mind that keeps itself ambitiously pure is as uneasy under as a great artist under the false touches that no eye detects but his own, are worn as lightly as mere trimmings when once the actions have become a lie.

Godfrey reappeared in the White Parlor with dry feet, and, since the truth must be told, with a sense of relief and gladness that was too strong for painful thoughts to struggle with. For could he not venture now, whenever opportunity offered, to say the tenderest things to Nancy Lammeter—to promise her and himself that he would always be just what she would desire to see him? There was no danger that his dead wife would be recognized; those were not days of active inquiry and wide report; and as for the registry of their marriage, that was a long way off, buried in unturned pages, away from everyone's interest but his own. Dunsey might betray him if he came back; but Dunsey might be won to silence.

And when events turn out so much better for a man than he has had reason to dread, is it not a proof that his conduct has been less foolish and blameworthy than it might otherwise have appeared? When we are treated well, we naturally begin to think that we are not altogether unmeritorious, and that it is only just we should treat ourselves well, and not mar our own good fortune. Where, after all, would be the use of his confessing the past to Nancy Lammeter, and throwing away his happiness?—nay, hers? for he felt some confidence that she loved him. As for the child, he would see that it was cared for; he would never forsake it; he would do everything but own it. Perhaps it would be just as happy in life without being owned by its father, seeing that nobody could tell how things would turn out, and that—is there any other reason wanted?—well, then, that the father would be much happier without owning the child.

CHAPTER XIV

There was a pauper's burial that week in Raveloe, and up Kench Yard at Batherley it was known that the dark-haired woman with the fair child, who had lately come to lodge there, was gone away again. That was all the express note taken that Molly had disappeared from the eyes of men. But the unwept death which, to the general lot, seemed as trivial as the summer-shed leaf, was charged with the force of destiny to certain human lives that we know of, shaping their joys and sorrows even to the end.

Silas Marner's determination to keep the "tramp's child" was matter of hardly less surprise and iterated talk in the village than the robbery of his money. That softening of feeling toward him which dated from his misfortune, that merging of suspicion and dislike in a rather contemptuous pity for him as lone and crazy, was now accompanied with a more active sympathy, especially amongst the women. Notable mothers, who knew what it was to keep children "whole and sweet"; lazy mothers, who knew what it was to be interrupted in folding their arms and scratching their elbows by the mischievous propensities of children just firm on their legs, were equally interested in conjecturing how a lone man would manage with a two-year-old child on his hands, and were equally ready with their suggestions: the notable chiefly telling him what he had better do, and the lazy ones being emphatic in telling him what he would never be able to do.

Among the notable mothers, Dolly Winthrop was the one whose neighborly offices were the most acceptable to Marner, for they were rendered without any show of bustling instruction. Silas had shown her the half-guinea given to him by Godfrey, and had asked her what he should do about getting some clothes for the child.

"Eh, Master Marner," said Dolly, "there's no call to buy no more nor a pair o' shoes; for I've got the little petticoats as Aaron wore five years ago, and it's ill spending the money on them baby-clothes, for the child 'ull grow like grass i' May, bless it—that it will."

And the same day Dolly brought her bundle, and displayed to Marner, one by one, the tiny garments in their due order of succession, most of them patched and darned, but clean and neat as fresh-sprung herbs. This was the introduction to a great ceremony with soap and water, from which Baby came out in new beauty, and sat on Dolly's knee, handling her toes and

51. **Notable**, skillful in household management.

chuckling and patting her palms together with an air of having made several discoveries about herself, which she communicated by alternate sounds of "gug-gug-gug," and "mammy." The "mammy" was not a cry of need or uneasiness; Baby had been used to utter it without expecting either tender sound or touch to follow.

"Anybody 'ud think the angils in heaven couldn't be prettier," said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. "And to think of its being covered wi' them dirty rags—and the poor mother—froze to death; but there's Them as took care of it, and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. Didn't you say the door was open?"

"Yes," said Silas, meditatively. "Yes—the door was open. The money's gone I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where."

He had not mentioned to anyone his unconsciousness of the child's entrance, shrinking from questions which might lead to the fact he himself suspected—namely, that he had been in one of his trances.

"Ah," said Dolly, with soothing gravity, "it's like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest—one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. We may strive and scrat and fend, but it's little we can do arter all—the big things come and go wi' no striving o' our'n—they do, that they do; and I think you're in the right on it to keep the little un, Master Marner, seeing as it's been sent to you, though there's folks as thinks different. You'll happen be a bit moithered with it while it's so little; but I'll come, and welcome, and see to it for you; I've a bit o' time to spare most days, for when one gets up betimes i' the morning, the clock seems to stan' still tow'rt ten, afore it's time to go about the victual. So, as I say, I'll come and see to the child for you, and welcome."

"Thank you . . . kindly," said Silas, hesitating a little. "I'll be glad if you'll tell me things. But," he added, uneasily, leaning forward to look at Baby with some jealousy, as she was resting her head backward against Dolly's arm, and eyeing him contentedly from a distance—"But I want to do things for it myself, else it may get fond o' somebody else, and not fond o' me. I've been used to fending for myself in the house—I can learn, I can learn."

"Eh, to be sure," said Dolly, gently. "I've seen men as are wonderful handy wi' children. The men are awk'ard and contrairy mostly, God help 'em—but when the drink's out of 'em, they aren't unsensible, though they're bad for leeching and bandaging—so fiery and unpatient. You see this goes first, next the skin," proceeded Dolly, taking up the little shirt, and putting it on.

"Yes," said Marner, docilely, bringing his eyes very close, that they might be initiated in the mysteries; whereupon Baby seized his head with both her small arms, and put her lips against his face with purring noises.

"See there," said Dolly, with a woman's tender tact, "she's fondest o' you. She wants to go o' your lap, I'll be bound. Go, then; take her, Master Marner; you can put the things on, and then you can say as you've done for her from the first of her coming to you."

Marner took her on his lap, trembling with an emotion mysterious to himself, at something unknown dawning on his life. Thought and feeling

38 scrat and fend, scratch and work. 46. moithered, perplexed.

were so confused within him that if he had tried to give them utterance he could only have said that the child was come instead of the gold—that the gold had turned into the child. He took the garments from Dolly, and put them on under her teaching, interrupted, of course, by Baby's gymnastics.

"There, then! why, you take to it quite easy, Master Marner," said Dolly; "but what shall you do when you're forced to sit in your loom? For she'll get busier and mischievouser every day —she will, bless her. It's lucky as you've got that high hearth i'stead of a grate, for that keeps the fire more out of her reach; but if you've got anything as can be split or broke, or as is fit to cut her fingers off, she'll be at it—and it is but right you should know."

Silas meditated a little while in some perplexity. "I'll tie her to the leg o' the loom," he said at last—"tie her with a good long strip o' something."

"Well, mayhap that'll do, as it's a little gell, for they're easier persuaded to sit i' one place nor the lads. I know what the lads are; for I've had four—four I've had, God knows—and if you was to take and tie 'em up, they'd make a fighting and a crying as if you was ringing the pigs. But I'll bring you my little chair, and some bits o' red rag and things for her to play wi'; an' she'll sit and chatter to 'em as if they was alive. Eh, if it wasn't a sin to the lads to wish 'em made different, bless 'em, I should ha' been glad for one of 'em to be a little gell; and to think as I could ha' taught her to scour, and mend, and the knitting, and everything. But I can teach 'em this little un, Master Marner, when she gets old enough." "But she'll be *my* little un," said Marner, rather hastily. "She'll be nobody else's."

"No, to be sure; you'll have a right to her, if you're a father to her, and bring her up according. But," added Dolly, coming to a point which she had determined beforehand to touch upon, "you must bring her up like christened folk's children, and take her to church, and let her learn the catechise, as my little Aaron can say off—the 'I believe,' and everything, and 'hurt nobody by word or deed,'—as well as if he was the clerk. That's what you must do, Master Marner, if you'd do the right thing by the orphin child."

Marner's pale face flushed suddenly under a new anxiety. His mind was too busy trying to give some definite bearing to Dolly's words for him to think of answering her.

"And it's my belief," she went on, "as the poor little creature has never been christened, and it's nothing but right as the parson should be spoke to; and if you was noways unwilling, I'd talk to Mr. Macey about it this very day. For if the child ever went anyways wrong, and you hadn't done your part by it, Master Marner—'noculation, and everything to save it from harm—it 'ud be a thorn i' your bed forever o' this side the grave; and I can't think as it 'ud be easy lying down for anybody when they'd got to another world, if they hadn't done their part by the helpless children as come wi'out their own asking."

Dolly herself was disposed to be silent for some time now, for she had spoken from the depths of her own simple belief, and was much concerned to know whether her words would produce the desired effect on Silas. He was puzzled and anxious, for Dolly's word "christened" conveyed no distinct meaning to him. He had only heard of baptism, and had only seen the baptism of grown-up men and women.

33. **ringing the pigs**, putting rings in the pigs' noses, to keep them from injuring the ground by rooting.

75. **'noculation**, vaccination.

"What is it as you mean by 'christened'?" he said at last, timidly. "Won't folks be good to her without it?"

"Dear, dear! Master Marner," said Dolly, with gentle distress and compassion. "Had you never no father nor mother as taught you to say your prayers, and as there's good words and good things to keep us from harm?"

"Yes," said Silas, in a low voice; "I know a deal about that—used to, used to. But your ways are different; my country was a good way off." He paused a few moments, and then added, more decidedly, "But I want to do everything as can be done for the child. And whatever's right for it i' this country, and you think 'ull do it good, I'll act according, if you'll tell me."

"Well, then, Master Marner," said Dolly, inwardly rejoiced, "I'll ask Mr. Macey to speak to the parson about it; and you must fix on a name for it, because it must have a name giv' it when it's christened."

"My mother's name was Hephzibah," said Silas, "and my little sister was named after her."

"Eh, that's a hard name," said Dolly. "I partly think it isn't a christened name."

"It's a Bible name," said Silas, old ideas recurring.

"Then I've no call to speak again' it," said Dolly, rather startled by Silas's knowledge on this head; "but you see I'm no scholard, and I'm slow at catching the words. My husband says I'm allays like as if I was putting the haft for the handle—that's what he says—for he's very sharp, God help him. But it was awk'ard calling your little sister by such a hard name, when you'd got nothing big to say, like—wasn't it, Master Marner?"

"We called her Eppie," said Silas.

"Well, if it was noways wrong to shorten the name, it 'ud be a deal handier. And so I'll go now, Master Marner, and I'll speak about the christening afore dark, and I wish you the best o' luck, and it's my belief as it'll come to you, if you do what's right by the orphin child—and there's the 'noculation to be seen to; and as to washing its bits o' things, you need look to nobody but me, for I can do 'em wi' one hand when I've got my suds about. Eh, the blessed angil! You'll let me bring my Aaron one o' these days, and he'll show her his little cart as his father's made for him, and the black-and-white pup as he's got a-rearing."

Baby *was* christened, the Rector deciding that a double baptism was the lesser risk to incur; and on this occasion Silas, making himself as clean and tidy as he could, appeared for the first time within the church, and shared in the observances held sacred by his neighbors. He was quite unable, by means of anything he heard or saw, to identify the Raveloe religion with his old faith; if he could at any time in his previous life have done so, it must have been by the aid of a strong feeling ready to vibrate with sympathy, rather than by a comparison of phrases and ideas; and now for long years that feeling had been dormant. He had no distinct idea about the baptism and the church-going, except that Dolly had said it was for the good of the child; and in this way, as the weeks grew to months, the child created fresh and fresh links between his life and the lives from which he had hitherto shrunk continually into narrower isolation. Unlike the gold which needed nothing, and must be worshiped in close-locked solitude—which was hidden away from the daylight, was deaf to the song of birds, and started to no human tones—Eppie was a creature of endless claims and ever-growing desires, seeking and loving sunshine, and living sounds, and living movements;

making trial of everything, with trust in new joy, and stirring the human kindness in all eyes that looked on her. The gold had kept his thoughts in an ever-repeated circle, leading to nothing beyond itself; but Eppie was an object compacted of changes and hopes that forced his thoughts onward, and carried them far away from their old eager pacing toward the same blank limit—carried them away to the new things that would come with the coming years, when Eppie would have learned to understand how her father Silas cared for her; and made him look for images of that time in the ties and charities that bound together the families of his neighbors. The gold had asked that he should sit weaving longer and longer, deafened and blinded more and more to all things except the monotony of his loom and the repetition of his web; but Eppie called him away from his weaving, and made him think all its pauses a holiday, reawakening his senses with her fresh life, even to the old winter-flies that came crawling forth in the early spring sunshine, and warming him into joy because *she* had joy.

And when the sunshine grew strong and lasting, so that the buttercups were thick in the meadows, Silas might be seen in the sunny midday, or in the late afternoon when the shadows were lengthening under the hedgerows, strolling out with uncovered head to carry Eppie beyond the Stone-pits to where the flowers grew, till they reached some favorite bank where he could sit down, while Eppie toddled to pluck the flowers, and make remarks to the winged things that murmured happily above the bright petals, calling "Dad-dad's" attention continually by bringing him the flowers. Then she would turn her ear to some sudden bird-note, and Silas learned to please her by making signs of hushed stillness, that they might listen for the note to come again; so that when it came, she set up her small back and laughed with gurgling triumph. Sitting on the banks in this way, Silas began to look for the once familiar herbs again; and as the leaves, with their unchanged outline and markings, lay on his palm, there was a sense of crowding remembrances from which he turned away timidly, taking refuge in Eppie's little world, that lay lightly on his enfeebled spirit.

As the child's mind was growing into knowledge, his mind was growing into memory; as her life unfolded, his soul, long stupified in a cold, narrow prison, was unfolding too, and trembling gradually into full consciousness.

It was an influence which must gather force with every new year; the tones that stirred Silas's heart grew articulate, and called for more distinct answers; shapes and sounds grew clearer for Eppie's eyes and ears, and there was more that "Dad-dad" was imperatively required to notice and account for. Also, by the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas's patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration. Sorely was poor Silas puzzled on such occasions by the incompatible demands of love. Dolly Winthrop told him that punishment was good for Eppie, and that, as for rearing a child without making it tingle a little in soft and safe places now and then, it was not to be done.

"To be sure, there's another thing you might do, Master Marner," added Dolly, meditatively; "you might shut her up once i' the coal-hole. That was what I did wi' Aaron; for I was that silly wi' the youngest lad, as I could never bear to smack him. Not as I could find i' my heart to let him stay

i' the coal-hole more nor a minute, but it was enough to colly him all over, so as he must be new washed and dressed, and it was as good as a rod to him—that was. But I put it upo' your conscience, Master Marner, as there's one of 'em you must choose — ayther smacking or the coal-hole—else she'll get so masterful there'll be no holding her."

Silas was impressed with the melancholy truth of this last remark; but his force of mind failed before the only two penal methods open to him, not only because it was painful to him to hurt Eppie, but because he trembled at a moment's contention with her, lest she should love him the less for it. Let even an affectionate Goliath get himself tied to a small, tender thing, dreading to hurt it by pulling, and dreading still more to snap the cord, and which of the two, pray, will be master? It was clear that Eppie, with her short, toddling steps must lead father Silas a pretty dance on any fine morning when circumstances favored mischief.

For example. He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy; it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing. One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors, owing to an especial warning of Dolly's, had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had had a peculiar attraction for her ear, and watching the results of that click, she had derived the philosophic lesson that the same cause would produce the same effect. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again, setting up her back as a mode of concealing the fact. She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him: Eppie had run out by herself—had perhaps fallen into the Stone-pit. Silas, shaken by the worst fear that could have befallen him, rushed out, calling "Eppie!" and ran eagerly about the unenclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had she been out? There was one hope—that she had crept through the stile and got into the fields, where he habitually took her to stroll. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her, if she were there, except by a close search that would be a trespass on Mr. Osgood's crop. Still, that misdemeanor must be committed; and poor Silas, after peering all round the hedgerows, traversed the grass, beginning with perturbed vision to see Eppie behind every group of red sorrel, and to see her moving always farther off as he approached. The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope toward a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so

2. **colly**, blacken. 19. **Goliath**, see I *Samuel* xvii, 23-54.

as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud. Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and "make her remember." The idea that she might run away again and come to harm gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole, a small closet near the hearth.

"Naughty, naughty Eppie," he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes—"naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole."

He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, "Opy, opy!" and Silas let her out again, saying, "Now Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go into the coal-hole—a black, naughty place."

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in de toal-hole!"

This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's belief in the efficacy of punishment. "She'd take it all for fun," he observed to Dolly, "if I didn't hurt her, and that I can't do, Mrs. Winthrop. If she makes me a bit o' trouble, I can bear it. And she's got no tricks but what she'll grow out of."

"Well, that's partly true, Master Marner," said Dolly, sympathetically; "and if you can't bring your mind to frighten her off touching things, you must do what you can to keep 'em out of her way. That's what I do wi' the pups as the lads are allays a-rearing. They *will* worry and gnaw—worry and gnaw they will, if it was one's Sunday cap as hung anywhere so as they could drag it. They know no difference, God help 'em; it's the pushing o' the teeth as sets 'em on, that's what it is."

So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne vicariously by father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience; and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut she knew nothing of frowns and denials.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of carrying her and his yarn or linen at the same time, Silas took her with him in most of his journeys to the farm-houses, unwilling to leave her behind at Dolly Winthrop's, who was always ready to take care of her; and little curly-headed Eppie, the weaver's child, became an object of interest at several outlying homesteads, as well as in the village. Hitherto he had been treated very much as if he had been a useful gnome or brownie—a queer and unaccountable creature, who must necessarily be looked at with wondering curiosity and repulsion, and with whom one would be glad to make all greetings and bargains as brief as possible, but who must be dealt with in a propitiatory way, and occasionally have a present of pork or garden-stuff to carry home with him, seeing that without him there was no getting the yarn woven. But now Silas met with open smiling faces and cheerful questioning, as a person whose satisfactions and difficulties could be understood. Everywhere he must sit a little and talk about the child, and words of interest were always ready for him: "Ah, Master Marner, you'll be lucky if she takes the measles soon and easy!"—or, "Why, there isn't many lone men 'ud ha' been wishing to take up with a little un like that; but I reckon the weaving makes you handier than men as do outdoor work—you're partly as handy as a woman, for weaving comes next to spinning." Elderly masters and mistresses, seated observantly in large kitchen armchairs, shook their heads over the difficulties attendant on rearing children, felt Eppie's round arms and legs, and pronounced them remarkably firm, and told Silas that, if she turned out well (which, however, there was no telling), it would be a fine thing for him to have a steady lass to do for him when he got helpless. Servant maidens were fond of carrying her out to look at the hens and chickens, or to see if any cherries could be shaken down in the orchard; and the small boys and girls approached her slowly, with cautious movement and steady gaze, like little dogs face to face with one of their own kind, till attraction had reached the point at which the soft lips were put out for a kiss. No child was afraid of approaching Silas when Eppie was near him. There was no repulsion around him now, either for young or old; for the little child had come to link him once more with the whole world. There was love between him and the child that blended them into one, and there was love between the child and the world— from men and women with parental looks and tones, to the red ladybirds and the round pebbles.

Silas began now to think of Raveloe life entirely in relation to Eppie; she must have everything that was good in Raveloe; and he listened docilely, that he might come to understand better what this life was, from which, for fifteen years, he had stood aloof as from a strange thing, wherewith he could have no communion; as some man who has a precious plant to which he would give a nurturing home in a new soil thinks of the rain and the sunshine, and all influences, in relation to his nursling, and asks industriously for all knowledge that will help him to satisfy the wants of the searching roots, or to guard leaf and bud from invading harm. The disposition to hoard had been utterly crushed at the very first by the loss of his long-stored gold; the coins he earned afterwards seemed as irrelevant as stones brought to complete a house suddenly buried by an earthquake; the sense of bereavement was too heavy upon him for the old thrill of satisfaction to

arise again at the touch of the newly earned coin. And now something had come to replace his hoard which gave a growing purpose to the earnings, drawing his hope and joy continually onward beyond the money.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

CHAPTER XV

There was one person, as you will believe, who watched with keener, though more hidden, interest than any other, the prosperous growth of Eppie under the weaver's care. He dared not do anything that would imply a stronger interest in a poor man's adopted child than could be expected from the kindliness of the young Squire, when a chance meeting suggested a little present to a simple old fellow whom others noticed with goodwill; but he told himself that the time would come when he might do something toward furthering the welfare of his daughter without incurring suspicion. Was he very uneasy in the meantime at his inability to give his daughter her birthright? I cannot say that he was. The child was being taken care of, and would very likely be happy, as people in humble stations often were—happier, perhaps, than those brought up in luxury.

That famous ring that pricked its owner when he forgot duty and followed desire—I wonder if it pricked very hard when he set out on the chase, or whether it pricked but lightly then, and only pierced to the quick when the chase had long been ended, and hope, folding her wings, looked backward and became regret?

Godfrey Cass's cheek and eye were brighter than ever now. He was so undivided in his aims that he seemed like a man of firmness. No Dunsey had come back; people had made up their minds that he was gone for a soldier, or gone "out of the country," and no one cared to be specific in their inquiries on a subject delicate to a respectable family. Godfrey had ceased to see the shadow of Dunsey across his path; and the path now lay straight forward to the accomplishment of his best, longest-cherished wishes. Everybody said Mr. Godfrey had taken the right turn; and it was pretty clear what would be the end of things, for there were not many days in the week that he was not seen riding to the Warrens. Godfrey himself, when he was asked jocosely if the day had been fixed, smiled with the pleasant consciousness of a lover who could say yes if he liked. He felt a reformed man, delivered from temptation; and the vision of his future life seemed to him as a promised land for which he had no cause to fight. He saw himself with all his happiness centered on his own hearth, while Nancy would smile on him as he played with the children.

And that other child, not on the hearth—he would not forget it; he would see that it was well provided for. That was a father's duty.

7. **angels**, see *Genesis* xix.

42. **famous ring.** The story is in an old French tale.

PART II

CHAPTER XVI*

It was a bright autumn Sunday, sixteen years after Silas Marner had found his new treasure on the hearth. The bells of the old Raveloe church were ringing the cheerful peal that told that the morning service was ended; and out of the arched doorway in the tower came slowly, retarded by friendly greetings and questions, the richer parishioners who had chosen this bright Sunday morning as eligible for church-going. It was the rural fashion of that time for the more important members of the congregation to depart first, while their humbler neighbors waited and looked on, stroking their bent heads or dropping their curtsies to any large ratepayer who turned to notice them.

Foremost among these advancing groups of well-clad people, there are some whom we shall recognize, in spite of Time, who has laid his hand on them all. The tall, blond man of forty is not much changed in features from the Godfrey Cass of six-and-twenty; he is only fuller in flesh, and has only lost the indefinable look of youth—a loss which is marked even when the eye is undulled and the wrinkles are not yet come. Perhaps the pretty woman, not much younger than he, who is leaning on his arm, is more changed than her husband: the lovely bloom that used to be always on her cheek now comes but fitfully, with the fresh morning air or with some strong surprise; yet to all who love human faces best for what they tell of human experience, Nancy's beauty has a heightened interest. Often the soul is ripened into fuller goodness while age has spread an ugly film, so that mere glances can never divine the preciousness of the fruit. But the years have not been so cruel to Nancy. The firm yet placid mouth, the clear, veracious glance of the brown eyes, speak now of a nature that has been tested and has kept its highest qualities; and even the costume, with its dainty neatness and purity, has more significance now the coquetries of youth can have nothing to do with it.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Cass (any higher title has died away from Raveloe lips since the old Squire was gathered to his fathers and his inheritance was divided) have turned round to look for the tall, aged man and the plainly dressed woman who are a little behind—Nancy having observed that they must wait for "father and Priscilla"—and now they all turn into a narrower path leading across the churchyard to a small gate opposite the Red House. We will not follow them now; for may there not be some others in this departing congregation whom we should like to see again— some of those who are not likely to be handsomely clad, and whom we may not recognize so easily as the master and mistress of the Red House?

But it is impossible to mistake Silas Marner. His large brown eyes seem to have gathered a longer vision, as is the way with eyes that have been shortsighted in early life, and they have a less vague, a more answering, gaze; but in everything else one sees signs of a frame much enfeebled by the lapse of the sixteen years. The weaver's bent shoulders and white hair give him almost the look of advanced age, though he is not more than five-and-fifty; but there is the freshest blossom of youth close by his side—a blond, dimpled girl of eighteen, who

*Notes and Questions on the various chapters of *Silas Marner* appear at the end of the story, pages 257 to 261.

18. ratepayer, local taxpayer.

has vainly tried to chastise her curly auburn hair into smoothness under her brown bonnet; the hair ripples as obstinately as a brooklet under the March breeze, and the little ringlets burst away from the restraining comb behind and show themselves below the bonnet crown. Eppie cannot help being rather vexed about her hair, for there is no other girl in Raveloe who has hair at all like it, and she thinks hair ought to be smooth. She does not like to be blameworthy even in small things; you see how neatly her prayer-book is folded in her spotted handkerchief.

That good-looking young fellow, in a new fustian suit, who walks behind her, is not quite sure upon the question of hair in the abstract, when Eppie puts it to him, and thinks that perhaps straight hair is the best in general, but he doesn't want Eppie's hair to be different. She surely divines that there is someone behind her who is thinking about her very particularly, and mustering courage to come to her side as soon as they are out in the lane, else why should she look rather shy, and take care not to turn away her head from her father Silas, to whom she keeps murmuring little sentences as to who was at church, and who was not at church, and how pretty the red mountain-ash is over the Rectory wall!

"I wish *we* had a little garden, father, with double daisies in it, like Mrs. Winthrop's," said Eppie, when they were out in the lane; "only they say it 'ud take a deal of digging and bringing fresh soil—and you couldn't do that, could you, father? Anyhow, I shouldn't like you to do it, for it 'ud be too hard work for you."

"Yes, I could do it, child, if you want a bit o' garden; these long evenings, I could work at taking in a little bit o' the waste, just enough for a root or two o' flowers for you; and again, i' the morning, I could have a turn wi' the spade before I sat down to the loom. Why didn't you tell me before as you wanted a bit o' garden?"

"*I* can dig it for you, Master Marner," said the young man in fustian, who was now by Eppie's side, entering into the conversation without the trouble of formalities. "It'll be play to me after I've done my day's work, or any odd bits o' time when the work's slack. And I'll bring you some soil from Mr. Cass's garden—he'll let me, and willing."

"Eh, Aaron, my lad, are you there?" said Silas; "I wasn't aware of you; for when Eppie's talking o' things, I see nothing but what's she's a-saying. Well, if you could help me with the digging, we might get her a bit o' garden all the sooner."

"Then, if you think well and good," said Aaron, "I'll come to the Stone-pits this afternoon, and we'll settle what land's to be taken in, and I'll get up an hour earlier i' the morning, and begin on it."

"But not if you don't promise me not to work at the hard digging, father," said Eppie. "For I shouldn't ha' said anything about it," she added, half-bashfully, half-roguishly, "only Mrs. Winthrop said as Aaron 'ud be so good, and——"

"And you might ha' known it without her telling you," said Aaron. "And Master Marner knows too, I hope, as I'm able and willing to do a turn o' work for him, and he won't do me the unkindness to anyways take it out o' my hands."

"There, now, father, you won't work in it till it's all easy," said Eppie, "and you and me can mark out the beds, and make holes and plant the roots. It'll be a deal livelier at the Stone-pits when we've got some flowers, for I always think the flowers can see us, and know what we're talking

about. And I'll have a bit of rosemary, and bergamot, and thyme, because they're so sweet-smelling; but there's no lavender only in the gentlefolks' gardens, I think."

"That's no reason why you shouldn't have some," said Aaron, "for I can bring you slips of anything; I'm forced to cut no end of 'em when I'm gardening, and I throw 'em away mostly. There's a big bed o' lavender at the Red House; the missus is very fond of it."

"Well," said Silas, gravely, "so as you don't make free for us, or ask for anything as is worth much at the Red House; for Mr. Cass's been so good to us, and built us up the new end o' the cottage, and given us beds and things, as I couldn't abide to be imposin' for garden-stuff or anything else."

"No, no, there's no imposin'," said Aaron; "there's never a garden in all the parish but what there's endless waste in it for want o' somebody as could use everything up. It's what I think to myself sometimes, as there need nobody run short o' victuals if the land was made the most on, and there was never a morsel but what could find its way to a mouth. It sets one thinking o' that—gardening does. But I must go back now, else mother 'ull be in trouble as I aren't there."

"Bring her with you this afternoon, Aaron," said Eppie; "I shouldn't like to fix about the garden, and her not know everything from the first—should *you*, father?"

"Aye, bring her if you can, Aaron," said Silas; "she's sure to have a word to say as'll help us to set things on their right end." Aaron turned back up the village, while Silas and Eppie went on up the lonely, sheltered lane.

"O daddy!" she began, when they were in privacy, clasping and squeezing Silas's arm, and skipping round to give him an energetic kiss. "My little old daddy! I'm so glad. I don't think I shall want anything else when we've got a little garden; and I knew Aaron would dig it for us," she went on with roguish triumph—"I knew that very well."

"You're a deep little puss, you are," said Silas, with the mild, passive happiness of love-crowned age in his face; "but you'll make yourself fine and beholden to Aaron."

"O no, I shan't," said Eppie, laughing and frisking; "he likes it."

"Come, come, let me carry your prayer-book, else you'll be dropping it, jumping i' that way."

Eppie was now aware that her behavior was under observation, but it was only the observation of a friendly donkey, browsing with a log fastened to his foot—a meek donkey, not scornfully critical of human trivialities, but thankful to share in them, if possible, by getting his nose scratched; and Eppie did not fail to gratify him with her usual notice, though it was attended with the inconvenience of his following them, painfully, up to the very door of their home.

But the sound of a sharp bark inside, as Eppie put the key in the door, modified the donkey's views, and he limped away again without bidding. The sharp bark was the sign of an excited welcome that was awaiting them from a knowing brown terrier, who, after dancing at their legs in a hysterical manner, rushed with a worrying noise at a tortoise-shell kitten under the loom, and then rushed back with a sharp bark again, as much as to say, "I have done my duty by this feeble creature, you perceive"; while the lady-mother of the kitten sat sunning her white bosom in the window, and looked round with a sleepy air of expecting caresses, though she was not going to take any trouble for them.

The presence of this happy animal life was not the only change which had come over the interior of the stone cottage. There was no bed now in the living-room, and the small space was well filled with decent furniture, all bright and clean enough to satisfy Dolly Winthrop's eye. The oaken table and three-cornered oaken chair were hardly what was likely to be seen in so poor a cottage; they had come, with the beds and other things, from the Red House; for Mr. Godfrey Cass, as everyone said in the village, did very kindly by the weaver; and it was nothing but right a man should be looked on and helped by those who could afford it, when he had brought up an orphan child, and been father and mother to her—and had lost his money too, so as he had nothing but what he worked for week by week, and when the weaving was going down too —for there was less and less flax spun —and Master Marner was none so young. Nobody was jealous of the weaver, for he was regarded as an exceptional person whose claims on neighborly help were not to be matched in Raveloe. Any superstition that remained concerning him had taken an entirely new color; and Mr. Macey, now a very feeble old man of fourscore and six, never seen except in his chimney-corner or sitting in the sunshine at his doorsill, was of opinion that when a man had done what Silas had done by an orphan child, it was a sign that his money would come to light again, or leastwise that the robber would be made to answer for it—for, as Mr. Macey observed of himself, his faculties were as strong as ever.

Silas sat down now and watched Eppie with a satisfied gaze as she spread the clean cloth, and set on it the potato pie, warmed up slowly in a safe Sunday fashion, by being put into a dry spot over a slowly-dying fire, as the best substitute for an oven. For Silas would not consent to have a grate and oven added to his conveniences; he loved the old brick hearth as he had loved his brown pot—and was it not there when he had found Eppie? The gods of the hearth exist for us still; and let all new faith be tolerant of that fetishism, lest it bruise its own roots.

Silas ate his dinner more silently than usual, soon laying down his knife and fork, and watching half-abstractedly Eppie's play with Snap and the cat, by which her own dining was made rather a lengthy business. Yet it was a sight that might well arrest wandering thoughts: Eppie, with the rippling radiance of her hair and the whiteness of her rounded chin and throat set off by the dark-blue cotton gown, laughing merrily as the kitten held on with her four claws to one shoulder, like a design for a jug-handle, while Snap on the right hand and Puss on the other put up their paws toward a morsel which she held out of the reach of both—Snap occasionally desisting in order to remonstrate with the cat by a cogent worrying growl on the greediness and futility of her conduct; till Eppie relented, caressed them both, and divided the morsel between them.

But at last Eppie, glancing at the clock, checked the play, and said, "O daddy, you're wanting to go into the sunshine to smoke your pipe. But I must clear away first, so as the house may be tidy when godmother comes. I'll make haste—I won't be long."

Silas had taken to smoking a pipe daily during the last two years, having been strongly urged to it by the sages of Raveloe, as a practice "good for the fits"; and this advice was sanctioned by Dr. Kimble, on the

56. **gods of the hearth**, Roman household deities, small images of which were kept over the fireplace.

ground that it was as well to try what could do no harm—a principle which was made to answer for a great deal of work in that gentleman's medical practice. Silas did not highly enjoy smoking, and often wondered how his neighbors could be so fond of it; but a humble sort of acquiescence in what was held to be good had become a strong habit of that new self which had been developed in him since he had found Eppie on his hearth; it had been the only clew his bewildered mind could hold by in cherishing this young life that had been sent to him out of the darkness into which his gold had departed. By seeking what was needful for Eppie, by sharing the effect that everything produced on her, he had himself come to appropriate the forms of custom and belief which were the mold of Raveloe life; and as, with reawakening sensibilities, memory also reawakened, he had begun to ponder over the elements of his old faith, and blend them with his new impressions, till he recovered a consciousness of unity between his past and present. The sense of presiding goodness and the human trust which come with all pure peace and joy had given him a dim impression that there had been some error, some mistake, which had thrown that dark shadow over the days of his best years; and as it grew more and more easy to him to open his mind to Dolly Winthrop, he gradually communicated to her all he could describe of his early life. The communication was necessarily a slow and difficult process, for Silas's meager power of explanation was not aided by any readiness of interpretation in Dolly, whose narrow outward experience gave her no key to strange customs, and made every novelty a source of wonder that arrested them at every step of the narrative. It was only by fragments, and at intervals which left Dolly time to revolve what she had heard till it acquired some familiarity for her, that Silas at last arrived at the climax of the sad story—the drawing of lots, and its false testimony concerning him; and this had to be repeated in several interviews, under new questions on her part as to the nature of this plan for detecting the guilty and clearing the innocent.

"And yourn's the same Bible, you're sure o' that, Master Marner—the Bible as you brought wi' you from that country—it's the same as what they've got at church, and what Eppie's a-learning to read in?"

"Yes," said Silas, "every bit the same; and there's drawing o' lots in the Bible, mind you," he added in a lower tone.

"O dear, dear," said Dolly in a grieved voice, as if she were hearing an unfavorable report of a sick man's case. She was silent for some minutes; at last she said:

"There's wise folks, happen, as know how it all is; the parson knows, I'll be bound; but it takes big words to tell them things, and such as poor folks can't make much out on. I can never rightly know the meaning o' what I hear at church, only a bit here and there, but I know it's good words—I do. But what lies upo' your mind—it's this, Master Marner; as, if Them above had done the right thing by you, They'd never ha' let you be turned out for a wicked thief when you was innicent."

"Ah!" said Silas, who had now come to understand Dolly's phraseology, "that was what fell on me like as if it had been red-hot iron; because, you see, there was nobody as cared for me or clave to me above nor below. And him as I'd gone out and in wi' for ten year and more, since when we was lads and went halves—mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, had

lifted up his heel again' me, and worked to ruin me."

"Eh, but he was a bad un—I can't think as there's another such," said Dolly. "But I'm o'ercome, Master Marner; I'm like as if I'd waked and didn't know whether it was night or morning. I feel somehow as sure as I do when I've laid something up, though I can't justly put my hand on it, as there was a rights in what happened to you, if one could but make it out; and you'd no call to lose heart as you did. But we'll talk on it again; for sometimes things come into my head when I'm leeching or poulticing, or such, as I could never think on when I was sitting still."

Dolly was too useful a woman not to have many opportunities of illumination of the kind she alluded to, and she was not long before she recurred to the subject.

"Master Marner," she said, one day that she came to bring home Eppie's washing, "I've been sore puzzled for a good bit wi' that trouble o' yourn and the drawing o' lots; and it got twisted back'ards and for'ards, as I didn't know which end to lay hold on. But it come to me all clear like that night when I was sitting up wi' poor Bessy Fawkes, as is dead and left her children behind, God help 'em—it come to me as clear as daylight; but whether I've got hold on it now, or can anyways bring it to my tongue's end, that I don't know. For I've often a deal inside me as'll never come out; and for what you talk o' your folks in your old country niver saying prayers by heart nor saying 'em out of a book, they must be wonderful cliver; for if I didn't know 'Our Father,' and little bits o' good words as I can carry out o' church wi' me, I might down o' my knees every night, but nothing could I say."

"But you can mostly say something as I can make sense on, Mrs. Winthrop," said Silas.

"Well, then, Master Marner, it come to me summat like this: I can make nothing o' the drawings o' lots and the answer coming wrong; it 'ud mayhap take the parson to tell that, and he could only tell us i' big words. But what come to me as clear as the daylight—it was when I was troubling over poor Bessy Fawkes, and it allays comes into my head when I'm sorry for folks, and feel as I can't do a power to help 'em, not if I was to get up i' the middle o' the night—it comes into my head as Them above has got a deal tenderer heart nor what I've got—for I can't be anyways better nor Them as made me; and if anything looks hard to me, it's because there's things I don't know on; and for the matter o' that, there may be plenty o' things I don't know on, for it's little as I know—that it is. And so, while I was thinking o' that, you come into my mind, Master Marner, and it all come pouring in—if *I* felt i' my inside what was the right and just thing by you, and them as prayed and drawed the lots, all but that wicked un, if *they*'d ha' done the right thing by you if they could, isn't there Them as was at the making on us, and knows better and has a better will? And that's all as ever I can be sure on, and everything else is a big puzzle to me when I think on it. For there was the fever come and took off them as were full-growed, and left the helpless children; and there's the breaking o' limbs; and them as 'ud do right and be sober have to suffer by them as are contrairy—eh, there's trouble i' this world, and there's things as we can niver make out the rights on. And all as we've got to do is to trusten, Master Marner—to do the right thing as fur as we know, and to trusten. For if us as knows so little can see a bit o' good and rights, we

THE DAME SCHOOL ATTENDED BY GEORGE ELIOT IN HER CHILDHOOD

may be sure as there's a good and a rights bigger nor what we can know—I feel it i' my own inside as it must be so. And if you could but ha' gone on trustening, Master Marner, you wouldn't ha' run away from your fellow-creatures and been so lone."

"Ah, but that 'ud ha' been hard," said Silas, in an undertone; "it 'ud been hard to trusten then."

"And so it would," said Dolly, almost with compunction; "them things are easier said nor done; and I'm partly ashamed o' talking."

"Nay, nay," said Silas, "you're i' the right, Mrs. Winthrop—you're i' the right. There's good i' this world—I've a feeling o' that now; and it makes a man feel as there's a good more nor he can see, i' spite o' the trouble and the wickedness. That drawing o' the lots is dark; but the child was sent to me; there's dealings with us—there's dealings."

This dialogue took place in Eppie's earlier years, when Silas had to part with her for two hours every day, that she might learn to read at the dame school, after he had vainly tried himself to guide her in that first step to learning. Now that she was grown up, Silas had often been led, in those moments of quiet outpouring which come to people who live together in perfect love, to talk with *her* too of the past, and how and why he had lived a lonely man until she had been sent to him. For it would have been impossible for him to hide from Eppie that she was not his own child; even if the most delicate reticence on the point could have been expected from Raveloe gossips in her presence, her own questions about her mother could not have been parried, as she grew up, without that complete shrouding of the past which would have made a painful barrier between their minds.

28. **dame school**, a child's school taught by a woman.

So Eppie had long known how her mother had died on the snowy ground, and how she herself had been found on the hearth by father Silas, who had taken her golden curls for his lost guineas brought back to him. The tender and peculiar love with which Silas had reared her in almost inseparable companionship with himself, aided by the seclusion of their dwelling, had preserved her from lowering influences of the village talk and habits, and had kept her mind in that freshness which is sometimes falsely supposed to be an invariable attribute of rusticity. Perfect love has a breath of poetry which can exalt the relations of the least-instructed human beings; and this breath of poetry had surrounded Eppie from the time when she had followed the bright gleam that beckoned her to Silas's hearth; so that it is not surprising if, in other things besides her delicate prettiness, she was not quite a common village maiden, but had a touch of refinement and fervor which came from no other teaching than that of tenderly-nurtured, unvitiated feeling. She was too childish and simple for her imagination to rove into questions about her unknown father; for a long while it did not even occur to her that she must have had a father; and the first time that the idea of her mother having had a husband presented itself to her was when Silas showed her the wedding-ring which had been taken from the wasted finger, and had been carefully preserved by him in a little lacquered box shaped like a shoe. He delivered this box into Eppie's charge when she had grown up, and she often opened it to look at the ring; but still she thought hardly at all about the father of whom it was the symbol. Had she not a father very close to her, who loved her better than any real fathers in the village seemed to love their daughters? On the contrary, who her mother was and how she came to die in that forlornness were questions that often pressed on Eppie's mind. Her knowledge of Mrs. Winthrop, who was her nearest friend next to Silas, made her feel that a mother must be very precious; and she had again and again asked Silas to tell her how her mother looked, whom she was like, and how he had found her against the furze bush, led toward it by the little footsteps and the outstretched arms. The furze bush was there still; and this afternoon, when Eppie came out with Silas into the sunshine, it was the first object that arrested her eyes and thoughts.

"Father," she said, in a tone of gentle gravity, which sometimes came like a sadder, slower cadence across her playfulness, "we shall take the furze bush into the garden; it'll come into the corner, and just against it I'll put snowdrops and crocuses, 'cause Aaron says they won't die out, but'll always get more and more."

"Ah, child," said Silas, always ready to talk when he had his pipe in his hand, apparently enjoying the pauses more than the puffs, "it wouldn't do to leave out the furze bush; and there's nothing prettier to my thinking, when it's yallow with flowers. But it's just come into my head what we're to do for a fence—mayhap Aaron can help us to a thought; but a fence we must have, else the donkeys and things 'ull come and trample everything down. And fencing's hard to be got at, by what I can make out."

"Oh, I'll tell you, daddy," said Eppie, clasping her hands suddenly, after a minute's thought. "There's lots o' loose stones about, some of 'em not big, and we might lay 'em atop of one another, and make a wall. You and me could carry the smallest, and Aaron 'ud carry the rest—I know he would."

"Eh, my precious un," said Silas, "there isn't enough stones to go all around; and as for you carrying, why, wi' your little arms you couldn't carry a stone no bigger than a turnip. You're dillicate made, my dear," he added, with a tender intonation—"that's what Mrs. Winthrop says."

"Oh, I'm stronger than you think, daddy," said Eppie; "and if there wasn't stones enough to go all round, why, they'll go part o' the way, and then it'll be easier to get sticks and things for the rest. See here, round the big pit, what a many stones!"

She skipped forward to the pit, meaning to lift one of the stones and exhibit her strength, but she started back in surprise.

"Oh, father, just come and look here," she exclaimed—"come and see how the water's gone down since yesterday. Why, yesterday the pit was ever so full!"

"Well, to be sure," said Silas, coming to her side. "Why, that's the draining they've begun on, since harvest, i' Mr. Osgood's fields, I reckon. The foreman said to me the other day, when I passed by 'em, 'Master Marner,' he said, 'I shouldn't wonder if we lay your bit o' waste as dry as a bone.' It was Mr. Godfrey Cass, he said, had gone into the draining; he'd been taking these fields o' Mr. Osgood."

"How odd it'll seem to have the old pit dried up!" said Eppie, turning away, and stooping to lift rather a large stone. "See, daddy, I can carry this quite well," she said, going along with much energy for a few steps, but presently letting it fall.

"Ah, you're fine and strong, aren't you?" said Silas, while Eppie shook her aching arms and laughed. "Come, come, let us go and sit down on the bank against the stile there, and have no more lifting. You might hurt yourself, child. You need have somebody to work for you—and my arm isn't overstrong."

Silas uttered the last sentence slowly, as if it implied more than met the ear; and Eppie, when they sat down on the bank, nestled close to his side, and, taking hold caressingly of the arm that was not overstrong, held it on her lap, while Silas puffed again dutifully at the pipe, which occupied his other arm. An ash in the hedgerow behind made a fretted screen from the sun, and threw happy, playful shadows all about them.

"Father," said Eppie, very gently, after they had been sitting in silence a little while, "if I was to be married ought I to be married with my mother's ring?"

Silas gave an almost imperceptible start, though the question fell in with the undercurrent of thought in his own mind, and then said, in a subdued tone, "Why, Eppie, have you been a-thinking on it?"

"Only this last week, father," said Eppie, ingenuously, "since Aaron talked to me about it."

"And what did he say?" said Silas, still in the same subdued way, as if he were anxious lest he should fall into the slightest tone that was not for Eppie's good.

"He said he should like to be married, because he was a-going in four-and-twenty and had got a deal of gardening work, now Mr. Mott's given up; and he goes twice a week regular to Mr. Cass's, and once to Mr. Osgood's, and they're going to take him on at the Rectory."

"And who is it as he's wanting to marry?" said Silas, with rather a sad smile.

"Why, me, to be sure, daddy," said Eppie, with dimpling laughter, kissing her father's cheek; "as if he'd want to marry anybody else!"

"And you mean to have him, do you?" said Silas.

"Yes, sometime," said Eppie, "I don't know when. Everybody's married sometime, Aaron says. But I told him that wasn't true; for, I said, look at father—he's never been married."

"No, child," said Silas, "your father was a lone man till you was sent to him."

"But you'll never be lone again, father," said Eppie, tenderly. "That was what Aaron said—'I could never think o' taking you away from Master Marner, Eppie.' And I said, 'It 'ud be no use if you did, Aaron.' And he wants us all to live together, so as you needn't work a bit, father, only what's for your own pleasure; and he'd be as good as a son to you—that was what he said."

"And should you like that, Eppie?" said Silas, looking at her.

"I shouldn't mind it, father," said Eppie, quite simply. "And I should like things to be so as you needn't work much. But if it wasn't for that, I'd sooner things didn't change. I'm very happy; I like Aaron to be fond of me, and come and see us often, and behave pretty to you—he always *does* behave pretty to you, doesn't he, father?"

"Yes, child, nobody could behave better," said Silas, emphatically. "He's his mother's lad."

"But I don't want any change," said Eppie. "I should like to go on a long, long, while, just as we are. Only Aaron does want a change; and he made me cry a bit—only a bit—because he said I didn't care for him, for if I cared for him I should want us to be married, as he did."

"Eh, my blessed child," said Silas, laying down his pipe as if it were useless to pretend to smoke any longer, "you're o'er young to be married. We'll ask Mrs. Winthrop—we'll ask Aaron's mother what *she* thinks; if there's a right thing to do, she'll come at it. But there's this to be thought on, Eppie: things *will* change, whether we like it or no; things won't go on for a long while just as they are and no difference. I shall get older and helplesser, and be a burden on you, belike, if I don't go away from you altogether. Not as I mean you'd think me a burden—I know you wouldn't—but it 'ud be hard upon you; and when I look for'ard to that, I like to think as you'd have somebody else besides me—somebody young and strong, as'll outlast your own life, and take care on you to the end." Silas paused, and, resting his wrists on his knees, lifted his hands up and down meditatively as he looked on the ground.

"Then, would you like me to be married, father?" said Eppie, with a little trembling in her voice.

"I'll not be the man to say no, Eppie," said Silas, emphatically; "but we'll ask your godmother. She'll wish the right thing by you and her son too."

"There they come then," said Eppie. "Let us go and meet 'em. O the pipe! won't you have it lit again, father?" said Eppie, lifting that medicinal appliance from the ground.

"Nay, child," said Silas, "I've done enough for today. I think, mayhap, a little of it does me more good than so much at once."

CHAPTER XVII

While Silas and Eppie were seated on the bank discoursing in the fleckered shade of the ash-tree, Miss Priscilla Lammeter was resisting her sister's arguments, that it would be better to take tea at the Red House, and let her father have a long nap, than drive home to the Warrens so

soon after dinner. The family party, of four only, were seated round the table in the dark wainscoted parlor, with the Sunday dessert before them, of fresh filberts, apples, and pears, duly ornamented with leaves by Nancy's own hand before the bells had rung for church.

A great change has come over the dark wainscoted parlor since we saw it in Godfrey's bachelor days, and under the wifeless reign of the old Squire. Now all is polish, on which no yesterday's dust is ever allowed to rest, from the yard's width of oaken board round the carpet, to the old Squire's gun and whips and walking-sticks, ranged on the stag's antlers above the mantelpiece. All other signs of sporting and outdoor occupation Nancy has removed to another room; but she has brought into the Red House the habit of filial reverence, and preserves sacredly in a place of honor these relics of her husband's departed father. The tankards are on the side-table still, but the bossed silver is undimmed by handling, and there are no dregs to send forth unpleasant suggestions; the only prevailing scent is of the lavender and rose-leaves that fill the vases of Derbyshire spar. All is purity and order in this once dreary room, for, fifteen years ago, it was entered by a new presiding spirit.

"Now, father," said Nancy, "*is* there any call for you to go home to tea? Mayn't you just as well stay with us?—such a beautiful evening as it's likely to be."

The old gentleman had been talking with Godfrey about the increasing poor-rate and the ruinous times, and had not heard the dialogue between his daughters.

"My dear, you must ask Priscilla," he said, in the once firm voice, now become rather broken. "She manages me and the farm too."

"And reason good as I should manage you, father," said Priscilla, "else you'd be giving yourself your death with rheumatism. And as for the farm, if anything turns out wrong, as it can't but do in these times, there's nothing kills a man so soon as having nobody to find fault with but himself. It's a deal the best way o' being master, to let somebody else do the ordering, and keep the blaming in your own hands. It 'ud save many a man a stroke, *I* believe."

"Well, well, my dear," said her father, with a quiet laugh, "I didn't say you don't manage for everybody's good."

"Then manage so as you may stay tea, Priscilla," said Nancy, putting her hand on her sister's arm affectionately. "Come now; and we'll go round the garden while father has his nap."

"My dear child, he'll have a beautiful nap in the gig, for I shall drive. And as for staying tea, I can't hear of it; for there's this dairymaid, now she knows she's to be married, turned Michaelmas, she'd as lief pour the new milk into the pig-trough as into the pans. That's the way with 'em all; it's as if they thought the world 'ud be new-made because they're to be married. So come and let me put my bonnet on, and there'll be time for us to walk round the garden while the horse is being put in."

When the sisters were treading the neatly-swept garden-walks, between the bright turf that contrasted pleasantly with the dark cones and arches and wall-like hedges of yew, Priscilla said,

"I'm as glad as anything at your husband's making that exchange o'

31. **Derbyshire spar,** china made from blue stone found in the county of Derby. 43. **poor-rate,** a tax for the support of the poor. **ruinous times,** caused by the ending of the Napoleonic Wars.

77. **Michaelmas,** a church festival, September 29.

land with cousin Osgood, and beginning the dairying. It's a thousand pities you didn't do it before; for it'll give you something to fill your mind. There's nothing like a dairy if folks want a bit of worrit to make the days pass. For as for rubbing furniture, when you can once see your face in a table there's nothing else to look for; but there's always something fresh with the dairy; for even in the depths o' winter there's some pleasure in conquering the butter, and making it come whether or no. My dear," added Priscilla, pressing her sister's hand affectionately as they walked side by side, "you'll never be low when you've got a dairy."

"Ah, Priscilla," said Nancy, returning the pressure with a grateful glance of her clear eyes, "but it won't make up to Godfrey; a dairy's not so much to a man. And it's only what he cares for that ever makes me low. I'm contented with the blessings we have, if he could be contented."

"It drives me past patience," said Priscilla, impetuously, "that way o' the men—always wanting and wanting, and never easy with what they've got; they can't sit comfortable in their chairs when they've neither ache nor pain, but either they must stick a pipe in their mouths, to make 'em better than well, or else they must be swallowing something strong, though they're forced to make haste before the next meal comes in. But joyful be it spoken, our father was never that sort o' man. And if it had pleased God to make you ugly, like me, so as the men wouldn't ha' run after you, we might have kept to our own family, and had nothing to do with folks as have got uneasy blood in their veins."

"O don't say so, Priscilla," said Nancy, repenting that she had called forth this outburst; "nobody has any occasion to find fault with Godfrey. It's natural he should be disappointed at not having any children; every man likes to have somebody to work for and lay by for, and he always counted so on making a fuss with 'em when they were little. There's many another man 'ud hanker more than he does. He's the best of husbands."

"Oh, I know," said Priscilla, smiling sarcastically, "I know the way o' wives; they set one on to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one and praise 'em as if they wanted to sell 'em. But father'll be waiting for me; we must turn now."

The large gig with the steady old gray was at the front door, and Mr. Lammeter was already on the stone steps, passing the time in recalling to Godfrey what very fine points Speckle had when his master used to ride him.

"I always *would* have a good horse, you know," said the old gentleman, not liking that spirited time to be quite effaced from the memory of his juniors.

"Mind you bring Nancy to the Warrens before the week's out, Mr. Cass," was Priscilla's parting injunction, as she took the reins, and shook them gently, by way of friendly incitement to Speckle.

"I shall just take a turn to the fields against the Stone-pits, Nancy, and look at the draining," said Godfrey.

"You'll be in again by tea-time, dear?"

"Oh, yes, I shall be back in an hour."

It was Godfrey's custom on a Sunday afternoon to do a little contemplative farming in a leisurely walk. Nancy seldom accompanied him; for the women of her generation—unless, like Priscilla, they took to outdoor management—were not given to much walking beyond their own house and garden, finding sufficient exercise in domestic duties. So, when Priscilla was not with her, she usually sat with

Mant's Bible before her, and after following the text with her eyes for a little while, she would gradually permit them to wander as her thoughts had already insisted on wandering.

But Nancy's Sunday thoughts were rarely quite out of keeping with the devout and reverential intention implied by the book spread open before her. She was not theologically instructed enough to discern very clearly the relation between the sacred documents of the past which she opened without method, and her own obscure, simple life; but the spirit of rectitude, and the sense of responsibility for the effect of her conduct on others, which were strong elements in Nancy's character, had made it a habit with her to scrutinize her past feelings and actions with self-questioning solicitude. Her mind not being courted by a great variety of subjects, she filled the vacant moments by living inwardly, again and again, through all her remembered experience, especially through the fifteen years of her married time, in which her life and its significance had been doubled. She recalled the small details, the words, tones, and looks, in the critical scenes which had opened a new epoch for her by giving her a deeper insight into the relations and trials of life, or which had called on her for some little effort of forbearance, or of painful adherence to an imagined or real duty—asking herself continually whether she had been in any respect blamable. This excessive rumination and self-questioning is perhaps a morbid habit inevitable to a mind of much moral sensibility when shut out from its due share of outward activity and of practical claims on its affections—inevitable to a noble-hearted, childless woman, when her lot is narrow. "I can do so little—have I done it all well?" is the perpetually recurring thought; and there are no voices calling her away from that soliloquy, no peremptory demands to divert energy from vain regret or superfluous scruple.

There was one main thread of painful experience in Nancy's married life, and on it hung certain deeply-felt scenes, which were the oftenest revived in retrospect. The short dialogue with Priscilla in the garden had determined the current of retrospect in that frequent direction this particular Sunday afternoon. The first wandering of her thought from the text, which she still attempted dutifully to follow with her eyes and silent lips, was into an imaginary enlargement of the defense she had set up for her husband against Priscilla's implied blame. The vindication of the loved object is the best balm affection can find for its wounds. "A man must have so much on his mind," is the belief by which a wife often supports a cheerful face under rough answers and unfeeling words. And Nancy's deepest wounds had all come from the perception that the absence of children from their hearth was dwelt on in her husband's mind as a privation to which he could not reconcile himself.

Yet sweet Nancy might have been expected to feel still more keenly the denial of a blessing to which she had looked forward with all the varied expectations and preparations, solemn and prettily trivial, which fill the mind of a loving woman when she expects to become a mother. Was there not a drawer filled with the neat work of her hands, all unworn and untouched, just as she had arranged it there fourteen years ago—just, but for one little dress, which had been made the burial-dress? But under this immediate personal trial Nancy was so firmly unmurmuring that years ago she had suddenly renounced the habit of visit-

1. **Mant's Bible**, a Bible annotated by Bishop Mant in 1814.

ing this drawer; lest she should in this way be cherishing a longing for what was not given.

Perhaps it was this very severity toward any indulgence of what she held to be sinful regret in herself that made her shrink from applying her own standard to her husband. "It is very different—it is much worse for a man to be disappointed in that way; a woman can always be satisfied with devoting herself to her husband, but a man wants something that will make him look forward more—and sitting by the fire is so much duller to him than to a woman." And always when Nancy reached this point in her meditations—trying, with predetermined sympathy, to see everything as Godfrey saw it—there came a renewal of self-questioning. *Had* she done everything in her power to lighten Godfrey's privation? Had she really been right in the resistance which had cost her so much pain six years ago, and again four years ago—the resistance to her husband's wish that they should adopt a child? Adoption was more remote from the ideas and habits of that time than of our own; still Nancy had her opinion on it. It was as necessary to her mind to have an opinion on all topics not exclusively masculine, that had come under her notice, as for her to have a precisely marked place for every article of her personal property; and her opinions were always principles to be unwaveringly acted on. They were firm, not because of their basis, but because she held them with a tenacity inseparable from her mental action. On all the duties and proprieties of life, from filial behavior to the arrangements of the evening toilet, pretty Nancy Lammeter, by the time she was three-and-twenty, had her unalterable little code, and had formed every one of her habits in strict accordance with that code. She carried these decided judgments within her in the most unobtrusive way; they rooted themselves in her mind, and grew there as quietly as grass. Years ago, we know, she insisted on dressing like Priscilla, because "it was right for sisters to dress alike," and because "she would do what was right if she wore a gown dyed with cheese-coloring."

That was a trivial but typical instance of the mode in which Nancy's life was regulated.

It was one of those rigid principles, and no petty egoistic feeling, which had been the ground of Nancy's difficult resistance to her husband's wish. To adopt a child, because children of your own had been denied you, was to try and choose your lot in spite of Providence; the adopted child, she was convinced, would never turn out well, and would be a curse to those who had willfully and rebelliously sought what it was clear that, for some high reason, they were better without. When you saw a thing was not meant to be, said Nancy, it was a bounden duty to leave off so much as wishing for it. And so far, perhaps, the wisest of men could scarcely make more than a verbal improvement in her principle. But the conditions under which she held it apparent that a thing was not meant to be, depended on a more peculiar mode of thinking. She would have given up making a purchase at a particular place if, on three successive times, rain, or some other cause of Heaven's sending, had formed an obstacle; and she would have anticipated a broken limb or other heavy misfortune to anyone who persisted in spite of such indications.

"But why should you think the child would turn out ill?" said Godfrey, in his remonstrances. "She has thriven as well as child can do, with the weaver; and *he* adopted her. There isn't

such a pretty little girl anywhere else in the parish, or one fitter for the station we could give her. Where can be the likelihood of her being a curse to anybody?"

"Yes, my dear Godfrey," said Nancy, who was sitting with her hands tightly clasped together, and with yearning, regretful affection in her eyes. "The child may not turn out ill with the weaver. But, then, he didn't go to seek her, as we should be doing. It will be wrong; I feel sure it will. Don't you remember what that lady we met at the Royston Baths told us about the child her sister adopted? That was the only adopting I ever heard of; and the child was transported when it was twenty-three. Dear Godfrey, don't ask me to do what I know is wrong; I should never be happy again. I know it's very hard for *you*—it's easier for me—but it's the will of Providence."

It might seem singular that Nancy—with her religious theory pieced together out of narrow social traditions, fragments of church doctrine imperfectly understood, and girlish reasonings on her small experience—should have arrived by herself at a way of thinking so nearly akin to that of many devout people whose beliefs are held in the shape of a system quite remote from her knowledge—singular, if we did not know that human beliefs, like all other natural growths, elude the barriers of system.

Godfrey had from the first specified Eppie, then about twelve years old, as a child suitable for them to adopt. It had never occurred to him that Silas would rather part with his life than with Eppie. Surely the weaver would wish the best to the child he had taken so much trouble with, and would be glad that such good fortune should happen to her; she would always be very grateful to him, and he would be well provided for to the end of his life—provided for as the excellent part he had done by the child deserved. Was it not an appropriate thing for people in a higher station to take a charge off the hands of a man in a lower? It seemed an eminently appropriate thing to Godfrey, for reasons that were known only to himself; and by a common fallacy, he imagined the measure would be easy because he had private motives for desiring it. This was rather a coarse mode of estimating Silas's relation to Eppie; but we must remember that many of the impressions which Godfrey was likely to gather concerning the laboring people around him would favor the idea that deep affections can hardly go along with callous palms and scant means; and he had not had the opportunity, even if he had had the power, of entering intimately into all that was exceptional in the weaver's experience. It was only the want of adequate knowledge that could have made it possible for Godfrey deliberately to entertain an unfeeling project; his natural kindness had outlived that blighting time of cruel wishes, and Nancy's praise of him as a husband was not founded entirely on a willful illusion.

"I was right," she said to herself, when she had recalled all their scenes of discussion—"I feel I was right to say him nay, though it hurt me more than anything; but how good Godfrey has been about it! Many men would have been very angry with me for standing out against their wishes; and they might have thrown out that they'd had ill luck in marrying me; but Godfrey has never been the man to say me an unkind word. It's only what he can't hide; everything seems so blank to him, I know; and the land—

18. **transported**, sent to some colony because of crime.

what a difference it 'ud make to him, when he goes to see after things, if he'd children growing up that he was doing it all for! But I won't murmur; and perhaps if he'd married a woman who'd have had children, she'd have vexed him in other ways."

This possibility was Nancy's chief comfort; and to give it greater strength, she labored to make it impossible that any other wife should have had more perfect tenderness. She had been *forced* to vex him by that one denial. Godfrey was not insensible to her loving effort, and did Nancy no injustice as to the motives of her obstinacy. It was impossible to have lived with her fifteen years and not be aware that an unselfish clinging to the right, and a sincerity clear as the flower-born dew, were her main characteristics; indeed, Godfrey felt this so strongly that his own more wavering nature, too averse to facing difficulty to be unvaryingly simple and truthful, was kept in a certain awe of this gentle wife who watched his looks with a yearning to obey them. It seemed to him impossible that he should ever confess to her the truth about Eppie; she would never recover from the repulsion the story of his earlier marriage would create, told to her now, after that long concealment. And the child, too, he thought, must become an object of repulsion; the very sight of her would be painful. The shock to Nancy's mingled pride and ignorance of the world's evil might even be too much for her delicate frame. Since he had married her with that secret on his heart, he must keep it there to the last. Whatever else he did, he could not make an irreparable breach between himself and this long-loved wife.

Meanwhile, why could he not make up his mind to the absence of children from a hearth brightened by such a wife? Why did his mind fly uneasily to that void, as if it were the sole reason why life was not thoroughly joyous to him? I suppose it is the way with all men and women who reach middle age without the clear perception that life never *can* be thoroughly joyous; under the vague dullness of the gray hours, dissatisfaction seeks a definite object, and finds it in the privation of an untried good. Dissatisfaction, seated musingly on a childless hearth, thinks with envy of the father whose return is greeted by young voices—seated at the meal where the little heads rise one above another like nursery plants, it sees a black care hovering behind every one of them, and thinks the impulses by which men abandon freedom, and seek for ties, are surely nothing but a brief madness. In Godfrey's case there were further reasons why this thought should be continually solicited by this one point in his lot: his conscience, never thoroughly easy about Eppie, now gave his childless home the aspect of a retribution; and as the time passed on, under Nancy's refusal to adopt her, any retrieval of his error became more and more difficult.

On this Sunday afternoon it was already four years since there had been any allusion to the subject between them, and Nancy supposed that it was forever buried.

"I wonder if he'll mind it less or more as he gets older," she thought; "I'm afraid more. Aged people feel the miss of children; what would father do without Priscilla? And if I die, Godfrey will be very lonely—not holding together with his brothers much. But I won't be over-anxious, and trying to make things out beforehand; I must do my best for the present."

With that last thought Nancy roused herself from her reverie, and

turned her eyes again toward the forsaken page. It had been forsaken longer than she imagined, for she was presently surprised by the appearance of the servant with the tea-things. It was, in fact, a little before the usual time for tea; but Jane had her reasons.

"Is your master come into the yard, Jane?"

"No'm, he isn't," said Jane, with a slight emphasis, of which, however, her mistress took no notice.

"I don't know whether you've seen 'em, 'm," continued Jane, after a pause, "but there's folks making haste all one way, afore the front window. I doubt something's happened. There's niver a man to be seen i' the yard, else I'd send and see. I've been up into the top attic, but there's no seeing anything for trees. I hope nobody's hurt, that's all.'

"Oh, no, I daresay, there's nothing much the matter," said Nancy. "It's perhaps Mr. Snell's bull got out again, as he did before."

"I wish he mayn't gore anybody then, that's all," said Jane, not altogether despising a hypothesis which covered a few imaginary calamities.

"That girl is always terrifying me," thought Nancy; "I wish Godfrey would come in."

She went to the front window and looked as far as she could see along the road, with an uneasiness which she felt to be childish, for there were now no such signs of excitement as Jane had spoken of, and Godfrey would not be likely to return by the village road, but by the fields. She continued to stand, however, looking at the placid churchyard with the long shadows of the gravestones across the bright green hillocks, and at the glowing autumn colors of the Rectory trees beyond. Before such calm external beauty the presence of a vague fear is more distinctly felt—like a raven flapping its slow wing across the sunny air. Nancy wished more and more that Godfrey would come in.

CHAPTER XVIII

Someone opened the door at the other end of the room, and Nancy felt that it was her husband. She turned from the window with gladness in her eyes, for the wife's chief dread was stilled.

"Dear, I'm so thankful you're come," she said, going toward him. "I began to get . . ."

She paused abruptly, for Godfrey was laying down his hat with trembling hands, and turned toward her with a pale face and a strange, unanswering glance, as if he saw her indeed, but saw her as part of a scene invisible to herself. She laid her hand on his arm, not daring to speak again; but he left the touch unnoticed, and threw himself into his chair.

Jane was already at the door with the hissing urn. "Tell her to keep away, will you?" said Godfrey; and when the door was closed again he exerted himself to speak more distinctly.

"Sit down, Nancy—there," he said, pointing to a chair opposite him. "I came back as soon as I could, to hinder anybody's telling you but me. I've had a great shock—but I care most about the shock it'll be to you."

"It isn't father and Priscilla?" said Nancy, with quivering lips, clasping her hands together tightly on her lap.

"No, it's nobody living," said Godfrey, unequal to the considerate skill with which he would have wished to make his revelation. "It's Dunstan— my brother Dunstan, that we lost sight of sixteen years ago. We've found him—found his body—his skeleton."

The deep dread Godfrey's look had

created in Nancy made her feel these words a relief. She sat in comparative calmness to hear what else he had to tell. He went on:

"The Stone-pit has gone dry suddenly—from the draining, I suppose; and there he lies—has lain for sixteen years, wedged between two great stones. There's his watch and seals, and there's my gold-handled hunting whip, with my name on; he took it away, without my knowing, the day he went hunting on Wildfire, the last time he was seen."

Godfrey paused; it was not so easy to say what came next. "Do you think he drowned himself?" said Nancy, almost wondering that her husband should be so deeply shaken by what had happened all those years ago to an unloved brother, of whom worse things had been augured.

"No, he fell in," said Godfrey, in a low but distinct voice, as if he felt some deep meaning in the fact. Presently he added, "Dunstan was the man that robbed Silas Marner."

The blood rushed to Nancy's face and neck at this surprise and shame, for she had been bred up to regard even a distant kinship with crime as a dishonor.

"O Godfrey!" she said, with compassion in her tone, for she had immediately reflected that the dishonor must be felt still more keenly by her husband.

"There was the money in the pit," he continued—"all the weaver's money. Everything's been gathered up, and they're taking the skeleton to the Rainbow. But I came back to tell you; there was no hindering it; you must know."

He was silent, looking on the ground for two long minutes. Nancy would have said some words of comfort under this disgrace, but she refrained, from an instinctive sense that there was something behind—that Godfrey had something else to tell her. Presently he lifted his eyes to her face, and kept them fixed on her, as he said,

"Everything comes to light, Nancy, sooner or later. When God Almighty wills it, our secrets are found out. I've lived with a secret on my mind, but I'll keep it from you no longer. I wouldn't have you know it by somebody else, and not by me—I wouldn't have you find it out after I'm dead. I'll tell you now. It's been 'I will' and 'I won't' with me all my life—I'll make sure of myself now."

Nancy's utmost dread had returned. The eyes of the husband and wife met with awe in them, as at a crisis which suspended affection.

"Nancy," said Godfrey, slowly, "when I married you, I hid something from you—something I ought to have told you. That woman Marner found dead in the snow—Eppie's mother—that wretched woman—was my wife; Eppie is my child."

He paused, dreading the effect of his confession. But Nancy sat quite still, only that her eyes dropped and ceased to meet his. She was pale and quiet as a meditative statue, clasping her hands on her lap.

"You'll never think the same of me again," said Godfrey, after a little while, with some tremor in his voice.

She was silent.

"I oughtn't to have left the child unowned; I oughtn't to have kept it from you. But I couldn't bear to give you up, Nancy. I was led away into marrying her—I suffered for it."

Still Nancy was silent, looking down; and he almost expected that she would presently get up and say she would go to her father's. How could she have any mercy for faults that must seem so black to her, with her simple, severe notions?

But at last she lifted up her eyes to his again and spoke. There was no indignation in her voice—only deep regret.

"Godfrey, if you had but told me this six years ago, we could have done some of our duty by the child. Do you think I'd have refused to take her in, if I'd known she was yours?"

At that moment Godfrey felt all the bitterness of an error that was not simply futile, but had defeated its own end. He had not measured this wife with whom he had lived so long. But she spoke again, with more agitation.

"And—O Godfrey—if we'd had her from the first, if you'd taken to her as you ought, she'd have loved me for her mother—and you'd have been happier with me; I could better have bore my little baby dying, and our life might have been more like what we used to think it 'ud be."

The tears fell, and Nancy ceased to speak.

"But you wouldn't have married me then, Nancy, if I'd told you," said Godfrey, urged, in the bitterness of his self-reproach, to prove to himself that his conduct had not been utter folly. "You may think you would now, but you wouldn't then. With your pride and your father's, you'd have hated having anything to do with me after the talk there'd have been."

"I can't say what I should have done about that, Godfrey. I should never have married anybody else. But I wasn't worth doing wrong for—nothing is in this world. Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand—not even our marrying wasn't, you see." There was a faint, sad smile on Nancy's face as she said the last words.

"I'm a worse man than you thought I was, Nancy," said Godfrey, rather tremulously. "Can you forgive me ever?'

"The wrong to me is but little, Godfrey; you've made it up to me—you've been good to me for fifteen years. It's another you did the wrong to; and I doubt it can never be all made up for."

"But we can take Eppie now," said Godfrey. "I won't mind the world knowing at last. I'll be plain and open for the rest o' my life."

"It'll be different coming to us, now she's grown up," said Nancy, shaking her head sadly. "But it's your duty to acknowledge her and provide for her; and I'll do my part by her, and pray to God Almighty to make her love me."

"Then we'll go together to Silas Marner's this very night, as soon as everything's quiet at the Stone-pits."

CHAPTER XIX

Between eight and nine o'clock that evening Eppie and Silas were seated alone in the cottage. After the great excitement the weaver had undergone from the events of the afternoon, he had felt a longing for this quietude, and had even begged Mrs. Winthrop and Aaron, who had naturally lingered behind everyone else, to leave him alone with his child. The excitement had not passed away; it had only reached that stage when the keenness of the susceptibility makes external stimulus intolerable—when there is no sense of weariness, but rather an intensity of inward life, under which sleep is an impossibility. Anyone who has watched such moments in other men remembers the brightness of the eyes and the strange definiteness that comes over coarse features from that transient influence. It is as if a new fineness of ear for all spiritual voices had sent wonder-working vibrations through the heavy mortal frame—as

if "beauty born of murmuring sound" had passed into the face of the listener.

Silas's face showed that sort of transfiguration, as he sat in his arm-chair and looked at Eppie. She had drawn her own chair toward his knees, and leaned forward, holding both his hands, while she looked up at him. On the table near them, lit by a candle, lay the recovered gold—the old, long-loved gold, ranged in orderly heaps, as Silas used to range it in the days when it was his only joy. He had been telling her how he used to count it every night, and how his soul was utterly desolate till she was sent to him.

"At first, I'd a sort o' feeling come across me now and then," he was saying in subdued tone, "as if you might be changed into the gold again; for sometimes, turn my head which way I would, I seemed to see the gold; and I thought I should be glad if I could feel it, and find it was come back. But that didn't last long. After a bit, I should have thought it was a curse come again, if it had drove you from me, for I'd got to feel the need o' your looks and your voice and the touch o' your little fingers. You didn't know then, Eppie, when you were such a little un—you didn't know what your old father Silas felt for you."

"But I know now, father," said Eppie. "If it hadn't been for you, they'd have taken me to the workhouse, and there'd have been nobody to love me."

"Eh, my precious child, the blessing was mine. If you hadn't been sent to save me, I should ha' gone to the grave in my misery. The money was taken away from me in time; and you see it's been kept—kept till it was wanted for you. It's wonderful—our life is wonderful."

Silas sat in silence a few minutes, looking at the money. "It takes no hold of me now," he said, ponderingly —"the money doesn't. I wonder if it ever could again—I doubt it might, if I lost you, Eppie. I might come to think I was forsaken again, and lose the feeling that God was good to me."

At that moment there was a knocking at the door; and Eppie was obliged to rise without answering Silas. Beautiful she looked, with the tenderness of gathering tears in her eyes and a slight flush on her cheeks, as she stepped to open the door. The flush deepened when she saw Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Cass. She made her little rustic curtsy, and held the door wide for them to enter.

"We're disturbing you very late, my dear," said Mrs. Cass, taking Eppie's hand, and looking in her face with an expression of anxious interest and admiration. Nancy herself was pale and tremulous.

Eppie, after placing chairs for Mr. and Mrs. Cass, went to stand against Silas, opposite to them.

"Well, Marner," said Godfrey, trying to speak with perfect firmness, "it's a great comfort to me to see you with your money again, that you've been deprived of so many years. It was one of my family did you the wrong—the more grief to me—and I feel bound to make up to you for it in every way. Whatever I can do for you will be nothing but paying a debt, even if I looked no further than the robbery. But there are other things I'm beholden—shall be beholden to you for, Marner."

Godfrey checked himself. It had been agreed between him and his wife that the subject of his fatherhood should be approached very carefully and that, if possible, the disclosure should be reserved for the future, so that it might be made to Eppie gradually. Nancy had urged this,

1. **beauty born**, etc., from Wordsworth's poem "Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower."

because she felt strongly the painful light in which Eppie must inevitably see the relation between her father and mother.

Silas, always ill at ease when he was being spoken to by "betters," such as Mr. Cass—tall, powerful, florid men, seen chiefly on horseback —answered with some constraint,

"Sir, I've a deal to thank you for a'ready. As for the robbery, I count it no loss to me. And if I did, you couldn't help it; you aren't answerable for it."

"You may look at it in that way, Marner, but I never can; and I hope you'll let me act according to my own feeling of what's just. I know you're easily contented; you've been a hard-working man all your life."

"Yes, sir, yes," said Marner, meditatively. "I should ha' been bad off without my work; it was what I held by when everything else was gone from me."

"Ah," said Godfrey, applying Marner's words simply to his bodily wants, "it was a good trade for you in this country, because there's been a great deal of linen-weaving to be done. But you're getting rather past such close work, Marner; it's time you laid by and had some rest. You look a good deal pulled down, though you're not an old man, *are* you?"

"Fifty-five, as near as I can say, sir," said Silas.

"Oh, why, you may live thirty years longer—look at old Macey! And that money on the table, after all, is but little. It won't go far either way —whether it's put out at interest, or you were to live on it as long as it would last; it wouldn't go far if you'd nobody to keep but yourself, and you've had two to keep for a good many years now."

"Eh, sir," said Silas, unaffected by anything Godfrey was saying, "I'm in no fear o' want. We shall do very well—Eppie and me 'ull do well enough. There's few working-folks have got so much laid by as that. I don't know what it is to gentlefolks, but I look upon it as a deal—almost too much. And as for us, it's little we want."

"Only the garden, father," said Eppie blushing up to the ears the moment after.

"You love a garden, do you, my dear?" said Nancy, thinking that this turn in the point of view might help her husband. "We should agree in that; I give a deal of time to the garden."

"Ah, there's plenty of gardening at the Red House," said Godfrey, surprised at the difficulty he found in approaching a proposition which had seemed so easy to him in the distance. "You've done a good part by Eppie, Marner, for sixteen years. It 'ud be a great comfort to you to see her well provided for, wouldn't it? She looks blooming and healthy, but not fit for any hardships; she doesn't look like a strapping girl come of working parents. You'd like to see her taken care of by those who can leave her well off, and make a lady of her; she's more fit for it than for a rough life, such as she might come to have in a few years' time."

A slight flush came over Marner's face and disappeared, like a passing gleam. Eppie was simply wondering Mr. Cass should talk so about things that seemed to have nothing to do with reality, but Silas was hurt and uneasy.

"I don't take your meaning, sir," he answered, not having words at command to express the mingled feelings with which he had heard Mr. Cass's words.

"Well, my meaning is this, Marner," said Godfrey, determined to come to

the point. "Mrs. Cass and I, you know, have no children—nobody to be the better for our good home and everything else we have—more than enough for ourselves. And we should like to have somebody in the place of a daughter to us—we should like to have Eppie, and treat her in every way as our own child. It 'ud be a great comfort to you in your old age, I hope, to see her fortune made in that way, after you've been at the trouble of bringing her up so well. And it's right you should have every reward for that. And Eppie, I'm sure, will always love you and be grateful to you; she'd come and see you very often, and we should all be on the lookout to do everything we could toward making you comfortable."

A plain man like Godfrey Cass, speaking under some embarrassment, necessarily blunders on words that are coarser than his intentions, and that are likely to fall gratingly on susceptible feelings. While he had been speaking, Eppie had quietly passed her arm behind Silas's head, and let her hand rest against it caressingly; she felt him trembling violently. He was silent for some moments when Mr. Cass had ended—powerless under the conflict of emotions, all alike painful. Eppie's heart was swelling at the sense that her father was in distress; and she was just going to lean down and speak to him, when one struggling dread at last gained the mastery over every other in Silas, and he said, faintly,

"Eppie, my child, speak. I won't stand in your way. Thank Mr. and Mrs. Cass."

Eppie took her hand from her father's head, and came forward a step. Her cheeks were flushed, but not with shyness this time; the sense that her father was in doubt and suffering banished that sort of self-consciousness. She dropped a low curtsy first to Mrs. Cass and then to Mr. Cass, and said,

"Thank you, ma'am—thank you, sir. But I can't leave my father, nor own anybody nearer than him. And I don't want to be a lady—thank you all the same" (here Eppie dropped another curtsy). "I couldn't give up the folks I've been used to."

Eppie's lip began to tremble a little at the last words. She retreated to her father's chair again, and held him round the neck; while Silas, with a subdued sob, put up his hand to grasp hers.

The tears were in Nancy's eyes, but her sympathy with Eppie was, naturally, divided with distress on her husband's account. She dared not speak, wondering what was going on in her husband's mind.

Godfrey felt an irritation inevitable to almost all of us when we encounter an unexpected obstacle. He had been full of his own penitence and resolution to retrieve his error as far as the time was left to him; he was possessed with all-important feelings that were to lead to a predetermined course of action which he had fixed on as the right, and he was not prepared to enter with lively appreciation into other people's feelings counteracting his virtuous resolves. The agitation with which he spoke again was not quite unmixed with anger.

"But I've a claim on you, Eppie—the strongest of all claims. It's my duty, Marner, to own Eppie as my child, and provide for her. She's my own child; her mother was my wife. I've a natural claim on her that must stand before every other."

Eppie had given a violent start, and turned quite pale. Silas, on the contrary, who had been relieved by Eppie's answer, from the dread lest his mind should be in opposition to

hers, felt the spirit of resistance in him set free, not without a touch of parental fierceness. "Then, sir," he answered, with an accent of bitterness that had been silent in him since the memorable day when his youthful hope had perished—"then, sir, why didn't you say so sixteen year ago, and claim her before I'd come to love her, i'stead o' coming to take her from me now, when you might as well take the heart out o' my body? God gave her to me because you turned your back upon her, and He looks upon her as mine; you've no right to her! When a man turns a blessing from his door, it falls to them as take it in."

"I know that, Marner. I was wrong. I've repented of my conduct in that matter," said Godfrey, who could not help feeling the edge of Silas's words.

"I'm glad to hear it, sir," said Marner, with gathering excitement; "but repentance doesn't alter what's been going on for sixteen year. Your coming now and saying 'I'm her father' doesn't alter the feelings inside us. It's me she's been calling her father ever since she could say the word."

"But I think you might look at the thing more reasonably, Marner," said Godfrey, unexpectedly awed by the weaver's direct truth-speaking. "It isn't as if she was to be taken quite away from you, so that you'd never see her again. She'll be very near you, and come to see you very often. She'll feel just the same toward you."

"Just the same?" said Marner, more bitterly than ever. "How'll she feel just the same for me as she does now, when we eat o' the same bit, and drink o' the same cup, and think o' the same things from one day's end to another? Just the same? That's idle talk. You'd cut us i' two."

Godfrey, unqualified by experience to discern the pregnancy of Marner's simple words, felt rather angry again. It seemed to him that the weaver was very selfish (a judgment readily passed by those who have never tested their own power of sacrifice) to oppose what was undoubtedly for Eppie's welfare; and he felt himself called upon, for her sake, to assert his authority.

"I should have thought, Marner," he said severely—"I should have thought your affection for Eppie would make you rejoice in what was for her good, even if it did call upon you to give up something. You ought to remember your own life's uncertain, and she's at an age now when her lot may soon be fixed in a way very different from what it would be in her father's home: she may marry some low workingman, and then, whatever I might do for her, I couldn't make her well off. You're putting yourself in the way of her welfare; and though I'm sorry to hurt you after what you've done, and what I've left undone, I feel now it's my duty to insist on taking care of my own daughter. I want to do my duty."

It would be difficult to say whether it were Silas or Eppie that was more deeply stirred by this last speech of Godfrey's. Thought had been very busy in Eppie as she listened to the contest between her old, long-loved father and this new, unfamiliar father who had suddenly come to fill the place of that black, featureless shadow which had held the ring and placed it on her mother's finger. Her imagination had darted backward in conjectures, and forward in previsions, of what this revealed fatherhood implied; and there were words in Godfrey's last speech which helped to make the previsions especially definite. Not that these thoughts, either of past

or future, determined her resolution—*that* was determined by the feelings which vibrated to every word Silas had uttered; but they raised, even apart from these feelings, a repulsion toward the offered lot, and the newly-revealed father.

Silas, on the other hand, was again stricken in conscience, and alarmed lest Godfrey's accusation should be true—lest he should be raising his own will as an obstacle to Eppie's good. For many moments he was mute, struggling for the self-conquest necessary to the uttering of the difficult words. They came out tremulously. "I'll say no more. Let it be as you will. Speak to the child. I'll hinder nothing."

Even Nancy, with all the acute sensibility of her own affections, shared her husband's view, that Marner was not justifiable in his wish to retain Eppie, after her real father had avowed himself. She felt that it was a very hard trial for the poor weaver, but her code allowed no question that a father by blood must have a claim above that of any foster-father. Besides, Nancy, used all her life to plenteous circumstances and the privileges of "respectability," could not enter into the pleasures which early nurture and habit connect with all the little aims and efforts of the poor who are born poor; to her mind, Eppie, in being restored to her birthright, was entering on a too long withheld but unquestionable good. Hence she heard Silas's last words with relief, and thought, as Godfrey did, that their wish was achieved.

"Eppie, my dear," said Godfrey, looking at his daughter, not without some embarrassment, under the sense that she was old enough to judge him, "it'll always be our wish that you should show your love and gratitude to one who's been a father to you so many years, and we shall want to help you to make him comfortable in every way. But we hope you'll come to love us as well; and though I haven't been what a father should ha' been to you all these years, I wish to do the utmost in my power for you for the rest of my life, and provide for you as my only child. And you'll have the best of mothers in my wife—that'll be a blessing you haven't known since you were old enough to know it."

"My dear, you'll be a treasure to me," said Nancy, in her gentle voice. "We shall want for nothing when we have our daughter."

Eppie did not come forward and curtsy, as she had done before. She held Silas's hand in hers, and grasped it firmly—it was a weaver's hand, with a palm and finger-tips that were sensitive to such pressure—while she spoke with colder decision than before.

"Thank you, ma'am—thank you, sir, for your offers—they're very great, and far above my wish. For I should have no delight i' life any more if I was forced to go away from my father, and knew he was sitting at home, a-thinking of me and feeling lone. We've been used to be happy together every day, and I can't think o' no happiness without him. And he says he'd nobody i' the world till I was sent to him, and he'd have nothing when I was gone. And he's took care of me and loved me from the first, and I'll cleave to him as long as he lives, and nobody shall ever come between him and me."

"But you must make sure, Eppie," said Silas, in a low voice—"you must make sure as you won't ever be sorry, because you've made your choice to stay among poor folks, and with poor clothes and things, when you might ha' had everything o' the best."

His sensitiveness on this point had increased as he listened to Eppie's words of faithful affection.

EPPIE MAKES HER CHOICE

"I can never be sorry, father," said Eppie. "I shouldn't know what to think on or to wish for with fine things about me, as I haven't been used to. And it 'ud be poor work for me to put on things, and ride in a gig, and sit in a place at church, as 'ud make them as I'm fond of think me unfitting company for 'em. What could *I* care for then?"

Nancy looked at Godfrey with a pained, questioning glance. But his eyes were fixed on the floor, where he was moving the end of his stick, as if he were pondering on something absently. She thought there was a word which might perhaps come better from her lips than from his.

"What you say is natural, my dear child—it's natural you should cling to those who've brought you up," she said, mildly; "but there's a duty you owe to your lawful father. There's perhaps something to be given up on more sides than one. When your father opens his home to you, I think it's right you shouldn't turn your back on it."

"I can't feel as I've got any father but one," said Eppie, impetuously, while the tears gathered. "I've always thought of a little home where he'd sit i' the corner, and I should fend and do everything for him; I can't think o' no other home. I wasn't brought up to be a lady, and I can't turn my mind to it. I like the working-folks, and their victuals, and their ways. And," she ended passionately, while the tears fell, "I'm promised to marry a workingman, as 'll live with father, and help me to take care of him."

Godfrey looked up at Nancy with a flushed face and smarting, dilated eyes. This frustration of a purpose toward which he had set out under the exalted consciousness that he was about to compensate in some degree for the greatest demerit of his life, made him feel the air of the room stifling.

"Let us go," he said, in an undertone.

"We won't talk of this any longer now," said Nancy, rising. "We're your well-wishers, my dear—and yours too, Marner. We shall come and see you again. It's getting late now."

In this way she covered her husband's abrupt departure, for Godfrey had gone straight to the door, unable to say more.

CHAPTER XX

Nancy and Godfrey walked home under the starlight in silence. When they entered the oaken parlor, Godfrey threw himself into his chair, while Nancy laid down her bonnet and shawl, and stood on the hearth near her husband, unwilling to leave him even for a few minutes, and yet fearing to utter any word lest it might jar on his feelings. At last Godfrey turned his head toward her, and their eyes met, dwelling in that meeting without any movement on either side. That quiet mutual gaze of a trusting husband and wife is like the first moment of rest or refuge from a great weariness or a great danger—not to be interfered with by speech or action which would distract the sensations from the fresh enjoyment of repose.

But presently he put out his hand, and as Nancy placed hers within it, he drew her toward him, and said—"that's ended!"

She bent to kiss him, and then said, as she stood by his side, "Yes, I'm afraid we must give up the hope of having her for a daughter. It wouldn't be right to want to force her to come to us against her will. We can't alter her bringing up and what's come of it."

"No," said Godfrey, with a keen decisiveness of tone, in contrast with his usually careless and unemphatic speech —"there's debts we can't pay like money debts, by paying extra for the years that have slipped by. While I've been putting off and putting off, the trees have been growing—it's too late now. Marner was in the right in what he said about a man's turning away a blessing from his door; it falls to somebody else. I wanted to pass for childless once, Nancy—I shall pass for childless now against my wish."

Nancy did not speak immediately, but after a little while she asked—"You won't make it known, then, about Eppie's being your daughter?"

"No; where would be the good to anybody?—only harm. I must do what I can for her in the state of life she chooses. I must see who it is she's thinking of marrying."

"If it won't do any good to make the thing known," said Nancy, who thought she might now allow herself the relief of entertaining a feeling which she had tried to silence before, "I should be very thankful for father and Priscilla never to be troubled with knowing what was done in the past, more than about Dunsey; it can't be helped, their knowing that."

"I shall put it in my will—I think I shall put it in my will. I shouldn't like to leave anything to be found out, like this about Dunsey," said Godfrey meditatively. "But I can't see anything but difficulties that 'ud come from telling it now. I must do what I can to make her happy in her own way. I've a notion," he added, after a moment's pause, "it's Aaron Winthrop she meant she was engaged to. I remember seeing him with her and Marner going away from church."

"Well, he's very sober and industrious," said Nancy, trying to view the matter as cheerfully as possible.

Godfrey fell into thoughtfulness again. Presently he looked up at Nancy sorrowfully, and said,

"She's a very pretty, nice girl, isn't she, Nancy?"

"Yes, dear; and with just your hair and eyes; I wondered it had never struck me before."

"I think she took a dislike to me at the thought of my being her father; I could see a change in her manner after that."

"She couldn't bear to think of not looking on Marner as her father," said Nancy, not wishing to confirm her husband's painful impression.

"She thinks I did wrong by her mother as well as by her. She thinks me worse than I am. But she *must* think it; she can never know all. It's part of my punishment, Nancy, for my daughter to dislike me. I should never have got into that trouble if I'd been true to you—if I hadn't been a fool. I'd no right to expect anything but evil could come of that marriage —and when I shirked doing a father's part, too."

Nancy was silent; her spirit of rectitude would not let her try to soften the edge of what she felt to be a just compunction.

He spoke again after a little while, but the tone was rather changed; there was tenderness mingled with the previous self-reproach.

"And I got *you*, Nancy, in spite of all; and yet I've been grumbling and uneasy because I hadn't something else—as if I deserved it."

"You've never been wanting to me, Godfrey," said Nancy, with quiet sincerity. "My only trouble would be gone if you resigned yourself to the lot that's been given us."

"Well, perhaps it isn't too late to mend a bit there. Though it *is* too late to mend some things, say what they will."

CHAPTER XXI

The next morning, when Silas and Eppie were seated at their breakfast, he said to her,

"Eppie, there's a thing I've had on my mind to do this two year, and now the money's been brought back to us, we can do it. I've been turning it over and over in the night, and I think we'll set out tomorrow, while the fine days last. We'll leave the house and everything for your godmother to take care on, and we'll make a little bundle o' things and set out."

"Where to go, daddy?" said Eppie, in much surprise.

"To my old country—to the town where I was born—up Lantern Yard. I want to see Mr. Paston, the minister; something may ha' come out to make 'em know I was innicent o' the robbery. And Mr. Paston was a man with a deal o' light—I want to speak to him about the drawing o' the lots. And I should like to talk to him about the religion o' this countryside, for I partly think he doesn't know on it."

Eppie was very joyful, for there was the prospect not only of wonder and delight at seeing a strange country, but also of coming back to tell Aaron all about it. Aaron was so much wiser than she was about most things—it would be rather pleasant to have this little advantage over him. Mrs. Winthrop, though possessed with a dim fear of dangers attendant on so long a journey, and requiring many assurances that it would not take them out of the region of carriers' carts and slow wagons, was nevertheless well pleased that Silas should revisit his own country, and find out if he had been cleared from that false accusation.

"You'd be easier in your mind for the rest o' your life, Master Marner," said Dolly—"that you would. And if there's any light to be got up the Yard as you talk on, we've need of it i' this world, and I'd be glad on it myself, if you could bring it back."

So on the fourth day from that time, Silas and Eppie, in their Sunday clothes, with a small bundle tied in a blue linen handkerchief, were making their way through the streets of a great manufacturing town. Silas, bewildered by the changes thirty years had brought over his native place, had stopped several persons in succession to ask them the name of this town, that he might be sure he was not under a mistake about it.

"Ask for Lantern Yard, father—ask this gentleman with the tassels on his shoulders a-standing at the shop door; he isn't in a hurry like the rest," said Eppie, in some distress at her father's bewilderment, and ill at ease, besides, amidst the noise, the movement, and the multitude of strange, indifferent faces.

"Eh, my child, he won't know anything about it," said Silas; "gentlefolks didn't ever go up the Yard. But happen somebody can tell me which is the way to Prison Street, where the jail is. I know the way out o' that as if I'd seen it yesterday."

With some difficulty, after many turnings and new inquiries, they reached Prison Street; and the grim walls of the jail, the first object that answered to any image in Silas's memory, cheered him with the certitude which no assurance of the town's name had hitherto given him, that he was in his native place.

"Ah," he said, drawing a long breath, "there's the jail, Eppie; that's just the same; I aren't afraid now. It's the third turning on the left hand from the jail doors—that's the way we must go."

"Oh, what a dark, ugly place!" said

39. **carriers' carts**, etc., before the time of railroads, carriers delivered packages and took passengers, in country districts.

Eppie. "How it hides the sky! It's worse than the Workhouse. I'm glad you don't live in this town now, father. Is Lantern Yard like this street?"

"My precious child," said Silas, smiling, "it isn't a big street like this. I never was easy i' this street myself, but I was fond o' Lantern Yard. The shops here are all altered, I think—I can't make 'em out; but I shall know the turning, because it's the third."

"Here it is," he said, in a tone of satisfaction, as they came to a narrow alley. "And then we must go to the left again, and then straight for'ard for a bit, up Shoe Lane, and then we shall be at the entry next to the o'erhanging window, where there's the nick in the road for the water to run. Eh, I can see it all."

"O father, I'm like as if I was stifled," said Eppie. "I couldn't ha' thought as any folks lived i' this way, so close together. How pretty the Stone-pits 'ull look when we get back!"

"It looks comical to *me*, child, now —and smells bad. I can't think as it usened to smell so."

Here and there a sallow, begrimed face looked out from a gloomy doorway at the strangers, and increased Eppie's uneasiness, so that it was a longed-for relief when they issued from the alleys into Shoe Lane, where there was a broader strip of sky.

"Dear heart!" said Silas, "why, there's people coming out o' the Yard as if they'd been to chapel at this time o' day—a weekday noon!"

Suddenly he started and stood still, with a look of distressed amazement that alarmed Eppie. They were before an opening in front of a large factory, from which men and women were streaming for their midday meal.

"Father," said Eppie, clasping his arm, "what's the matter?"

But she had to speak again and again before Silas could answer her.

"It's gone, child," he said, at last, in strong agitation—"Lantern Yard's gone. It must ha' been here, because here's the house with the o'erhanging window—I know that—it's just the same; but they've made this new opening; and see that big factory! It's all gone—chapel and all."

"Come into that little brush-shop and sit down, father—they'll let you sit down," said Eppie, always on the watch lest one of her father's strange attacks should come on. "Perhaps the people can tell you all about it."

But neither from the brush-maker, who had come to Shoe Lane only ten years ago, when the factory was already built, nor from any other source within his reach, could Silas learn anything of the old Lantern Yard friends, or of Mr. Paston, the minister.

"The old place is all swep' away," Silas said to Dolly Winthrop on the night of his return—"the little graveyard and everything. The old home's gone; I've no home but this now. I shall never know whether they got at the truth o' the robbery, nor whether Mr. Paston could ha' given me any light about the drawing o' the lots. It's dark to me, Mrs. Winthrop, that is; I doubt it'll be dark to the last."

"Well, yes, Master Marner," said Dolly, who sat with a placid, listening face, now bordered by gray hairs; "I doubt it may. It's the will o' Them above as a many things should be dark to us; but there's some things as I've never felt i' the dark about, and they're mostly what comes i' the day's work. You were hard done by that once, Master Marner, and it seems as you'll never know the rights of it; but that doesn't hinder there *being* a rights, Master Marner, for all it's dark to you and me."

"No," said Silas, "no; that doesn't hinder. Since the time the child was

sent to me and I've come to love her as myself, I've had light enough to trusten by; and now she says she'll never leave me, I think I shall trusten till I die."

CONCLUSION

There was one time of the year which was held in Raveloe to be especially suitable for a wedding. It was when the great lilacs and laburnums in the old-fashioned gardens showed their golden and purple wealth above the lichen-tinted walls, and when there were calves still young enough to want bucketfulls of fragrant milk. People were not so busy then as they must become when the full cheese-making and the mowing had set in; and besides, it was a time when a light bridal dress could be worn with comfort and seen to advantage.

Happily the sunshine fell more warmly than usual on the lilac tufts the morning that Eppie was married, for her dress was a very light one. She had often thought, though with a feeling of renunciation, that the perfection of a wedding-dress would be a white cotton, with the tiniest pink sprig at wide intervals; so that when Mrs. Godfrey Cass begged to provide one, and asked Eppie to choose what it should be, previous meditation had enabled her to give a decided answer at once.

Seen at a little distance as she walked across the churchyard and down the village, she seemed to be attired in pure white, and her hair looked like the dash of gold on a lily. One hand was on her husband's arm, and with the other she clasped the hand of her father, Silas.

"You won't be giving me away, father," she had said before they went to church; "you'll only be taking Aaron to be a son to you."

Dolly Winthrop walked behind with her husband; and there ended the little bridal procession.

There were many eyes to look at it, and Miss Priscilla Lammeter was glad that she and her father had happened to drive up to the door of the Red House just in time to see this pretty sight. They had come to keep Nancy company today, because Mr. Cass had had to go away to Lytherley, for special reasons. That seemed to be a pity, for otherwise he might have gone, as Mr. Crackenthorp and Mr. Osgood certainly would, to look on at the wedding-feast which he had ordered at the Rainbow, naturally feeling a great interest in the weaver who had been wronged by one of his own family.

"I could ha' wished Nancy had had the luck to find a child like that and bring her up," said Priscilla to her father, as they sat in the gig; "I should ha' had something young to think of then, besides the lambs and the calves."

"Yes, my dear, yes," said Mr. Lammeter; "one feels that as one gets older. Things look dim to old folks; they'd need have some young eyes about 'em, to let 'em know the world's the same as it used to be."

Nancy came out now to welcome her father and sister; and the wedding group had passed on beyond the Red House to the humbler part of the village.

Dolly Winthrop was the first to divine that old Mr. Macey, who had been set in his armchair outside his own door, would expect some special notice as they passed, since he was too old to be at the wedding-feast.

"Mr. Macey's looking for a word from us," said Dolly; "he'll be hurt if we pass him and say nothing—and him so racked with rheumatiz."

So they turned aside to shake hands

with the old man. He had looked forward to the occasion, and had his premeditated speech.

"Well, Master Marner," he said, in a voice that quavered a good deal, "I've lived to see my words come true. I was the first to say there was no harm in you, though your looks might be again' you; and I was the first to say you'd get your money back. And it's nothing but rightful as you should. And I'd ha' said the 'Amens,' and willing, at the holy matrimony; but Tookey's done it a good while now, and I hope you'll have none the worse luck."

In the open yard before the Rainbow the party of guests were already assembled, though it was still nearly an hour before the appointed feast-time. But by this means they could not only enjoy the slow advent of their pleasure; they had also ample leisure to talk of Silas Marner's strange history, and arrive by due degrees at the conclusion that he had brought a blessing on himself by acting like a father to a lone, motherless child. Even the farrier did not negative this sentiment; on the contrary, he took it up as peculiarly his own and invited any hardy person present to contradict him. But he met with no contradiction; and all differences among the company were merged in a general agreement with Mr. Snell's sentiment, that when a man had deserved his good luck, it was the part of his neighbors to wish him joy.

As the bridal group approached, a hearty cheer was raised in the Rainbow yard; and Ben Winthrop, whose jokes had retained their acceptable flavor, found it agreeable to turn in there and receive congratulations; not requiring the proposed interval of quiet at the Stone-pits before joining the company.

Eppie had a larger garden than she had ever expected there now; and in other ways there had been alterations at the expense of Mr. Cass, the landlord, to suit Silas's larger family. For he and Eppie had declared that they would rather stay at the Stone-pits than go to any new home. The garden was fenced with stones on two sides, but in front there was an open fence, through which the flowers shone with answering gladness, as the four united people came within sight of them.

"O father," said Eppie, "what a pretty home ours is! I think nobody could be happier than we are."

THE END

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Chapter I

1. How does this chapter illustrate the great harm superstition may do?

2. What is the time of this story? On what do you base your answer? How much general introduction is there? How much detailed introduction? Does the story begin in Chapter I? The exposition of a story or play consists of all the explanation needed to understand what follows. How much of Chapter I is exposition? What things needed does it convey to the reader?

3. Try to bring out the principal differences between Lantern Yard and Raveloe. What was one of the beliefs of the "brethren" of Lantern Yard? Did Silas have any fixed plan or purpose in life? What were his two closest personal ties? How was the breaking up of one connected with the breaking of the other? What is your idea of the "drawing of lots"?

4. What contrasts do you note in the characters of Silas and William? Is William, as a type, true to life? What famous friendship between two men is referred to in the chapter? Do you know of any other, from your reading?

5. What final proof did Silas have of William's treachery? Analyze Silas's reasons for leaving Lantern Yard.

6. How long had Silas lived in Raveloe when the story opens? Why is it necessary to know this? From the viewpoint of the

people of Raveloe, what peculiarities did Silas have? What effect did they have on the villagers? What do you think of Mr. Macey's explanation of the fit?

7. Before you read further, review the chapter to fix in mind all that you have learned about the weaver. What do you know of his physical appearance? Does the author dwell on any detail in this? Why? Read lines 58-62, page 142, and determine the significance of "a history and a metamorphosis" and of "fervid," as applied to Marner.

Chapter II

1. How did Silas become a miser? Was it a natural process? Why is "insect-like existence" so good a description of the life of Silas? Whose comments on the cure of Sally Oates does the author give? Why does she tell the story of the breaking of the earthenware pot?

2. Is there a conclusion or summing-up of the first two chapters? What does that indicate about what is to follow?

3. What does realism of character mean? Does this book so far present this quality? What three details make Silas seem most real to you? Are you quite prepared to understand the story?

4. Which of the incidents in this chapter is most significant, and why? Does this chapter contain as many incidents as Chapter I? What is the chief business of the chapter?

5. What do you think the story will be about? What hints for this opinion does the author give? Does such anticipation spoil the story for you? Explain fully.

6. Using expressions from this chapter, state in one sentence the theme of the whole story.

Chapter III

1. To what class of society are you introduced in this chapter? Describe the state of affairs between Godfrey and Miss Nancy. From whose point of view does the novelist present this? Why is this a good device in narration? Why did the spaniel retreat under the chair when Dunstan entered the room?

2. What situation is Godfrey facing? What hold had Dunstan over Godfrey? Why did Dunstan pick up a whip from the table? What plan is decided upon to get out of the scrape? Why did Godfrey entrust the plan to Dunstan when he should have carried it out himself? Tell all you know of Molly; of Nancy; of Bryce; of Keating. Which brother was the weaker? Explain. How had Godfrey drifted into his present situation? What did he fear most? What would a stronger character have done?

3. Is the material of this chapter interesting? What do you want to know? Does it complete anything or merely start something? What? Which do you wish to hear about—Godfrey at the Rainbow or Dunsey at the hunt? What about Silas during all this time?

4. Are the descriptions here good? Can you explain their merits? Examine some paragraph for details, expressions, phrases, words.

5. How does this chapter show that you are to read two stories, or plots, instead of one? Which will be the main plot?

Chapter IV

1. In what manner are the two plots brought near together for the first time? What error did Dunstan make which muddled the plan? Why was he not more disturbed by his accident? Why didn't he go to Batherley? Why was he so ashamed to be seen walking? List details which show his disagreeable nature.

2. What is the effect of the mist and rain on the afternoon of the hunt? What purpose does the whip serve? Explain how the two plots merge. Exactly what did Dunstan have in mind when he entered Silas's cottage? How did he happen to change his plan? Has the reader been prepared for this action of Dunstan's? Is the action perfectly clear? Do all parts fit together?

3. Where in this chapter are there hints of incidents that are to follow? Do you like such warnings, such preparation? How much has preliminary planning to do with this? Rewriting?

4. Does the chapter end at a good point? Why does it not tell of Dunsey's progress? Is any suspense aroused in your mind? What things do you desire to know?

Chapter V

1. Explain what had taken Silas from home. Why had he not locked his door? Why did the author make Silas move about the room after he returned? Is this a hint in anticipation? Of what, do you suppose? What was Marner's custom every evening after dinner? Why did he vary it this evening? Is the discovery of the loss told naturally and convincingly?

2. How now does the increasing rain help the plot? What was Marner's belief about his loss? On what did he base his conclusions?

Chapter VI

1. Does this chapter continue from the end of Chapter V or go back? Then are stories told exactly in the order in which events occur, or does the author arrange them?

2. What was the butcher like? What is the chief charm of the humor of the guests' conversation? Let members of the class represent these characters and read (or memorize

and deliver) the speeches of Chapters VI and VII. How much of this has any bearing on the plot? Why did the author insert it? Is it worth reading? Does it advance the story? Reveal character? Whose? Or interest a reader merely for its own sake?

3. What part does the landlord play? How does he draw Mr. Macey into the discussion? Do elderly people generally share Macey's views? What was Macey's opinion of himself? Does he show that "pernouncing" has come up since his time? Explain Cliff's Holiday. Into what does the conversation turn? Is the landlord's explanation of ghosts reasonable?

4. Does this chapter carry on the story?

Chapter VII

1. For what purpose did the author end Chapter VI with a discussion about ghosts? Who thought Silas a ghost? Was Jem Rodney's defense a good one? What part was the devil supposed by some to have had in the theft? Whose remarks are the keenest and most sensible? How was Silas convinced of Jem's innocence? Why does he apologize to Jem? How are your sympathies for Silas aroused?

2. How and where does this chapter pass from humor to pathos? Are these two sentiments far apart in a person's nature, or rather close together? Can you explain or illustrate?

3. Which incidents of Chapters VI and VII are plot incidents? Which character incidents? Which advance the story? Do you lose interest when the story stands still?

Chapter VIII

1. What view of the robbery still connected Silas with the devil? Was the suspicion of Mr. Snell natural? Why? How much of this chapter is really presented from the viewpoint of the villagers? Why did the author choose this method? What provisions does the author make to keep suspicion from Dunstan?

2. Did Godfrey go to Tarley to speak about the robbery? Why did he go? Why did no news of the accident reach Godfrey earlier? Could such an incident be used in a modern story?

3. Describe how both plots are becoming more and more complicated. Analyze Godfrey's thoughts as he rode home. What resolution did he make; why did he not keep it? What is likely to happen to Godfrey? To Silas? Are the threads of equal interest now? What is Godfrey's struggle? Is this good narrative material?

Chapter IX

1. What details of this conversation show that the Squire was more concerned with himself than with anyone else? Are the natures of his oldest sons accounted for here? Why does the old man want the war to continue? Can you show a similar case from recent world events? What amazes the old man? When was Godfrey most frightened? Why did the truth not come out in this interview? How did Godfrey steer away from danger? What single phrase in this conversation exactly describes Godfrey? Did Godfrey say he wanted to marry Nancy? What did he say? Was his actual truth a lie in intent? Explain.

2. What new complication has started for Godfrey? Does this help you to understand the construction of a story?

3. Does the author speak for herself in this chapter? Where?

Chapter X

1. How much time does this chapter cover? Contrast the two mental states of Silas—after the robbery, and after the drawing of lots. What was Mr. Macey's purpose in visiting Silas? Did he succeed? Why do you like Mrs. Winthrop? Why did she visit Silas?

2. Are the incidents of this chapter plot or character incidents? Does the story move or stand still? Then why is the material worth reading? Why did Silas say, "I've never been to church"? What is your idea of the difference between the church in Raveloe and that in Lantern Yard? What is Dolly's most comic mistake? Have you seen fond mothers who are recalled to your mind by Dolly's "showing off" of Aaron? Link this with "realism in fiction." How did Aaron sing?

3. How is contrast used here? Is it effective? How does the author vivify the debate in Godfrey's mind? Do persons discuss matters with themselves?

Chapter XI

1. In general how had Godfrey been acting toward Nancy? Do you think she really meant all she intended to do? Why is not all the conversation between Nancy and her aunt given? How is condensation secured? What traits of Nancy's character are revealed by the events of dressing for the evening? What traits are directly stated by the author?

2. Do you agree with the author's description of a lady? Do you like Priscilla? Why? What remark of hers did you enjoy most? How did she insult the Gunns?

3. How much of this chapter advances the plot? Why is so much time spent in delineating Nancy? Which characters help most in showing us what she is? What slight detail made

Godfrey know that Nancy really cared for him? Why would a quarrel have pleased him?

4. Does the chapter end at a good place?

Chapter XII

1. Why did Molly choose this particular evening? Did she have any just reasons for her feelings? Why had Godfrey never acknowledged her? How old was the child?

2. Give all the reasons why Molly failed to reach Raveloe. How does the child get into the cottage? What was Silas's first thought on seeing her? Why? His second thought?

Chapter XIII

1. Why did the author have the question about the child addressed to Godfrey by Nancy? Why is this called the climax of the sub-plot? Is it also the climax of the main plot, or does that come a little later? Can you find it? Exactly where does Silas make a decision, a choice, as important as Godfrey's answer to Nancy about the child? What will be the probable consequences of these two decisions?

2. At this point, do you think Godfrey will ever tell the true story of this night? On what do you base your opinion? Do you want him to confess? Why? From Godfrey's point of view, was luck with him? How did he try to soothe his conscience? Was he successful? Point out the flaws in Godfrey's reasoning about himself and his actions.

Chapter XIV

1. How does this chapter really give the kernel of the whole story? Can you state the theme in a single sentence? Is it true to human nature?

2. What change did the coming of the child bring into Silas's life? Tell of Marner's attempt to punish Eppie. How did Silas make Eppie really his child? Is she like a real youngster or merely a "story-book" character? Give reasons for your opinion.

Chapter XV

1. How did Godfrey act toward Eppie? Did he feel any regret? Is doing one's mere duty a very high rule of action, or life? What is likely to be the feeling behind acts based on a sense of duty? What five things are particularly stated about Godfrey? Which one do you think is the most important?

2. Why does Part I end here? Is the story finished? What more is there to tell? Who will be the center of the rest of the story? Do you believe any new characters should be introduced or should the story depend on those we now know? Has the material so far been unified?

Part II—Chapter XVI

1. Why does the author not tell what occurred in the period between Part I and Part II? What did she entrust to the reader? Why does Part II open at the close of church? What does this enable the author to do ?

2. What does an old person mean by saying that he has his second sight? Do you know the physical or physiological explanation of this? How did Eppie know Aaron liked working for Silas? What facts important for the story are brought out in the conversation about a garden? What do the dog and the cats in Marner's cottage indicate about the life there? Note the details which show Silas's changed life. Does some of Marner's talk to Dolly recall the style, the expressions, of any great book? Try to find the resemblances. Where did Silas pick up the phrases? Is such imitation natural and usual? What was the best advice Dolly gave Silas? Is it a good rule for everybody's life?

3. Why did this story have to cover so many years? Are there still two plots?

Chapter XVII

1. What fact is brought out in the conversation between Nancy and Priscilla? Do you recall a similar conversation earlier in the story? Why does the author make Godfrey wish to have children, yet remain childless? Does it look like retribution? Was Nancy right in her reasoning about adopting a child? Carried out logically, this course in most persons' lives would result in what? Was Nancy selfish? Inexperienced? Narrow-minded? What about this showed Godfrey's selfishness and inability to understand other persons' feelings? How does the author create the impression that something is about to occur?

Chapter XVIII

1. Isn't it usual for drowned bodies to rise to the surface after several days? How is this taken into account in this accident? Notice how skillfully the author kept secret all that happened to Dunstan after he left the weaver's cottage. Reread the close of Chapter IV. When Godfrey says "It's been 'I will' and 'I won't' with me all my life," what short description of him do you recall? Are there other points in the story where Godfrey makes resolutions? What is the bitterest thing in all the years of Godfrey's married life?

2. Show that determination to act promptly has at last come to Godfrey. Had you suspected Dunstan's end? Was it deserved? What did you as reader know which Godfrey never suspected? Would you prefer that the

author had not described the robbery early in the book, but only here in the clearing-up? Is any portion really concluded here, or is something further anticipated? Explain.

Chapter XIX

1. Notice again the order in which the characters affected by the same disclosure are presented. Which come first—the more important? How many details in this chapter repeat or recall earlier ones? Is familiarity a principle of selection in narrating?

2. Was Godfrey right in wanting to carry out his resolution that very evening? Why was it an unfortunate time nevertheless?

3. Cite the small actions which mean so much in the visit of Godfrey and Nancy. Just at what point did Eppie cease feeling like an inferior? What indicates this? Is Silas right in letting Eppie decide? What helped a great deal in her decision?

4. What mistake did Godfrey make about people like Silas and Eppie? What threefold reason did Eppie give in refusing Godfrey's offer? Which part of Eppie's answer convinces Godfrey that his cause is hopeless? Why? How has the author provided against the possibility that Godfrey would make a legal claim?

Chapter XX

1. Has Godfrey learned his lesson? Has he become any better because of his disappointment? Why does Nancy not want her father and Priscilla to know the story?

Chapter XXI

1. Why did Silas want to visit Lantern Yard? Was his reason a good one? What did he learn? Does Silas's description of the old Lantern Yard give a better picture than the earlier references? Does he still believe in the drawing of lots? What purpose does this visit serve? What effect has it on the characters in the story? Has Silas found happiness? What is his rule of life now? Would you feel satisfied if the story ended here?

Conclusion

1. Would such a conclusion be likely in a modern novel? Why? Is it necessary here? Is it interesting? Why was Godfrey away? How was his pride affected?

2. What do you think of Mr. Lammeter's philosophy in lines 77 to 80, page 256?

3. Does the author work in all the persons naturally or does her thoroughness appear slightly strained? Is Macey changed much? Is he still "'cute"?

General Questions and Topics

1. Which will you remember longest—the plot or the characters? Which incidents are most vivid in your mind now?

2. Could you make a play of this? The class might decide how many incidents are needed to convey the story, make an outline, decide on the acts, stage settings, etc., and perhaps, go so far as to complete and perform the drama. Would you include the Conclusion?

3. Explain what you enjoyed most in the story. What did you actually learn from it? Memorize a passage of half a page or more.

4. Imagine a gathering of the class at the Rainbow. Let each pupil represent a character in the story or some other villager and depict the discussion about the peddler's tinder-box. This exercise may be a class composition, planned, distributed, and written by all the members. Or it may be merely outlined and discussed, then become an exercise in oral composition, having the speeches and actions of the various characters spring from the conditions which arise in the general meeting at the Rainbow.

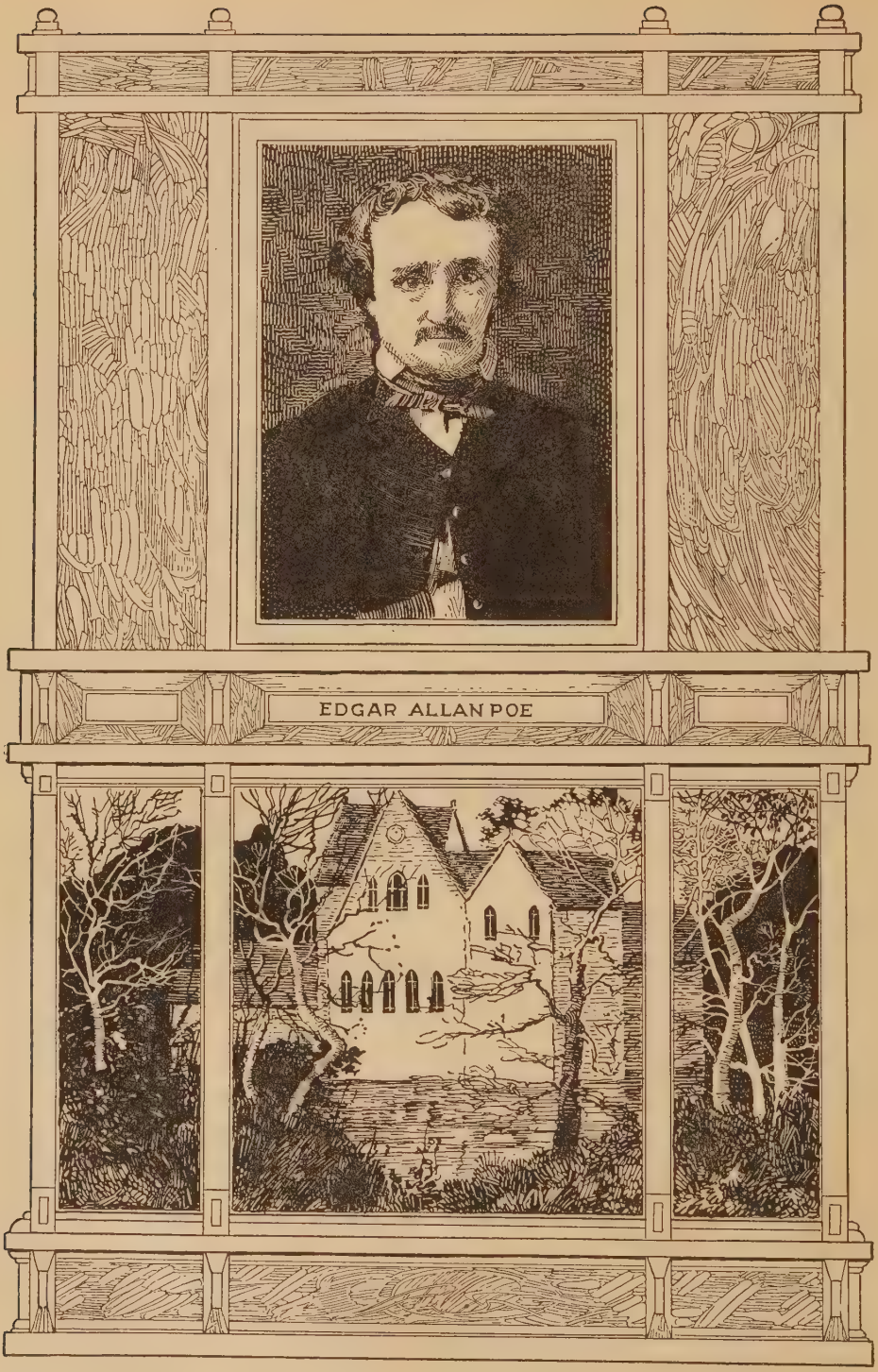
5. Sixteen years intervene between Chapters XV and XVI. Imagine some situations or incidents in the lives of the characters during this time. In your imaginary scenes try to harmonize your characters with what you know of their dispositions and actions. Here are some suggestions: Eppie at school. Godfrey chats with her. Marner delivers cloth at the Red House. Dolly tells Ben of a prank of Eppie's. The Gunns discuss the Lammeter sisters. The choir divides the Christmas money. Tookey proves that Mr. Macey cut a coat too large. Eppie cooks her first meal.

6. Read again the distinction between realism and romance (page 137). Illustrate the characterization of realism there given by concrete details from *Silas Marner*. Give illustrations of romance from *Quentin Durward*.

7. In what sense does the statement that "character is fate" (page 138) find illustration in the portrayal of Godfrey Cass? Review the story to find passages that bring out this idea.

Theme Topics. 1. The process of cloth-making today as compared with that of the hand loom. 2. Describe a stone-pit familiar to you (or something similar) and work out a possible mystery. 3. Write a brief scenario of such parts as you think would give action sufficient to interest an audience.

Library Reading. Other realistic novels that may be read in connection with Silas Marner are *The Mill on the Floss*, George Eliot; *The Warden*, Trollope; *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, Howells; *The Woodlanders*, Hardy.



EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE SHORT STORY

AN INTRODUCTION

A marked feature of literary history in the nineteenth century was the development of the short story. It is a common remark that life has become more complex in the last one hundred years. The complexity is in our interests no less than in our occupations. Thus, every person today has to read about more different kinds of things. This diversity of interest has produced the hundreds of magazines, which appeal not only to the desire for information, but to the delight in fiction. All these changes have contributed to the rapid spread of interest in short stories and their rise in dignity until now practically every producer of fiction engages in their composition.

The prevalence of the short story in modern times does not mean that there were none before the eighteen hundreds. For centuries there have been such short bits of entertainment, some as old and as famous as *The Arabian Nights*. Only, in modern times critical judgment has been exercised upon them, and authors have so emphasized certain phases of technique that today the short story is a well-recognized type of literature, with a method of composition as definite as that of the one-act play.

Much of this development in the technique of the short story is due to American writers. Irving, Hawthorne, and Poe, the first American writers of fiction of high literary quality, realized the possibilities in short fiction. The book which won fame for Irving, *The Sketch Book*, is a collection of sketches about persons and places, with small story-interest, plus stories like "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle," in which we see some of the characteristics of the short story as written today. Hawthorne called his first collection *Twice-Told Tales*, a title that suggests his interest in this form of fiction. Some of the pieces that he included in this collection are merely descriptive sketches, such as "Sights from a Steeple," "A Rill from the Town Pump," and "The Toll-Gatherer's Day," but there are also examples of the story with a definite plot and sequence of events, like "Endicott and the Red Cross," "The Ambitious Guest," and "The Gray Champion."

Hawthorne produced indiscriminately tales and short stories. At about the same time Edgar Allan Poe specialized in a form more closely approximating the real short story. His effective artistry in both plot and style impressed the entire world, especially France, where literary appreciation is always keen. The French authors who practiced the writing of this form became the greatest in the world, spreading the influence of their skill even to Russia, and influencing both English and American writers.

Our chief interest, in this part of our book, is not the history of the short story, but its characterization as a literary form. The first difference between the novel and the short story is one of length. Magazine editors frequently stipulate the maximum number of words which they will accept, ranging in different publications from four thousand to eight thousand words. The amount of space at his disposal determines to a great extent what the author may include. No long development or change of character is possible. The actions of the persons must be the logical result of character clearly indicated or described. Nor is a long progression of events possible in a true short story. A protracted, rambling account including a miscellaneous collection of interesting but rather unrelated details is now specifically classified as a *tale*, not a short story.

Intensity of impression, swiftness of progression, directness of effect, sureness and conciseness of style, clearness of character drawing, reality of dialogue, certainty of conclusion, close interdependence of all incidents or situations—these are

the recognizable qualities of the modern short story.

Because his space is limited, the author dare not use too many words to cover his introduction. Once begun, his events must not stray from the central theme. His plot must develop, not stand still, not wander needlessly. Without the need for contrast which the longer novel requires, he may dispense with all devices for securing variety, and press steadily to his climax. The interest must rise steadily. As the flight is a short one, to be impressive it must be a steep one. When the story begins, nearly all the persons must be what they are intended to be. Any changes must spring not only naturally, but quickly, from the initial circumstances. The author has little time to explain. The changes must be accepted by the reader as real.

If the plot is planned properly, the climax will indicate quite clearly all the resultant developments, or so satisfy interest and curiosity that what may happen afterwards has no attraction for the reader. Thus the highest point of interest may be quite close to the end of the story. It may coincide with the conclusion itself. It may be so effective that it renders unnecessary any conclusion other than itself.

Despite its limitations in space and character development, the short story affords opportunity for inexhaustible variety in range of material and method of treatment. As human nature has pronounced tastes, and certain forms recognized as successful are likely to be repeated, there are some well-marked types, every one of which is represented by hundreds or thousands of examples.

The "setting," or scene, of a story may be so interesting that the mind retains a deeper impression of the place than of the plot. Vividly picturesque life and scenes in different parts of the world are utilized in such stories—as the Mexican Southwest of our country, Creole life in the South, the foreign slums of New York, the languorous isles of the South Pacific, the frontiers of civilization in Asia and Africa, the unfamiliar steppes of Russia, the colorful banks of the Nile.

Authors vary greatly in their methods of composing short stories. The general starting point of Hawthorne has already been indicated (page 118). Others declare they start with an entire theme, which they then localize, and provide with characters. Another method is to start with the conclusion, then to work backwards in planning, until all the steps are determined. A problem may arise in conversation, or in an author's mind, which he then treats in short story form. Some authors declare they never construct two stories in the same manner. Many pick up bits of actual life by observation, conversation, reading the newspapers, frequenting the courtrooms. If you try to write short stories of your own, you will consider many different methods for your own guidance, and in all likelihood try them all, or combine them.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Son cœur est un luth suspendu;
Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne.*
BÉRANGER

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was—but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable, for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveler upon opium: the bitter lapse into everyday life, the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate, its capacity for sorrowful impression; and acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled luster by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him—which in its wildly importunate nature had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness, of a mental disorder which oppressed him, and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best,

*"His heart a lute, in air slow swings, The gentlest touch, and lo! it sings." Béranger was a French poet contemporary with Poe; these lines have not been found in his works.

and indeed his only, personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said—it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request—which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although as boys we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself, through long ages, in many works of exalted art, and manifested of late in repeated deeds of munificent, yet unobtrusive, charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth at no period any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other—it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission from sire to son of the patrimony with the name, which had, at length, so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher"—an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment, that of looking down within the tarn, had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not so term it?—served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy—a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity; an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn; a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency

between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the studio of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me—while the carvings of the ceilings, the somber tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy—while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this—I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases, I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality—of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complex-

34. **phantasmagoric**, weirdly intricate.

80. **ennuyé**, bored.

ion; an eye, large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely molded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity; these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous luster of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild, gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence, an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy, an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision, when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance, to that species of energetic concision—that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation—that leaden, self-balanced, and perfectly modulated guttural utterance—which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered, at some length, into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy—a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although, perhaps, the terms and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial, incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have, indeed, no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect—in terror. In this unnerved—in this pitiable condition, I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when

28. **arabesque**, here means fantastic.

I must abandon life and reason together, in some struggle with the grim phantasm, FEAR."

I learned moreover at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence, for many years, he had never ventured forth—in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be restated—an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion, had, by dint of long sufferance, he said, obtained over his spirit—an effect which the physique of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had, at length, brought about upon the morale of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin—to the severe and long-continued illness, indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution, of a tenderly beloved sister—his sole companion for long years, his last and only relative on earth. "Her decease," he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, "would leave him—him the hopeless and the frail—the last of the ancient race of the Ushers." While he spoke, the lady Madeline, for so was she called, passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread, and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door, at length, closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother; but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent, although transient, affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed, as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation, to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together; or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempt at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent, positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent

alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations, in which he involved me, or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphureous luster over all. His long, improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vaguenesses at which I shuddered the more thrillingly because I shuddered knowing not why—from these paintings, vivid as their images now are before me, I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me at least, in the circumstances then surrounding me, there arose, out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch or other artificial source of light was discernible; yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his impromptus could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fantasias— for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rimed verbal improvisations—the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it, as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness, on the part of Usher, of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled "The Haunted Palace," ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus:

In the greenest of our valleys
  By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
  Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion,
  It stood there;

13. **von Weber**, Karl Maria (1786-1826), a German musical composer. 37. **Fuseli**, John (1741-1825), a Swiss-English painter, whose work is noted for its fantastic intensity.

Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow—
This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago—
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingéd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tunéd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting,
Porphyrogene,
In state his glory well-befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought, wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's which I mention, not so much on account of its novelty—for other men have thought thus—as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But in his disordered fancy the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected, as I have previously hinted, with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones—in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many fungi which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around—above all, in the long undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence—the evidence of the sentience—was to be seen, he said (and I here started as he spoke), in the gradual, yet certain, condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent, yet importunate and terrible, influence which for centuries had molded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him—what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books—the books which, for years, had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid—were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the *Ververt* and *Chartreuse* of

16. **Porphyrogene,** "born to the purple"; said of a son born to a reigning monarch.

57. **kingdom of inorganization,** mineral kingdom.

Gresset; the *Belphegor* of Machiavelli; the *Heaven and Hell* of Swedenborg; the *Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klimm* by Holberg; the *Chiromancy* of Robert Flud, of Jean D'Indaginé, and of De la Chambre; the *Journey into the Blue Distance* of Tieck; and the *City of the Sun* of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the *Directorium Inquisitorum* by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne, and there were passages in Pomponius Mela, about the old African Satyrs and Ægipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic—the manual of a forgotten church—the *Vigiliae Mortuorum Secundum Chorum Ecclesiae Maguntinae.*

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when one evening, having informed me abruptly that the lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight, previously to its final interment, in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding, was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution, so he told me, by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical men, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase, on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and by no means an unnatural, precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it—and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation—was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a dungeon-keep, and in later days as a place of deposit for powder, or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been, also, similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp, grating sound, as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon trestles within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention; and Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few

1. **Gresset**, Jean B. L. de (1709-1777), a French poet. **Machiavelli**, Niccolo (1469-1527), an Italian statesman. 2. **Swedenborg**, Emanuel (1688-1772), a Swedish philosopher. 4. **Holberg**, Ludwig von (1684-1754), called the "founder of modern Danish literature." 5. **Robert Flud** (1574-1637), an English physician and mystic. **Jean D'Indaginé**, a German priest and writer of the sixteenth century. 6. **De la Chambre**, M. C. (1594-1675), a French writer and physician. 7. **Tieck**, Ludwig (1773-1853), a German poet and critic. 8. **Campanella**, Tommaso (1568-1639), an Italian philosopher. 11. **Eymeric de Gironne**, Nicholas (1320-1399), a Spanish church official. 13. **Pomponius Mela**, a Roman geographer of the first century. 14. **Ægipan**, a creature half man and half goat. 20. **Vigiliae**, etc. This book has not been traced.

66. **worst purposes**, as in "The Prisoner of Chillon."

words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead—for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth, had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and, having secured the door of iron, made our way, with toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue—but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours, in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified—that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow, yet certain, degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic, yet impressive, superstitions.

It was, especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the dungeon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch, while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much, if not all, of what I felt was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room—of the dark and tattered draperies which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and at length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me—to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste—for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night—and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention.

I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterwards he rapped with a gentle touch at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan—but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes—an evidently restrained hysteria in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me—but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

"And you have not seen it?" he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence—"you have not then seen it?—but, stay! you shall." Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous, yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity, for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds, which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house, did not prevent our perceiving the lifelike velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this; yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars, nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

"You must not—you shall not behold this!" said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him with a gentle violence from the window to a seat. "These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon—or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement; the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen—and so we will pass away this terrible night together."

The antique volume which I had taken up was the *Mad Trist* of Sir Launcelot Canning; but I had called it a favorite of Usher's more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief—for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies—even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild, overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the *Trist*, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force.

67. **Mad Trist.** Both book and author are the invention of Poe.

Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus:

And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal, on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who, in sooth, was of an obstinate and maliceful turn, but, feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and with blows made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand; and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked, and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarumed and reverberated throughout the forest.

At the termination of this sentence I started, and for a moment paused; for it appeared to me—although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me—it appeared to me that from some very remote portion of the mansion there came, indistinctly to my ears what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo, but a stifled and dull one certainly, of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for, amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound, in itself, had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story:

But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the maliceful hermit; but, in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten,

"Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin;
Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win."

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard.

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement; for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear, although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say, a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had during the last few minutes taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast—yet I knew that he

was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea—for he rocked from side to side with a gentle, yet constant and uniform, sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:

> And now, the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound.

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than—as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver—I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled, reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days have I heard it—yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am—I dared not—I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—*I dared not speak!* And now—tonight—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield!—say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!"—here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—"*Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!*"

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell, the huge, antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust—but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher! There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold—then, with a low, moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and, in her violent and now final death agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse,

and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway.

Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long, tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "House of Usher."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. Poe does not rest content with merely *relating* this story; he desires to emphasize his effect, to add little by little to its significance until at the end the reader will recall not only the events, but will still linger for some time as under the *spell* of some influence. The effect made upon the reader is a "spell" which depends upon the simplest power in the world—the power of words. No one who has once really *read* this story—not merely skimmed the words—can ever shake off its influence. Long after he has forgotten the exact details of the stay in that old mansion, he will feel a spontaneous tremor pass over him, because the impression the story made will revive in his feelings. Poe knew, as few men do, the power of words, the power in their meaning, the power in their form, the power in their age, the power in their sound, the power in their suggestions.

2. There are three main divisions in this story, the last corresponding strictly to the first, the middle growing directly from the introduction and preparing clearly for the conclusion.

3. The remarkable poem, "The Haunted Palace," was written by Poe a few years before the story. Finding that it fitted exactly into the mood he wished to induce in his reader, he inserted it, adding a note that he had already published it in a magazine.

Questions and Topics

1. What kind of words does Poe use in the opening paragraph to secure his effect? Make a list of the most effective words. How many are unusual to you? Is it true—as Poe says—that there are some melancholies, some sadnesses, which have a half-pleasurable effect? Have you experienced any? Why is *vacant eye-like windows* so good? Why is *tarn* here so much better than *lake* or *pool*? What romantic elements enter into the tale from the very beginning? Keep account of how several of these are intensified or grow as the story progresses.

2. What is unusual about the Usher family? Do you like to have the author make natural surroundings harmonize with his theme? Why? What is the most noticeable feature about the front of the house? Why is *causeway* a better word than *bridge*? What effect upon you has the meeting of the guest with the physician? Is the narration or the description the better in this? Justify your opinion by selections, explaining their excellence. Is Usher's condition natural? What did he need? What would have helped him? Why is the guitar a fitting instrument for Usher's music? What other instruments might have served as well?

3. Memorize "The Haunted Palace" and recite it aloud slowly, enunciating every word clearly. Do not use too much voice. *Onomatopœia* means that the sound of the words fits their meaning. How does the word apply to this poem? How frequently are o-sounds used?

4. Was Usher really normal? Does Poe decide? What hints does he give of his own opinion? What do you think of Poe's manner of suggesting thoughts to his readers? Is the terror transmitted to the reader, as Poe intended it should be? Is the plan or this story complex

or simple? Cite all the details of the conclusion which correspond to details of the beginning. Is such correspondence artistic?

5. Fantastic as this tale is, how does Poe base it on scientific facts? Is any part of it beyond possibility? Is there any attempt to relieve the gloom in the story? Would such relief have been welcome here? What is the greatest quality or feature of this story?

6. Of all Poe's stories which do you prefer? Because of what? Why does the world consider him so great? Which nation has produced the greatest short stories? Do the readers of that nation read and like Poe?

Theme Topics. 1. Discuss, or write a paper on Poe's three greatest story-telling merits, as you have discovered them from your reading. 2. Discuss Poe's originality in his choice of subject matter. 3. If you have read other tales of horror, give the class a brief account of the best one, including how you happened to read it, what it told, how you liked it, how it compares with Poe's tales of horror. 4. Recall some mystery or horror or fear of your own life. Write an account of it, trying to make your tale as vivid as Poe's stories. Revise it several times, improving details, changing words and phrases, inserting the best, most fitting, most meaningful word, wherever you can. Don't make it too long. Don't hurry to finish. Finally read it to the class. Let the members discuss its impression. Its effect will be a good test of your ability in composition to impress others. 5. A description of some house of mystery in your vicinity.

Library Reading. "The Cask of Amontillado," Poe; if you are interested in seeing how other authors have handled the horror tale, you might read "What Was It?" O'Brien (in *Poems and Stories*); *In the Midst of Life*, Bierce.

THE PURLOINED LETTER

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Nil sapientiæ odiosius acumine nimio.*
SENECA

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book closet, *au troisième*, No. 33 Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G——'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

*Nothing is so odious to wisdom as too great shrewdness. Seneca was a Roman philosopher (B.C. 4-A.D. 65).

7. **au troisième**, literally, "third" floor, but actually fourth, as the French begin their count above the ground floor. 8. **Faubourg St. Germain**, an aristocratic quarter of Paris.

19-21. **Rue Morgue . . . Marie Rogêt.** The reference is to two of Poe's own stories, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt."

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled toward him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh, no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little *too* self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused; "oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

"And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold were it known that I confided it to anyone."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then; I have received personal information from a very high quarter that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber's possession; that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well; the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendency over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendency," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare——"

"The thief," said G——, "is the Minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming, as well as those becoming, a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length in taking leave he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but of course dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage, who stood at her elbow. The Minister decamped, leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendency complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the Prefect; "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined."

"You flatter me," replied the Prefect; "but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the Minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G——; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the Minister's *hôtel;* and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the Minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and,

6. **letter,** formerly letters were written upon one side of a sheet of paper, which was then folded and sealed. The address was written upon the outside, no envelope being used.

75. **hôtel,** the French word for "private residence."
82. **au fait,** competent, expert.

being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— *hôtel*. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the Minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the Minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings as a matter of course."

"Not *altogether* a fool," said G——, "but then he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, "although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine, long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bedposts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article

1. **Neapolitans**, natives of Naples.

is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed in a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the *hôtel*, and indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the gluing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets?"

"That, of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-*cover*, with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the *hôtel*."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh, yes." And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external, appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said,

"Well, but G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the Minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the reëxamination, however, as Dupin suggested—but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don't like to say how much precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to anyone who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really—think, G——, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might—do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How?—in what way?"

"Why (puff, puff), you might (puff, puff) employ counsel in the matter, eh (puff, puff, puff)? Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

" 'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?'

" 'Take!' said Abernethy, 'why, take *advice*, to be sure.' "

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "I am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to anyone who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check-book, "you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocketbook; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and

54. **Abernethy**, John (1764-1831), a celebrated and eccentric English surgeon. 98. **escritoire**, writing-desk.

gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the *Hôtel* D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed—but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case, and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand, asks, 'Are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies, 'Odd,' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'The simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd'; he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first he would have reasoned thus: 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and in the second he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess even'; he guesses even, and wins. Now, this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky'—what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in

41. **Procrustean**, from Procrustus, a legendary Grecian robber, who tortured his prisoners by stretching or lopping them to fit a certain bed.

which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: 'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked is anyone, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucauld, to La Bruyère, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent's, depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured."

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin, "and the Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass;* but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice*, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D——, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration *of the application* of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair leg—but, at least, in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair leg? And do you not see, also, that such *recherché* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects? For, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner—is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the policial eyes, when the reward is of magnitude—the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined

15-17. **Rochefoucauld**, François La (1613-1680), **La Bruyère**, Jean de (1645-1696), French writers on morals. **Machiavelli**, Niccolo (1469-1527), an Italian statesman, noted for his diplomatic cunning. **Campanella**, Tommaso (1568-1639), an Italian philosopher.

74. **recherché**, carefully thought up; hidden. 88. **policial**, of the police.

letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the Prefect's examination —in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect— its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the Minister is a fool because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect *feels:* and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medii* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The Minister, I believe, has written learnedly on the Differential Calculus. He is a mathematician and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet *and* mathematician he would reason well; as mere mathematician he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions, which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as *the* reason *par excellence.*"

"'*Il y a à parier,*'" replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort, "'*que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a convenu au plus grand nombre.*' The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. With an art worthy a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the originators of this particular deception; but if a term is of any importance—if words derive any value from applicability—then *analysis* conveys 'algebra,' about as much as, in Latin, *ambitus* implies 'ambition,' *religio,* 'religion,' or *homines honesti,* 'a set of honorable men.'"

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed."

"I dispute the availability, and thus the value of that reason which is cultivated in any special form other than the abstractly logical. I dispute, in particular, the reason educed by mathematical study. The mathematics are the science of form and quantity; mathematical reasoning is merely logic applied to observation upon form and quantity. The great error lies in supposing that even the truths of what is called *pure* algebra are abstract or general truths. And this error is so egregious that I am confounded at the universality with which it has been received. Mathematical axioms are *not* axioms of general truth. What is true of *relation*—of form and quantity —is often grossly false in regard to morals, for example. In this latter science it is very usually *un*true that the aggregated parts are equal to the whole. In chemistry, also, the axiom fails. In the consideration of motive it fails; for two motives, each of a given value, have not, necessarily, a value when united equal to the sum of their values apart. There are numerous other mathematical truths which are only truths within the limits of *relation.* But the mathematician argues, from his *finite truths,* through habit, as if they were of an absolutely

15. **non distributio medii**, fallacy in reasoning known as the undistributed middle term. 36. **par excellence**, above all. 38. **Il y a à parier**, etc., "it is safe to wager that every common notion, every accepted convention, is a piece of stupidity, since it has found favor with the majority." 39. **Chamfort** (1741-1794), a French writer.

general applicability—as the world indeed imagines them to be. Bryant, in his very learned *Mythology*, mentions an analogous source of error, when he says that 'although the pagan fables are not believed, yet we forget ourselves continually, and make inferences from them as existing realities.' With the algebraists, however, who are pagans themselves, the 'pagan fables' *are* believed and the inferences are made, not so much through lapse of memory as through an unaccountable addling of the brains. In short, I never yet encountered the mere mathematician who could be trusted out of equal roots, or one who did not clandestinely hold it as a point of his faith that x^2+px was absolutely and unconditionally equal to q. Say to one of these gentlemen, by way of experiment, if you please, that you believe occasions may occur where x^2+px is *not* altogether equal to q, and having made him understand what you mean, get out of his reach as speedily as convenient, for, beyond doubt, he will endeavor to knock you down.

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, while I merely laughed at his last observations, "that if the Minister had been no more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this check. I knew him, however, as both mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to his capacity with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as courtier, too, and as a bold *intrigant*. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as ruses, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of policial action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the Minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his *hôtel* would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident."

"Yes," said I, "I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"The material world," continued Dupin, "abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some color of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor, or simile, may be made to strengthen an argument, as well as to embellish

2. **Bryant**, Jacob (1715-1804), an English scholar.
42. **intrigant**, intriguer.

a description. The principle of the *vis inertiæ*, for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent momentum is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is, in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again: have you ever noticed which of the street signs over the shop doors are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state, or empire—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-largely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the Minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial *hôtel*. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of paste-

2. **vis inertiæ**, force of inertia; here, mental sluggishness.

board, that hung, dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the Minister himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the upper divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here, the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there, it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here, the address, to the Minister, was diminutive and feminine; there, the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true*, methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document—these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived—these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the Minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the *hôtel*, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a facsimile, so far as regards externals—which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a facsimile? Would it not have been better, at the very first, to have seized it openly and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His *hôtel*, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interest. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the Ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the Minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni;* but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius.

"I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

"How? Did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why—it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D——, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words:

——Un dessein si funeste,
S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.

They are to be found in Crébillon's *Atrée*."

42. **facilis descensus Averni**, a famous old saying, "Easy is the descent into Avernus (Hades)."

43. **Catalani**, Angelica (1779-1849), a celebrated Italian singer. 48. **monstrum horrendum**, dreadful monster, from Vergil's Aeneid, Book III, line 658. 73. **Un dessein**, etc., "so baleful a design, if not worthy of Atreus, is worthy of Thyestes." (The story of the two blood-thirsty brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, may be found in a mythology.) 75. **Crébillon**, Prosper J. de (1674-1762), a French tragic poet. 76. **Atrée**, a tragedy dealing with a murderer who is himself slain.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. Poe had a peculiarly keen, analytic mind. At one time he announced in a paper that he could solve within a short time any puzzle submitted to him. And he did. This interest of his mind in intricate problems led him to the construction of his stories of mystery. Probably you have already studied some of them. A person can hardly grow up without knowing one, at least. As Poe could solve a problem he could invent one for solution in a story. If you were asked suddenly where is the best place to hide a letter you would very likely reason exactly as the Prefect of the Paris police reasons. If you consider and weigh chances of discovery you will very likely come to the same conclusion as did the Minister and Monsieur Dupin. Poe understood the feelings of the reader well enough to realize that he would not be satisfied until the mystery was explained. Poe knew that the end of the adventure would not be a sufficient conclusion for his readers. They would not be content to be told merely that the letter was recovered and restored; they would desire to know all the steps of reasoning by which its hiding place was ferreted out.

2. Poe's skill in choice and use of words is peculiarly illuminating. You should notice his words and phrases with the view of adding to your own vocabulary and improving your style. It is asking too much of you to do this the first time you read these pages. You should read "The Purloined Letter" twice—the first time for the story, the second time for the definite purpose of analyzing the style and vocabulary. If you use a notebook your memory may be made more retentive. If you can fix the words and phrases in your consciousness without writing them in a book, strengthen your memory in that manner. The most vivid strokes by Poe are the result of his use of the first person. We feel that the man who has done something can tell about it most convincingly. He should know what happened, because he was there. Poe uses this device so frequently that it is one of his distinctive traits, as is well illustrated in "The Purloined Letter." There are two main threads to be related. Poe has each actor narrate his own part to the third man. This makes the entire story narrated action which occurred before the telling. Poe uses three narrators, all of whom employ the first person; all tell of exactly what they did or heard; and the reader almost believes he has heard their recitals.

Questions and Topics

1. What information is conveyed by the very first paragraph? Does it interest you? Why did Poe choose this season of the year? Would a modern author use dashes for names? Do you like it? Explain any advantage it may have. How does Poe cleverly and delicately suggest that the two other men consider the Prefect a man of no account? Where does Poe very plainly state the simple explanation of the entire story?

2. Pick out instances of irony used with good effect. Show that Poe considered every detail very carefully. Is there any portion that you can criticize as being not accurate and logical? How do you reconcile lines 2-3, page 279, with line 7, page 283? Which speech of Dupin astonished you most? Why? What was its effect upon the Prefect? What is the purpose of the Prefect's second search? What do you think of the reasoning in the "odd and even" game? What do you believe concerning the claim that mathematics develops the reasoning faculty? Do you agree with Dupin? Such discussions as this have resulted in some changes in school curricula during the past few years. Can you cite any such changes? What game do you know which somewhat resembles the map game described by Dupin?

3. Which part of the story did you enjoy more—the search for the letter and its amazing appearance, or the explanation of the method used by Dupin? Let the pupils vote on their answers to this question, then orally give their reasons and describe their feelings.

4. Do you know of any other story by Poe in which the plot is finished in the middle of the tale, yet in which the interest is sustained by the explanation of what came before the conclusion of the adventure? Compare the two stories, showing in how many respects they are quite similar. In "The Purloined Letter" how does Poe secure variety by introducing humor? Is the intention better than the result?

5. By his frequent use of the first person what effect does Poe secure? This identification of himself with the characters of his tales has resulted in what rather widely-spread, yet exaggerated, impression of Poe's own nature and character? Is this a tribute to the reality of his art, or a discredit?

6. In what kinds of surroundings do you like to read Poe? Describe one such scene, trying to make your account as vivid and impressive as Poe might have made it. About what will you have to think very carefully? How

many words will you borrow from Poe's own stories to use in your description?

7. Make a list of new yet suitable words or expressions you have learned from Poe. Would you use as many foreign terms? Define style in writing. Have you a style? What would you say is your most marked characteristic trait in style of speaking or writing? What should you correct? What do you honestly think you might develop? How does your style depend upon your thinking?

8. When is the better time to think about a school composition: when you sit at a desk with paper before you to write it, or long before then? How can you "write a composition" as you walk home from school?

9. Did Poe plan before he sat down to finish his story? What makes you believe so? Can you point to anything late in the story that you know was in his mind while he was composing the early part? Prove that your choice is supported by the story itself. Can an author plan "backwards"? Explain and illustrate, using any material from school or outside reading. Make your analysis clear and convincing.

Theme Topics. 1. Arrange a class discussion in explanation and illustration of the following: (a) Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains; in art, nothing merely happens. (b) Mathematics is not necessary to a well-trained mind. 2. Choose a proposition similar to the preceding and conduct a class discussion or debate on it. 3. Work out a detailed solution for a newspaper mystery, telling it from the viewpoint of the detective.

Library Reading. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," Poe; "The Diamond Lens," O'Brien (in *Poems and Stories*).

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE*

A. Conan Doyle

I had called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced, elderly gentleman, with fiery red hair. With an apology for my intrusion, I was about to withdraw, when Holmes pulled me abruptly into the room, and closed the door behind me. "You could not possibly have come at a better time, my dear Watson," he said, cordially.

"I was afraid that you were engaged."

"So I am. Very much so."

"Then I can wait in the next room."

"Not at all. This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, has been my partner and helper in many of my most successful cases, and I have no doubt that he will be of the utmost use to me in yours also."

The stout gentleman half rose from his chair and gave a bob of greeting, with a quick, little, questioning glance from his small, fat-encircled eyes.

"Try the settee," said Holmes, relapsing into his armchair, and putting his finger-tips together, as was his custom when in judicial moods. "I know, my dear Watson, that you share my love of all that is bizarre and outside the conventions and humdrum routine of everyday life. You have shown your relish for it by the enthusiasm which has prompted you to chronicle, and, if you will excuse my saying so, somewhat to embellish so many of my own little adventures."

"Your cases have indeed been of the greatest interest to me," I observed.

"You will remember that I remarked the other day, just before we went into the very simple problem presented by Miss Mary Sutherland, that for strange effects and extraordinary combinations we must go to life itself, which is always far more daring than any effort of the imagination."

"A proposition which I took the liberty of doubting."

*Reprinted from *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* by permission of the author and the publishers, Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

"You did, doctor, but none the less you must come round to my view, for otherwise I shall keep on piling fact upon fact on you, until your reason breaks down under them and acknowledges me to be right. Now, Mr. Jabez Wilson here has been good enough to call upon me this morning, and to begin a narrative which promises to be one of the most singular which I have listened to for some time. You have heard me remark that the strangest and most unique things are very often connected, not with the larger but with the smaller crimes, and occasionally, indeed, where there is room for doubt whether any positive crime has been committed. As far as I have heard, it is impossible for me to say whether the present case is an instance of crime or not, but the course of events is certainly among the most singular that I have ever listened to. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson, you would have the great kindness to recommence your narrative. I ask you, not merely because my friend, Dr. Watson, has not heard the opening part, but also because the peculiar nature of the story makes me anxious to have every possible detail from your lips. As a rule, when I have heard some slight indication of the course of events, I am able to guide myself by the thousands of other similar cases which occur to my memory. In the present instance I am forced to admit that the facts are, to the best of my belief, unique."

The portly client puffed out his chest with an appearance of some little pride, and pulled a dirty and wrinkled newspaper from the inside pocket of his greatcoat. As he glanced down the advertisement column, with his head thrust forward, and the paper flattened out upon his knee, I took a good look at the man, and endeavored, after the fashion of my companion, to read the indications which might be presented by his dress or appearance.

I did not gain very much, however, by my inspection. Our visitor bore every mark of being an average, commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous, and slow. He wore rather baggy gray shepherd's check trousers, a not over-clean black frock-coat, unbuttoned in the front, and a drab waistcoat with a heavy, brassy Albert chain, and a square pierced bit of metal dangling down as an ornament. A frayed top-hat and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head, and the expression of extreme chagrin and discontent upon his features.

Sherlock Holmes's quick eye took in my occupation, and he shook his head with a smile as he noticed my questioning glances. "Beyond the obvious facts that he has at some time done manual labor, that he takes snuff, that he is a Freemason, that he has been in China, and that he has done a considerable amount of writing lately, I can deduce nothing else."

Mr. Jabez Wilson started up in his chair, with his forefinger upon the paper, but with his eyes upon my companion. "How, in the name of good fortune, did you know all that, Mr. Holmes?" he asked. "How did you know, for example, that I did manual labor? It's as true as gospel, for I began as a ship's carpenter."

"Your hands, my dear sir. Your right hand is quite a size larger than your left. You have worked with it, and the muscles are more developed."

"Well, the snuff, then, and the Freemasonry?"

"I won't insult your intelligence by

60. **Albert chain**, watch chain named after Albert, Prince Consort of Queen Victoria (1819-1901).

telling you how I read that, especially as, rather against the strict rules of your order, you use an ark-and-compass breastpin."

"Ah, of course, I forgot that. But the writing?"

"What else can be indicated by that right cuff so very shiny for five inches, and the left one with the smooth patch near the elbow where you rest it upon the desk?"

"Well, but China?"

"The fish that you have tattooed immediately above your wrist could only have been done in China. I have made a small study of tattoo marks, and have even contributed to the literature of the subject. That trick of staining the fishes' scales of a delicate pink is quite peculiar to China. When, in addition, I see a Chinese coin hanging from your watch-chain, the matter becomes even more simple."

Mr. Jabez Wilson laughed heavily. "Well, I never!" said he. "I thought at first that you had done something clever, but I see that there was nothing in it, after all."

"I begin to think, Watson," said Holmes, "that I make a mistake in explaining. '*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*,' you know, and my poor little reputation, such as it is, will suffer shipwreck if I am so candid. Can you not find the advertisement, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes, I have got it now," he answered, with his thick, red finger planted halfway down the column. "Here it is. This is what began it all. You just read it for yourself, sir."

I took the paper from him, and read as follows:

To the Red-headed League:

On account of the bequest of the late Ezekiah Hopkins, of Lebanon, Pa., U. S. A., there is now another vacancy open which entitles a member of the League to a salary of four pounds a week for purely nominal services. All red-headed men who are sound in body and mind, and above the age of twenty-one years, are eligible. Apply in person on Monday, at eleven o'clock, to Duncan Ross, at the offices of the League, 7 Pope's Court, Fleet Street.

"What on earth does this mean?" I ejaculated, after I had twice read over the extraordinary announcement.

Holmes chuckled, and wriggled in his chair, as was his habit when in high spirits. "It is a little off the beaten track, isn't it?" said he. "And now, Mr. Wilson, off you go at scratch, and tell us all about yourself, your household, and the effect which this advertisement had upon your fortunes. You will first make a note, doctor, of the paper and the date."

"It is *The Morning Chronicle*, of April 27, 1890. Just two months ago."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Wilson?"

"Well, it is just as I have been telling you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Jabez Wilson, mopping his forehead; "I have a small pawnbroker's business at Coburg Square, near the City. It's not a very large affair, and of late years it has not done more than just give me a living. I used to be able to keep two assistants, but now I only keep one; and I would have a job to pay him, but that he is willing to come for half wages, so as to learn the business."

"What is the name of this obliging youth?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"His name is Vincent Spaulding, and he's not such a youth, either. It's hard to say his age. I should not wish a smarter assistant, Mr. Holmes; and I know very well that he could better himself, and earn twice what I am able to give him. But, after all, if he is satisfied, why should I put ideas in his head?"

31. **Omne ignotum pro magnifico**, whatever is not understood seems greater than it really is.

64. **at scratch**, from the beginning. 77. **City**, a small area of London, constituting the heart of the metropolis.

"Why, indeed? You seem most fortunate in having an employee who comes under the full market price. It is not a common experience among employers in this age. I don't know that your assistant is not as remarkable as your advertisement."

"Oh, he has his faults, too," said Mr. Wilson. "Never was such a fellow for photography. Snapping away with a camera when he ought to be improving his mind, and then diving down into the cellar like a rabbit into its hole to develop his pictures. That is his main fault; but, on the whole, he's a good worker. There's no vice in him."

"He is still with you, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. He and a girl of fourteen, who does a bit of simple cooking, and keeps the place clean—that's all I have in the house, for I am a widower, and never had any family. We live very quietly, sir, the three of us; and we keep a roof over our heads, and pay our debts, if we do nothing more.

"The first thing that put us out was that advertisement. Spaulding, he came down into the office just this day eight weeks, with this very paper in his hand, and he says:

" 'I wish to the Lord, Mr. Wilson, that I was a red-headed man.'

" 'Why that?' I asks.

" 'Why,' says he, 'here's another vacancy on the League of the Red-headed Men. It's worth quite a little fortune to any man who gets it, and I understand that there are more vacancies than there are men, so that the trustees are at their wits' end what to do with the money. If my hair would only change color, here's a nice little crib all ready for me to step into.'

" 'Why, what is it, then?' I asked. You see, Mr. Holmes, I am a very stay-at-home man, and as my business came to me instead of my having to go to it, I was often weeks on end without putting my foot over the door-mat. In that way I didn't know much of what was going on outside, and I was always glad of a bit of news.

" 'Have you never heard of the League of the Red-headed Men?' he asked, with his eyes open.

" 'Never.'

" 'Why, I wonder at that, for you are eligible yourself for one of the vacancies.'

" 'And what are they worth?' I asked.

" 'Oh, merely a couple of hundred a year, but the work is slight, and it need not interfere very much with one's other occupations.'

"Well, you can easily think that that made me prick up my ears, for the business has not been over-good for some years, and an extra couple of hundred would have been very handy.

" 'Tell me all about it,' said I.

" 'Well,' said he, showing me the advertisement, 'you can see for yourself that the League has a vacancy, and there is the address where you should apply for particulars. As far as I can make out, the League was founded by an American millionaire, Ezekiah Hopkins, who was very peculiar in his ways. He was himself red-headed, and he had a great sympathy for all red-headed men; so, when he died, it was found that he had left his enormous fortune in the hands of trustees, with instructions to apply the interest to the providing of easy berths to men whose hair is of that color. From all I hear it is splendid pay, and very little to do.'

" 'But,' said I, 'there would be millions of red-headed men who would apply.'

" 'Not so many as you might think,' he answered. 'You see it is really confined to Londoners, and to grown men. This American had started from Lon-

43. **crib**, easy position.

don when he was young, and he wanted to do the old town a good turn. Then, again, I have heard it is no use your applying if your hair is light red, or dark red, or anything but real bright, blazing, fiery red. Now, if you cared to apply, Mr. Wilson, you would just walk in; but perhaps it would hardly be worth your while to put yourself out of the way for the sake of a few hundred pounds.'

"Now, it is a fact, gentlemen, as you may see for yourselves, that my hair is of a very full and rich tint, so that it seemed to me that, if there was to be any competition in the matter, I stood as good a chance as any man that I had ever met. Vincent Spaulding seemed to know so much about it that I thought he might prove useful, so I just ordered him to put up the shutters for the day, and to come right away with me. He was very willing to have a holiday, so we shut the business up, and started off for the address that was given us in the advertisement.

"I never hope to see such a sight as that again, Mr. Holmes. From north, south, east, and west every man who had a shade of red in his hair had tramped into the City to answer the advertisement. Fleet Street was choked with red-headed folk, and Pope's Court looked like a coster's orange barrow. I should not have thought there were so many in the whole country as were brought together by that single advertisement. Every shade of color they were—straw, lemon, orange, brick, Irish-setter, liver, clay; but, as Spaulding said, there were not many who had the real vivid flame-colored tint. When I saw how many were waiting, I would have given it up in despair; but Spaulding would not hear of it. How he did it I could not imagine, but he pushed and pulled and butted until he got me through the crowd, and right up to the steps which led to the office. There was a double stream upon the stair, some going up in hope, and some coming back dejected; but we wedged in as well as we could, and soon found ourselves in the office."

"Your experience has been a most entertaining one," remarked Holmes, as his client paused and refreshed his memory with a huge pinch of snuff. "Pray continue your very interesting statement."

"There was nothing in the office but a couple of wooden chairs and a deal table, behind which sat a small man, with a head that was even redder than mine. He said a few words to each candidate as he came up, and then he always managed to find some fault in them which would disqualify them. Getting a vacancy did not seem to be such a very easy matter, after all. However, when our turn came, the little man was much more favorable to me than to any of the others, and he closed the door as we entered, so that he might have a private word with us.

" 'This is Mr. Jabez Wilson,' said my assistant, 'and he is willing to fill a vacancy in the League.'

" 'And he is admirably suited for it,' the other answered. 'He has every requirement. I cannot recall when I have seen anything so fine.' He took a step backward, cocked his head on one side, and gazed at my hair until I felt quite bashful. Then suddenly he plunged forward, wrung my hand, and congratulated me warmly on my success.

" 'It would be injustice to hesitate,' said he. 'You will, however, I am sure, excuse me for taking an obvious

35. coster, one who sells fruits in a hand-cart.

65. deal, pine.

precaution.' With that he seized my hair in both his hands, and tugged until I yelled with the pain. 'There is water in your eyes,' said he, as he released me. 'I perceive that all is as it should be. But we have to be careful, for we have twice been deceived by wigs and once by paint. I could tell you tales of cobbler's wax which would disgust you with human nature.' He stepped over to the window, and shouted through it at the top of his voice that the vacancy was filled. A groan of disappointment came up from below, and the folk all trooped away in different directions, until there was not a red head to be seen except my own and that of the manager.

" 'My name,' said he, 'is Mr. Duncan Ross, and I am myself one of the pensioners upon the fund left by our noble benefactor. Are you a married man, Mr. Wilson? Have you a family?'

"I answered that I had not.

"His face fell immediately.

" 'Dear me!' he said, gravely, 'that is very serious indeed! I am sorry to hear you say that. The fund was, of course, for the propagation and spread of the red-heads as well as for their maintenance. It is exceedingly unfortunate that you should be a bachelor.'

"My face lengthened at this, Mr. Holmes, for I thought that I was not to have the vacancy after all; but, after thinking it over for a few minutes, he said that it would be all right.

" 'In the case of another,' said he, 'the objection might be fatal, but we must stretch a point in favor of a man with such a head of hair as yours. When shall you be able to enter upon your new duties?'

" 'Well, it is a little awkward, for I have a business already,' said I.

" 'Oh, never mind about that, Mr. Wilson!' said Vincent Spaulding. 'I shall be able to look after that for you.'

" 'What would be the hours?' I asked.

" 'Ten to two.'

"Now a pawnbroker's business is mostly done of an evening, Mr. Holmes, especially Thursday and Friday evenings, which is just before pay-day, so it would suit me very well to earn a little in the mornings. Besides, I knew that my assistant was a good man, and that he would see to anything that turned up.

" 'That would suit me very well,' said I. 'And the pay?'

" 'Is four pounds a week.'

" 'And the work?'

" 'Is purely nominal.'

" 'What do you call purely nominal?'

" 'Well, you have to be in the office, or at least in the building, the whole time. If you leave, you forfeit your whole position forever. The will is very clear upon that point. You don't comply with the conditions if you budge from the office during that time.'

" 'It's only four hours a day, and I should not think of leaving,' said I.

" 'No excuse will avail,' said Mr. Duncan Ross. 'Neither sickness nor business nor anything else. There you must stay, or you lose your billet.'

" 'And the work?'

" 'Is to copy out the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. There is the first volume of it in that press. You must find your own ink, pens, and blotting-paper, but we provide this table and chair. Will you be ready tomorrow?'

" 'Certainly,' I answered.

" 'Then, good-by, Mr. Jabez Wilson, and let me congratulate you once more on the important position which

85. **billet**, position. 89. **press**, case.

you have been fortunate enough to gain.' He bowed me out of the room, and I went home with my assistant, hardly knowing what to say or do, I was so pleased at my own good fortune.

"Well, I thought over the matter all day, and by evening I was in low spirits again; for I had quite persuaded myself that the whole affair must be some great hoax or fraud, though what its object might be I could not imagine. It seemed altogether past belief that anyone could make such a will, or that they would pay such a sum for doing anything so simple as copying out the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Vincent Spaulding did what he could to cheer me up, but by bedtime I had reasoned myself out of the whole thing. However, in the morning I determined to have a look at it anyhow, so I bought a penny bottle of ink, and with a quill pen and seven sheets of foolscap paper, I started off for Pope's Court.

"Well, to my surprise and delight, everything was as right as possible. The table was set out ready for me, and Mr. Duncan Ross was there to see that I got fairly to work. He started me off upon the letter A, and then he left me; but he would drop in from time to time to see that all was right with me. At two o'clock he bade me good-day, complimented me upon the amount that I had written, and locked the door of the office after me.

"This went on day after day, Mr. Holmes, and on Saturday the manager came in and planked down four golden sovereigns for my week's work. It was the same next week, and the same the week after. Every morning I was there at ten, and every afternoon I left at two. By degrees Mr. Duncan Ross took to coming in only once of a morning, and then, after a time, he did not come in at all. Still, of course, I never dared to leave the room for an instant, for I was not sure when he might come, and the billet was such a good one, and suited me so well, that I would not risk the loss of it.

"Eight weeks passed away like this, and I had written about Abbots and Archery and Armor and Architecture and Attica, and hoped with diligence that I might get on to the B's before very long. It cost me something in foolscap, and I had pretty nearly filled a shelf with my writings. And then suddenly the whole business came to an end."

"To an end?"

"Yes, sir. And no later than this morning. I went to my work as usual at ten o'clock, but the door was shut and locked, with a little square of cardboard hammered on to the middle of the panel with a tack. Here it is, and you can read for yourself."

He held up a piece of white cardboard about the size of a sheet of note-paper. It read in this fashion:

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE IS DISSOLVED

OCTOBER 9, 1890.

Sherlock Holmes and I surveyed this curt announcement and the rueful face behind it, until the comical side of the affair so completely overtopped every other consideration that we both burst out into a roar of laughter.

"I cannot see that there is anything very funny," cried our client, flushing up to the roots of his flaming head. "If you can do nothing better than laugh at me, I can go elsewhere."

"No, no," cried Holmes, shoving him back into the chair from which

24. **quill pen**, a pen-point made from the stalk of a feather.

he had half risen. "I really wouldn't miss your case for the world. It is most refreshingly unusual. But there is, if you will excuse my saying so, something just a little funny about it. Pray, what steps did you take when you found the card upon the door?"

"I was staggered, sir. I did not know what to do. Then I called at the offices round, but none of them seemed to know anything about it. Finally, I went to the landlord, who is an accountant living on the ground-floor, and I asked him if he could tell me what had become of the Red-headed League. He said that he had never heard of any such body. Then I asked him who Mr. Duncan Ross was. He answered that the name was new to him.

" 'Well,' said I, 'the gentleman at No. 4.'

" 'What, the red-headed man?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Oh,' said he, 'his name was William Morris. He was a solicitor, and was using my room as a temporary convenience until his new premises were ready. He moved out yesterday.'

" Where could I find him?'

" 'Oh, at his new offices. He did tell me the address. Yes, 17 King Edward Street, near St. Paul's.'

"I started off, Mr. Holmes, but when I got to that address it was a manufactory of artificial kneecaps, and no one in it had ever heard of either Mr. William Morris or Mr. Duncan Ross."

"And what did you do then?" asked Holmes.

"I went home to Saxe-Coburg Square, and I took the advice of my assistant. But he could not help me in any way. He could only say that if I waited I should hear by post. But that was not quite good enough, Mr. Holmes. I did not wish to lose such a place without a struggle, so, as I have heard that you were good enough to give advice to poor folk who were in need of it, I came right away to you."

"And you did very wisely," said Holmes. "Your case is an exceedingly remarkable one, and I shall be happy to look into it. From what you have told me I think that it is possible that graver issues hang from it than might at first sight appear."

"Grave enough!" said Mr. Jabez Wilson. "Why, I have lost four pounds a week."

"As far as you are personally concerned," remarked Holmes, "I do not see that you have any grievance against this remarkable league. On the contrary, you are, as I understand, richer by some thirty pounds, to say nothing of the minute knowledge which you have gained on every subject that comes under the letter A. You have lost nothing by them."

"No, sir. But I want to find out about them, and who they are, and what their object was in playing this prank—if it was a prank—upon me. It was a pretty expensive joke for them, for it cost them two-and-thirty pounds."

"We shall endeavor to clear up these points for you. And, first, one or two questions, Mr. Wilson. This assistant of yours who first called your attention to the advertisement—how long had he been with you?"

"About a month then."

"How did he come?"

"In answer to an advertisement."

"Was he the only applicant?"

"No, I had a dozen."

"Why did you pick him?"

"Because he was handy, and would come cheap."

"At half wages, in fact?"

34. **St. Paul's**, one of London's two famous cathedrals.

"Yes."

"What is he like, this Vincent Spaulding?"

"Small, stout-built, very quick in his ways, no hair on his face, though he's not short of thirty. Has a white splash of acid upon his forehead."

Holmes sat up in his chair in considerable excitement. "I thought as much," said he. "Have you ever observed that his ears are pierced for earrings?"

"Yes, sir. He told me that a gypsy had done it for him when he was a lad."

"Hum!" said Holmes, sinking back in deep thought. "He is still with you?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I have only just left him."

"And has your business been attended to in your absence?"

"Nothing to complain of, sir. There's never very much to do of a morning."

"That will do, Mr. Wilson. I shall be happy to give you an opinion upon the subject in the course of a day or two. Today is Saturday, and I hope that by Monday we may come to a conclusion."

"Well, Watson," said Holmes, when our visitor had left us, "what do you make of it all?"

"I make nothing of it," I answered, frankly. "It is a most mysterious business."

"As a rule," said Holmes, "the more bizarre a thing is, the less mysterious it proves to be. It is your commonplace, featureless crimes which are really puzzling, just as a commonplace face is the most difficult to identify. But I must be prompt over this matter."

"What are you going to do, then?" I asked.

"To smoke," he answered. "It is quite a three-pipe problem, and I beg that you won't speak to me for fifty minutes." He curled himself up in his chair, with his thin knees drawn up to his hawk-like nose, and there he sat with his eyes closed and his black clay pipe thrusting out like the bill of some strange bird. I had come to the conclusion that he had dropped asleep, and indeed was nodding myself, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with the gesture of a man who has made up his mind, and put his pipe down upon the mantelpiece.

"Sarasate plays at the St. James's Hall this afternoon," he remarked. "What do you think, Watson? Could your patients spare you for a few hours?"

"I have nothing to do today. My practice is never very absorbing."

"Then put on your hat and come. I am going through the City first, and we can have some lunch on the way. I observe that there is a good deal of German music on the program, which is rather more to my taste than Italian or French. It is introspective, and I want to introspect. Come along!"

We traveled by the Underground as far as Aldersgate; and a short walk took us to Saxe-Coburg Square, the scene of the singular story which we had listened to in the morning. It was a poky, little, shabby-genteel place, where four lines of dingy, two-storied brick houses looked out into a small railed-in inclosure, where a dawn of weedy grass and a few clumps of faded laurel-bushes made a hard fight against a smoke-laden and uncongenial atmosphere. Three gilt balls and a brown board with JABEZ WILSON in white letters, upon a corner house, announced the place where our red-headed client carried on his business. Sherlock Holmes stopped in

63. **Sarasate**, Pablo, Spanish violinist (1844-1908). 78. **Underground**, the Underground Railway. 79. **Aldersgate**, the name of a section of London.

front of it with his head on one side, and looked it all over, with his eyes shining brightly between puckered lids. Then he walked slowly up the street, and then down again to the corner, still looking keenly at the houses. Finally he returned to the pawnbroker's, and, having thumped vigorously upon the pavement with his stick two or three times, he went up to the door and knocked. It was instantly opened by a bright-looking, clean-shaven young fellow, who asked him to step in.

"Thank you," said Holmes, "I only wished to ask you how you would go from here to the Strand."

"Third right, fourth left," answered the assistant, promptly, closing the door. "Smart fellow, that," observed Holmes, as we walked away. "He is, in my judgment, the fourth smartest man in London, and for daring, I am not sure that he has not a claim to be third. I have known something of him before."

"Evidently," said I, "Mr. Wilson's assistant counts for a good deal in this mystery of the Red-headed League, I am sure that you inquired your way merely in order that you might see him."

"Not him."

"What then?"

"The knees of his trousers."

"And what did you see?"

"What I expected to see."

"Why did you beat the pavement?"

"My dear doctor, this is a time for observation, not for talk. We are spies in an enemy's country. We know something of Saxe-Coburg Square. Let us now explore the parts which lie behind it."

The road in which we found ourselves as we turned round the corner from the retired Saxe-Coburg Square presented as great a contrast to it as the front of a picture does to the back. It was one of the main arteries which convey the traffic of the City to the north and west. The roadway was blocked with the immense stream of commerce flowing in a double tide inward and outward, while the footpaths were black with the hurrying swarm of pedestrians. It was difficult to realize, as we looked at the line of fine shops and stately business premises, that they really abutted on the other side upon the faded and stagnant square which we had just quitted.

"Let me see," said Holmes, standing at the corner, and glancing along the line, "I should like just to remember the order of the houses here. It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London. There is Mortimer's, the tobacconist, the little newspaper shop, the Coburg branch of the City and Suburban Bank, the Vegetarian Restaurant, and McFarlane's carriage-building depot. That carries us right on to the other block. And now, doctor, we've done our work, so it's time we had some play. A sandwich and a cup of coffee, and then off to violin-land, where all is sweetness and delicacy and harmony, and there are no red-headed clients to vex us with their conundrums."

My friend was an enthusiastic musician, being himself not only a very capable performer, but a composer of no ordinary merit. All the afternoon he sat in the stalls wrapped in the most perfect happiness, gently waving his long, thin fingers in time to the music, while his gently smiling face and his languid, dreamy eyes were as unlike those of Holmes, the sleuth-hound, Holmes, the relentless, keen-witted, ready-handed criminal

17. **the Strand**, a famous London street.

87. **stalls**, seats on the main floor nearest the orchestra.

agent, as it was possible to conceive. In his singular character the dual nature alternately asserted itself, and his extreme exactness and astuteness represented, as I have often thought, the reaction against the poetic and contemplative mood which occasionally predominated in him. The swing of his nature took him from extreme languor to devouring energy; and, as I knew well, he was never so truly formidable as when, for days on end, he had been lounging in his armchair amid his improvisations and his black-letter editions. Then it was that the lust of the chase would suddenly come upon him, and that his brilliant reasoning power would rise to the level of intuition, until those who were unacquainted with his methods would look askance at him as on a man whose knowledge was not that of other mortals. When I saw him that afternoon so enwrapped in the music at St. James's Hall I felt that an evil time might be coming upon those whom he had set himself to hunt down.

"You want to go home, no doubt, doctor," he remarked, as we emerged.

"Yes, it would be as well."

"And I have some business to do which will take some hours. This business at Coburg Square is serious."

"Why serious?"

"A considerable crime is in contemplation. I have every reason to believe that we shall be in time to stop it. But today being Saturday rather complicates matters. I shall want your help tonight."

"At what time?"

"Ten will be early enough."

"I shall be at Baker Street at ten."

"Very well. And, I say, doctor, there may be some little danger, so kindly put your army revolver in your pocket." He waved his hand, turned on his heel, and disappeared in an instant among the crowd.

I trust that I am not more dense than my neighbors, but I was always oppressed with a sense of my own stupidity in my dealings with Sherlock Holmes. Here I had heard what he had heard, I had seen what he had seen, and yet from his words it was evident that he saw clearly not only what had happened, but what was about to happen, while to me the whole business was still confused and grotesque. As I drove home to my house in Kensington I thought over it all from the extraordinary story of the red-headed copier of the *Encyclopedia* down to the visit to Saxe-Coburg Square, and the ominous words with which he had parted from me. What was this nocturnal expedition, and why should I go armed? Where were we going, and what were we to do? I had the hint from Holmes that this smooth-faced pawnbroker's assistant was a formidable man—a man who might play a deep game. I tried to puzzle it out, but gave it up in despair, and set the matter aside until night should bring an explanation.

It was a quarter past nine when I started from home and made my way across the Park, and so through Oxford Street to Baker Street. Two hansoms were standing at the door, and, as I entered the passage, I heard the sound of voices from above. On entering his room I found Holmes in animated conversation with two men, one of whom I recognized as Peter Jones, the official police agent, while the other was a long, thin, sad-faced man, with a very shiny hat and oppressively respectable frock-coat.

"Ha! our party is complete," said Holmes, buttoning up his pea-jacket, and taking his heavy hunting crop

62. **Kensington**, the name of a section of London. 81. **Park**, the famous Hyde Park. 94. **pea-jacket**, a loose, woolen, double-breasted coat.

from the rack. "Watson, I think you know Mr. Jones, of Scotland Yard? Let me introduce you to Mr. Merryweather, who is to be our companion in tonight's adventure."

"We're hunting in couples again, doctor, you see," said Jones, in his consequential way. "Our friend here is a wonderful man for starting a chase. All he wants is an old dog to help him do the running down."

"I hope a wild goose may not prove to be the end of our chase," observed Mr. Merryweather, gloomily.

"You may place considerable confidence in Mr. Holmes, sir," said the police agent, loftily. "He has his own little methods, which are, if he won't mind my saying so, just a little too theoretical and fantastic, but he has the makings of a detective in him. It is not too much to say that once or twice, as in that business of the Sholto murder and the Agra treasure, he has been more nearly correct than the official force."

"Oh, if you say so, Mr. Jones, it is all right," said the stranger, with deference. "Still, I confess that I miss my rubber. It is the first Saturday night for seven-and-twenty years that I have not had my rubber."

"I think you will find," said Sherlock Holmes, "that you will play for a higher stake tonight than you have ever done yet, and that the play will be more exciting. For you, Mr. Merryweather, the stake will be some thirty thousand pounds; and for you, Jones, it will be the man upon whom you wish to lay your hands."

"John Clay, the murderer, thief, smasher, and forger. He's a young man, Mr. Merryweather, but he is at the head of his profession, and I would rather have my bracelets on him than on any criminal in London. He's a remarkable man, is young John Clay. His grandfather was a royal duke, and he himself has been to Eton and Oxford. His brain is as cunning as his fingers, and though we meet signs of him at every turn, we never know where to find the man himself. He'll crack a crib in Scotland one week, and be raising money to build an orphanage in Cornwall the next. I've been on his track for years, and have never set eyes on him yet."

"I hope that I may have the pleasure of introducing you tonight. I've had one or two little turns also with Mr. John Clay, and I agree with you that he is at the head of his profession. It is past ten, however, and quite time that we started. If you two will take the first hansom, Watson and I will follow in the second."

Sherlock Holmes was not very communicative during the long drive, and lay back in the cab humming the tunes which he had heard in the afternoon. We rattled through an endless labyrinth of gas-lit streets until we emerged into Farringdon Street.

"We are close there now," my friend remarked. "This fellow Merryweather is a bank director, and personally interested in the matter. I thought it as well to have Jones with us also. He is not a bad fellow, though an absolute imbecile in his profession. He has one positive virtue. He is as brave as a bulldog, and as tenacious as a lobster if he gets his claws upon anyone. Here we are, and they are waiting for us."

We had reached the same crowded thoroughfare in which we had found ourselves in the morning. Our cabs were dismissed, and, following the

2. **Scotland Yard**, the detective department of the London police force; the name comes from the street on which it is located. 24. **Sholto murder**, etc. The author is referring to one of his books, *The Sign of the Four*. 30. **rubber**, card game. 43. **smasher**, one who circulates counterfeit coin.

50. **Eton**, a famous English boarding school for boys. 51. **Oxford**, one of England's greatest universities. 55. **crack a crib**, break into a building. 57. **Cornwall**, a county in southwest England.

guidance of Mr. Merryweather, we passed down a narrow passage and through a side door, which he opened for us. Within, there was a small corridor, which ended in a very massive iron gate. This also was opened, and led down a flight of winding stone steps, which terminated at another formidable gate. Mr. Merryweather stopped to light a lantern, and then conducted us down a dark, earth-smelling passage, and so, after opening a third door, into a huge vault, or cellar, which was piled all round with crates and massive boxes.

"You are not very vulnerable from above," Holmes remarked, as he held up the lantern and gazed about him.

"Nor from below," said Mr. Merryweather, striking his stick upon the flags which lined the floor. "Why, dear me, it sounds quite hollow!" he remarked, looking up in surprise.

"I must really ask you to be a little more quiet," said Holmes, severely. "You have already imperiled the whole success of our expedition. Might I beg that you would have the goodness to sit down upon one of those boxes, and not to interfere?"

The solemn Mr. Merryweather perched himself upon a crate, with a very injured expression upon his face, while Holmes fell upon his knees upon the floor, and, with the lantern and a magnifying lens, began to examine minutely the cracks between the stones. A few seconds sufficed to satisfy him, for he sprang to his feet again, and put his glass in his pocket.

"We have at least an hour before us," he remarked; "for they can hardly take any steps until the good pawnbroker is safely in bed. Then they will not lose a minute, for the sooner they do their work the longer time they will have for their escape. We are at present, doctor—as no doubt you have divined—in the cellar of the City branch of one of the principal London banks. Mr. Merryweather is the chairman of directors, and he will explain to you that there are reasons why the more daring criminals of London should take a considerable interest in this cellar at present."

"It is our French gold," whispered the director. "We have had several warnings that an attempt might be made upon it."

"Your French gold?"

"Yes. We had occasion some months ago to strengthen our resources and borrowed, for that purpose, thirty thousand napoleons from the Bank of France. It has become known that we have never had occasion to unpack the money, and that it is still lying in our cellar. The crate upon which I sit contains two thousand napoleons packed between layers of lead foil. Our reserve of bullion is much larger at present than is usually kept in a single branch office, and the directors have had misgivings upon the subject."

"Which were very well justified," observed Holmes. "And now it is time that we arranged our little plans. I expect that within an hour matters will come to a head. In the meantime, Mr. Merryweather, we must put the screen over that dark lantern."

"And sit in the dark?"

"I am afraid so. I had brought a pack of cards in my pocket, and I thought that, as we were a *partie carrée*, you might have your rubber after all. But I see that the enemy's preparations have gone so far that we cannot risk the presence of a light. And, first of all, we must choose our positions. These are daring men, and though we shall take them at a disadvantage, they may do us some harm unless we are careful. I shall

88. **partie carrée**, group of four.

stand behind this crate, and do you conceal yourself behind those. Then when I flash a light upon them, close in swiftly. If they fire, Watson, have no compunction about shooting them down."

I placed my revolver, cocked, upon the top of the wooden case behind which I crouched. Holmes shot the slide across the front of his lantern, and left us in pitch darkness—such an absolute darkness as I have never before experienced. The smell of hot metal remained to assure us that the light was still there, ready to flash out at a moment's notice. To me, with my nerves worked up to a pitch of expectancy, there was something depressing and subduing in the sudden gloom, and in the cold, dank air of the vault.

"They have but one retreat," whispered Holmes. "That is back through the house into Saxe-Coburg Square. I hope that you have done what I asked you, Jones?"

"I have an inspector and two officers waiting at the front door."

"Then we have stopped all the holes. And now we must be silent and wait."

What a time it seemed! From comparing notes afterwards it was but an hour and a quarter, yet it appeared to me that the night must have almost gone, and the dawn be breaking above us. My limbs were weary and stiff, for I feared to change my position; yet my nerves were worked up to the highest pitch of tension, and my hearing was so acute that I could not only hear the gentle breathing of my companions, but I could distinguish the deeper, heavier in-breath of the bulky Jones from the thin, sighing note of the bank director. From my position I could look over the case in the direction of the floor. Suddenly my eyes caught the glint of a light.

At first it was but a lurid spark upon the stone pavement. Then it lengthened out until it became a yellow line, and then, without any warning or sound, a gash seemed to open and a hand appeared; a white, almost womanly hand, which felt about in the center of the little area of light. For a minute or more the hand, with its writhing fingers, protruded out of the floor. Then it was withdrawn as suddenly as it appeared, and all was dark again save the single lurid spark which marked a chink between the stones.

Its disappearance, however, was but momentary. With a rending, tearing sound, one of the broad, white stones turned over upon its side, and left a square, gaping hole, through which streamed the light of a lantern. Over the edge there peeped a clean-cut, boyish face, which looked keenly about it, and then, with a hand on either side of the aperture, drew itself shoulder-high and waist-high, until one knee rested upon the edge. In another instant he stood at the side of the hole, and was hauling after him a companion, lithe and small like himself, with a pale face and a shock of very red hair.

"It's all clear," he whispered. "Have you the chisel and the bags? Great Scott! Jump, Archie, jump, and I'll swing for it!"

Sherlock Holmes had sprung out and seized the intruder by the collar. The other dived down the hole, and I heard the sound of rending cloth as Jones clutched at his skirts. The light flashed upon the barrel of a revolver, but Holmes's hunting crop came down on the man's wrist, and the pistol clinked upon the stone floor.

"It's no use, John Clay," said Holmes blandly. "You have no chance at all."

"So I see," the other answered,

with the utmost coolness. "I fancy that my pal is all right, though I see you have got his coat-tails."

"There are three men waiting for him at the door," said Holmes.

"Oh, indeed! You seem to have done the thing very completely. I must compliment you."

"And I you," Holmes answered. "Your red-headed idea was very new and effective."

"You'll see your pal again presently," said Jones. "He's quicker at climbing down holes than I am. Just hold out while I fix the derbies."

"I beg that you will not touch me with your filthy hands," remarked our prisoner, as the handcuffs clattered upon his wrists. "You may not be aware that I have royal blood in my veins. Have the goodness, also, when you address me always to say 'sir' and 'please.' "

"All right," said Jones, with a stare and a snigger. "Well, would you please, sir, march upstairs, where we can get a cab to carry your highness to the police-station?"

"That is better," said John Clay, serenely. He made a sweeping bow to the three of us, and walked quietly off in the custody of the detective.

"Really, Mr. Holmes," said Mr. Merryweather, as we followed them from the cellar, "I do not know how the bank can thank you or repay you. There is no doubt that you have detected and defeated in the most complete manner one of the most determined attempts at bank robbery that have ever come within my experience."

"I have had one or two little scores of my own to settle with Mr. John Clay," said Holmes. "I have been at some small expense over this matter, which I shall expect the bank to refund, but beyond that I am amply repaid by having had an experience which is in many ways unique, and by hearing the very remarkable narrative of the Red-headed League."

"You see, Watson," he explained, in the early hours of the morning, as we sat over a glass of whisky-and-soda in Baker Street, "it was perfectly obvious from the first that the only possible object of this rather fantastic business of the advertisement of the League, and the copying of the *Encyclopedia*, must be to get this not over-bright pawnbroker out of the way for a number of hours every day. It was a curious way of managing it, but, really, it would be difficult to suggest a better. The method was no doubt suggested to Clay's ingenious mind by the color of his accomplice's hair. The four pounds a week was a lure which must draw him, and what was it to them, who were playing for thousands? They put in the advertisement, one rogue has the temporary office, the other rogue incites the man to apply for it, and together they manage to secure his absence every morning in the week. From the time that I heard of the assistant having come for half wages, it was obvious to me that he had some strong motive for securing the situation."

"But how could you guess what the motive was?"

"Had there been women in the house, I should have suspected a mere vulgar intrigue. That, however, was out of the question. The man's business was a small one, and there was nothing in his house which could account for such elaborate preparations, and such an expenditure as they were at. It must, then, be something out of the house. What could it be? I thought of the assistant's fondness for photography, and

15. derbies, handcuffs.

his trick of vanishing into the cellar. The cellar! There was the end of this tangled clue. Then I made inquiries as to this mysterious assistant, and found that I had to deal with one of the coolest and most daring criminals in London. He was doing something in the cellar—something which took many hours a day for months on end. What could it be, once more? I could think of nothing save that he was running a tunnel to some other building.

"So far I had got when we went to visit the scene of action. I surprised you by beating upon the pavement with my stick. I was ascertaining whether the cellar stretched out in front or behind. It was not in front. Then I rang the bell, and, as I hoped, the assistant answered it. We have had some skirmishes, but we had never set eyes upon each other before. I hardly looked at his face. His knees were what I wished to see. You must yourself have remarked how worn, wrinkled, and stained they were. They spoke of those hours of burrowing. The only remaining point was what they were burrowing for. I walked round the corner, saw the City and Suburban Bank abutted on our friend's premises, and felt that I had solved my problem. When you drove home after the concert I called upon Scotland Yard, and upon the chairman of the bank directors, with the result that you have seen."

"And how could you tell that they would make their attempt tonight?" I asked.

"Well, when they closed their League offices that was a sign that they cared no longer about Mr. Jabez Wilson's presence—in other words, that they had completed their tunnel. But it was essential that they should use it soon, as it might be discovered, or the bullion might be removed. Saturday would suit them better than any other day, as it would give them two days for their escape. For all these reasons I expected them to come tonight."

"You reasoned it out beautifully," I exclaimed, in unfeigned admiration. "It is so long a chain, and yet every link rings true."

"It saved me from ennui," he answered, yawning. "Alas! I already feel it closing in upon me. My life is spent in one long effort to escape from the commonplaces of existence. These little problems help me to do so."

"And you are a benefactor of the race," said I.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, perhaps, after all, it is of some little use," he remarked. "'*L'homme c'est rien—l'œuvre c'est tout*,' as Gustave Flaubert wrote to Georges Sand."

70. L'homme, etc., "man is nothing—his work is all." 71. Gustave Flaubert, French novelist (1821-1880). 72. Georges Sand, pen-name of Madame Dudevant, a French novelist (1804-1876).

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. Sir A. Conan Doyle has developed the mystery-detective story to a high degree of finish in England. His renown is based not so much upon the ingenuity of his plots as upon two other reasons. He revived the device of linking a long series of stories together by having some characters appear in all of them. He created a distinct character in Sherlock Holmes, who today is better and more widely known than the author of his exploits. Realizing that most book detectives are nothing more than clockwork thinking machines, Mr. Doyle added traits, weaknesses, peculiarities, habits, to Sherlock Holmes, so that he seems like a human being. He smokes a great deal, he frequently

becomes irritable, he loves music, he delights in turning some of his simplest movements into mysteries to puzzle his friends.

Questions and Topics

1. Who—according to the pretense of Doyle—has written all the books about Sherlock Holmes? Is such a device good? Why? Does Holmes believe that "truth is stranger than fiction"? Why does the author indicate this early in the story? How does he at once arouse your curiosity about the case Mr. Wilson has presented to him? How does the author make the reasoning of Holmes astonish you? Then how does he make it seem perfectly natural? Tell the relation of photography to the plot.

2. Do you believe that any bequests as strange as the one here described have ever been provided by wealthy persons? Which speech of Holmes astonishes you most? Describe the dual sides of the detective's nature. Is this a possible combination? What was Jones, the police agent, like? Why is the contrast between him and Holmes made so marked? What detail is the first hint of the passageway? What other detail emphasizes this sign-post? How does the plot seem to desert the pawnbroker?

3. Which is more interesting—the prevention of the crime, or the method of its detection? What other stories do you know in which there is interesting material after the conclusion of the plot? Is the arrangement of the details in the latter part of the story from effect to cause? Explain fully in your answer, using the story to illustrate. What do you think of the explanation given by Holmes? Is it accurate? Why is the Doctor so necessary in these stories? Why is he made to take part in the adventure? Put yourself in his place; tell what you would ask as soon as you could after you had left the bank.

4. Do you think that the author planned this story from beginning to end, or perhaps in the reverse order? Explain your opinion. What are the essentials of a good detective story? What kind of struggle must there always be in a detective story? Do you know of any baffling mysteries in real life solved by keen observation and clever reasoning?

5. Is this story like *The Purloined Letter?* Show all the similarities; the differences. Which do you prefer? Why? Which author deserves the more credit for his originality? Which is the greater artist?

Theme Topic. Write an account of the Red-Headed League which might have appeared in one of the London newspapers the following Monday.

Library Reading. "The Red-Headed League" is from *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.* If you care to follow Sherlock Holmes through all his adventures you will find them related in this and the following books: *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes, The Hound of the Baskervilles, The Return of Sherlock Holmes.*

HOW GAVIN BIRSE PUT IT TO MAG LOWNIE

James M. Barrie

In a wet day the rain gathered in blobs on the road that passed our garden. Then it crawled into the cart-tracks, until the road was streaked with water. Lastly, the water gathered in heavy yellow pools. If the on-ding still continued, clods of earth toppled from the garden dike into the ditch.

On such a day, when even the dulseman had gone into shelter, and the women scudded by with their wrappers over their heads, came Gavin Birse to our door. Gavin, who was the Glen Quharity post, was still young but had never been quite the same man since some amateurs in the Glen ironed his back for rheumatism. I thought he had called to have a crack with me. He sent his compliments up to the attic, however, by Leeby, and would I come and be a witness?

Gavin came up and explained. He had taken off his scarf and thrust it

7. **on-ding**, rain. 10. **dulseman**, a seller of dulse, a kind of coarse seaweed which people like to chew.

15. **post**, postman. 19. **crack**, chat.

into his pocket, lest the rain should take the color out of it.

His boots cheeped, and his shoulders had risen to his ears. He stood steaming before my fire.

"If it's no' ower muckle to ask ye," he said, "I would like ye for a witness."

"A witness! But for what do you need a witness, Gavin?"

"I want ye," he said, "to come wi' me to Mag's, and be a witness."

Gavin and Mag Birse had been engaged for a year or more. Mag was the daughter of Janet Ogilvy, who was best remembered as the body that took the hill (that is, wandered about it) for twelve hours on the day Mr. Dishart, the Auld Licht minister, accepted a call to another church.

"You don't mean to tell me, Gavin," I asked, "that your marriage is to take place today?"

By the twist of his mouth I saw that he was only deferring a smile.

"Far frae that," he said.

"Ah, then, you have quarreled, and I am to speak up for you?"

"Na, na," he said, "I dinna want ye to do that above all things. It would be a favor if ye could gie me a bad character."

This beat me, and, I dare say, my face showed it.

"I'm no' juist what ye would call anxious to marry Mag noo," said Gavin, without a tremor.

I told him to go on.

"There's a lassie oot at Craigiebuckle," he explained, "workin' on the farm—Jeanie Luke by name. Ye may hae seen her?"

"What of her?" I asked severely.

"Weel," said Gavin, still unabashed, "I'm thinkin' noo 'at I would rather hae her."

Then he stated his case more fully.

"Aye, I thocht I liked Mag oncommon till I saw Jeanie, an' I like her fine yet; but I prefer the other ane. That state o' matters canna gang on forever, so I came into Thrums the day to settle't one wy or another."

"And how," I asked, "do you propose going about it? It is a somewhat delicate business."

"Ou, I see nae great difficulty in't. I'll speir at Mag, blunt oot, if she'll let me aff. Yes, I'll put it to her plain."

"You're sure Jeanie would take you?"

"Aye; oh, there's nae fear o' that."

"But if Mag keeps you to your bargain?"

"Weel, in that case there's nae harm done."

"You are in a great hurry, Gavin?"

"Ye may say that; but I want to be married. The wifie I lodge wi' canna last lang, an' I would like to settle doon in some place."

"So you are on your way to Mag's now?"

"Aye, we'll get her in atween twal' and ane."

"Oh, yes; but why do you want me to go with you?"

"I want ye for a witness. If she winna let me aff, weel an' guid; an' if she will, it's better to hae a witness in case she should go back on her word."

Gavin made his proposal briskly, and as coolly as if he were only asking me to go fishing; but I did not accompany him to Mag's. He left the house to look for another witness, and about an hour afterwards Jess saw him pass with Tammas Haggart.

6. **ower muckle**, too much. 19. **Auld Licht**, the name of an old and conservative branch of the Church of Scotland.

53. **Thrums**, fictitious name of Barrie's birthplace, Kirriemuir, which he makes the setting for most of his books. 59. **speir at**, ask. 76. **atween twal' and ane**, between twelve and one.

Tammas cried in during the evening to tell us how the mission prospered.

"Mind ye," said Tammas, a drop of water hanging to the point of his nose, "I disclaim all responsibility in the business. I ken Mag weel for a thrifty, respectable woman, as her mither was afore her, an' so I said to Gavin when he came to speir me."

"Aye, mony a pirn has 'Lisbeth filled to me," said Hendry, settling down to a reminiscence.

"No to be ower hard on Gavin," continued Tammas, forestalling Hendry, "he took what I said in guid part; but aye when I stopped speakin' to draw breath, he says, 'The question is, will ye come wi' me?' He was michty made up in 's mind."

"Weel, ye went wi' him," suggested Jess, who wanted to bring Tammas to the point.

"Aye," said the stone-breaker, "but no in sic a hurry as that."

He worked his mouth round and round to clear the course, as it were, for a sarcasm.

"Fowk often say," he continued, "'at 'am quick beyond the ordinar' in seein' the humorous side o' things."

Here Tammas paused, and looked at us.

"So ye are, Tammas," said Hendry. "Losh, ye mind hoo ye saw the humorous side o' me wearin' a pair o' boots 'at wisna marrows! No, the ane had a toe-piece on, an' the other hadna."

"Ye juist wore them sometimes when ye was delvin'," broke in Jess; "ye have as guid a pair o' boots as ony in Thrums."

"Aye, but I had worn them," said Hendry, "at odd times for mair than a year, an' I had never seen the humorous side o' them. Weel, as fac as death (here he addressed me), Tammas had juist seen them twa or three times when he saw the humorous side o' them. Syne I saw their humorous side, too, but no till Tammas pointed it oot."

"That was naething," said Tammas, "naething ava to some things I've done."

"But what aboot Mag?" said Leeby.

"We wasna that length, was we?" said Tammas. "Na, we was speakin' aboot the humorous side. Aye, wait a wee, I didna mention the humorous side for naething."

He paused to reflect.

"Oh, yes," he said at last, brightening up, "I was sayin' to ye hoo quick I was to see the humorous side o' onything. Aye, then, what made me say that was 'at in a clink I saw the humorous side o' Gavin's position."

"Man, man," said Hendry, admiringly, "an' what is't?"

"Oh, it's this: there's something humorous in speirin' a woman to let ye aff so as ye can be married to another woman."

"I daursay there is," said Hendry, doubtfully.

"Did she let him aff?" asked Jess, taking the words out of Leeby's mouth.

"I'm comin' to that," said Tammas. "Gavin proposes to me after I had ha'en my laugh—"

"Yes," cried Hendry, banging the table with his fist, "it has a humorous side. Ye're richt again, Tammas."

"I wish ye wadna blatter the table," said Jess, and then Tammas proceeded:

"Gavin wanted me to tak paper an' ink an' a pen wi' me, to write the proceedin's doon, but I said, 'Na, na,

1. **cried in**, dropped in. 6. **ken**, know. 10. **mony a pirn**, many a bobbin. 11. **filled**, wound (with thread or yarn for spinning). 24. **sic**, such. 36. **wisna marrows**, weren't mates. 40. **delvin'**, digging.

46. **fac**, true. 50. **Syne**, afterwards. 54. **ava**, at all. 67. **clink**, flash. 87. **blatter**, beat.

I'll tak paper, but nae ink nor nae pen, for there'll be ink an' a pen there.' That was what I said."

"An' did she let him aff?" asked Leeby.

"Weel," said Tammas, "aff we goes to Mag's hoose, an' sure enough Mag was in. She was alane, too; so Gavin, no to waste time, juist sat doon for politeness' sake, an' sune rises up again; an' says he, 'Marget Lownie, I hae a solemn question to speir at ye, namely this—Will you, Marget Lownie, let me, Gavin Birse, aff?' "

"Mag would start at that?"

"Sal, she was braw an' cool. I thocht she maun hae got wind o' his intentions aforehand, for she juist replies, quiet-like, 'Hoo do ye want aff, Gavin?'

" 'Because,' says he, like a book, 'my affections has undergone a change.'

" 'Ye mean Jean Luke?' says Mag.

" 'That is wha I mean,' says Gavin, very straightforrard."

"But she didna let him aff, did she?"

"Na, she wasna the kind. Says she, 'I wonder to hear ye, Gavin, but 'am no goin' to agree to naething o' that sort.'

" 'Think it ower,' says Gavin.

" 'Na, my mind's made up,' said she.

" 'Ye would sune get anither man,' he says earnestly.

" 'Hoo do I ken that?' she speirs, rale sensibly, I thocht, for men's no sae easy to get.

" 'Am sure o' 't,' Gavin says, wi' michty conviction in his voice, 'for ye're bonny to look at, an' weel-kent for bein' a guid body.'

" 'Aye,' says Mag, 'I'm glad ye like me, Gavin, for ye have to tak me.' "

"That put a clincher on him," interrupted Hendry.

"He was loath to gie in," replied Tammas, "so he says, 'Ye think 'am a fine character, Marget Lownie, but ye're very far mista'en. I wouldna wonder but what I was lossin' my place some o' thae days, an' syne whaur would ye be?—Marget Lownie,' he goes on, ' 'am nat'rally lazy an' fond o' the drink. As sure as ye stand there, 'am a reg'lar deevil!' "

"That was strong language," said Hendry, "but he would be wantin' to fleg her?"

"Juist so; but he didna manage't, for Mag says: 'We a' hae oor faults, Gavin, an' deevil or no deevil, ye're the man for me!'

"Gavin thocht a bit," continued Tammas, "an' syne he tries her on a new tack. 'Marget Lownie,' he says, 'ye're father's an auld man noo, an' he has naebody but yersel' to look after him. I'm thinkin' it would be kind o' cruel o' me to tak' ye awa frae him?' "

"Mag wouldna be ta'en in wi' that; she wasna born on a Sawbath," said Jess, using one of her favorite sayings.

"She wasna," answered Tammas. "Says she, 'Hae nae fear on that score, Gavin; my father's fine willin' to spare me!' "

"An' that ended it?"

"Aye, that ended it."

"Did ye tak' it doon in writin'?" asked Hendry.

"There was nae need," said Tammas, handing round his snuff-mull. "No, I never touched paper. When I saw the thing was settled I left them to their coortin'. They're to tak' a look at Snecky Hobart's auld hoose the nicht. It's to let."

16. **braw**, fine. 17. **maun**, must. 43. **weel-kent**, well-known.

61. **fleg**, frighten. 75. **wasna born on a Sawbath**, is not simple-minded. 87. **snuff-mull**, snuffbox. 92. **the nicht**, tonight.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This selection is a chapter from *A Window in Thrums* by Sir James M. Barrie (1860–). The book belongs to the "regional" type, that is, it has a series of independent short stories laid in a certain locality and in which various characters reappear. The author was born in Scotland, but now lives in England. He has produced a large amount of material of first rank, dealing in a whimsical, quaint, delicately humorous manner with characters of his own race. Beginning as a writer of stories of Scotch localities, he broadened into a novelist, then into a dramatist. At the present time he is best known as a playwright. Even in so slight a story as the one here printed, we see in miniature many of those qualities which mark his plays. There is characterization which evolves living human beings different from all others we know. There is unexpectedness in situation: a suitor's asking his fiancée to release him that he may marry another girl. There is dialogue which sounds like mere reproduction of actual speech, but which in reality, is the result of the adroit manipulation and style of the author himself. There is a marked and steady rise in interest from start to finish, continued quite up to the last line.

2. The speech of the characters is Scotch. This dialect looks further from English than it sounds; it appears to the eye more difficult than it really is. Do not be disturbed by it. Merely pronounce all the speeches aloud as you believe a Scotchman would, and you will be delighted at your capacity for understanding the phrases. The context of the phrase will in nearly every case help make clear any quite different word.

Questions and Topics

1. Does the story begin well? Why is such a day a good one for the plot? Do you like the abruptness of the important details, such as wanting a witness, desiring someone to "gie me a bad character," etc.? Why did Barrie bring them in with such unpreparedness? Is the time of this story modern?

2. Is the story slow in starting? Prove your answer. Pick out five words which you consider especially good as they are used here. What phrases add a touch of humor? Why does Gavin want to get married so soon? Does it seem like a love match, or a marriage of convenience? Is Gavin's frankness to be commended? How does it work with Mag? Why does he really want a witness? Is this "canny"? How does this come out later? Why did Barrie not let the first person asked go? Does his refusal bring out the rest of the story? How is this managed?

3. Is the conversation with Tammas natural? Of which character in *Silas Marner* does Hendry remind you? Which remark clinches the likeness? In fact, are these villagers like those of Raveloe? Work out resemblances. Which person here is most anxious to learn the upshot of the interview? Why is this detail so good? Why does Jess explain about the shoes?

4. How does the author arouse suspense? Are his delays dull? Does Tammas know how to tell a story well? Do you think the first person asked by Gavin to be his witness was a villager or a visitor? What did Tammas mean by the humorous side of Gavin's position? Who in the tale sees the point of jokes rather late? Why are so many questions put?

5. Is Mag as clever as Gavin? Why does he talk like a book? What remark of Mag's would have confused an ordinary suitor? Which speech of Gavin's gives Mag her first advantage? Why doesn't the story stop when Tammas first tells that Mag held Gavin to his engagement? What of interest remains to be told?

Theme Topics. 1. Write the dialogue in which Gavin induced Tammas to go with him. 2. Write a dialogue between Gavin and Jeanie, showing why he later says there is no fear of her refusing him. 3. Write an account of how Mag learned of his interest in Jeanie. 4. Tell how Gavin talks to Jeanie the next time he meets her. 5. Tell how Mag told of this to her father or some woman friend. 6. Dramatize this entire story. Have members add any speeches necessary. Then give the scenes before the class. 7. Make an oral report of the characteristics of the Scotch people. Show the relation between these characteristics and their country; the Scotch dialect as related to English speech.

Library Reading. You will enjoy reading the whole of *A Window in Thrums*, or other chapters from it. If you are interested in seeing how the "regional" type of story has been handled by other authors, read *Old Chester Tales*, Deland; *Friendship Village*, Gale; *Many Cargoes*, Jacobs; *Old Creole Days*, Cable; *Meadow Grass*, Brown.

THE MAN WHO WAS

RUDYARD KIPLING

Let it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks his shirt in. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of Western peoples, instead of the most westerly of Easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

Dirkovitch was a Russian—a Russian of the Russians, as he said—who appeared to get his bread by serving the czar as an officer in a Cossack regiment, and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice the same. He was a handsome young Oriental, with a taste for wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular. At least no living man could ascertain whether it was by way of Balkh, Budukhshan, Chitral, Beloochistan, Nepaul, or anywhere else. The Indian government, being in an unusually affable mood, gave orders that he was to be civilly treated, and shown everything that was to be seen; so he drifted, talking bad English and worse French, from one city to another till he foregathered with her Majesty's White Hussars in the city of Peshawur, which stands at the mouth of that narrow sword-cut in the hills that men call the Khyber Pass. He was undoubtedly an officer, and he was decorated, after the manner of the Russians, with little enameled crosses, and he could talk and (though this has nothing to do with his merits) he had been given up as a hopeless task or case by the Black Tyrones, who, individually and collectively, with hot whisky and honey, mulled brandy and mixed spirits of all kinds, had striven in all hospitality to make him drunk. And when the Black Tyrones, who are exclusively Irish, fail to disturb the peace of head of a foreigner, that foreigner is certain to be a superior man. This was the argument of the Black Tyrones, but they were ever an unruly and self-opinionated regiment, and they allowed junior subalterns of four years' service to choose their wines. The spirits were always purchased by the colonel and a committee of majors. And a regiment that would so behave may be respected but cannot be loved.

The White Hussars were as conscientious in choosing their wine as in charging the enemy. There was a brandy that had been purchased by a cultured colonel a few years after the Battle of Waterloo. It has been maturing ever since, and it was a marvelous brandy at the purchasing. The memory of that liquor would cause men to weep as they lay dying in the teak forests of upper Burma or the slime of the Irrawaddy. And there was a port which was notable; and there was a champagne of an obscure brand, which always came to mess without any labels, because the White Hussars

3. **tucks his shirt in**, i. e., attempts to adopt the characteristics of another nation. The Russian peasant wears a loose shirt as an overgarment, reaching below the knees. 15. **Cossack**, a people of Russia noted for their skill as warriors. 33. **Majesty**. Queen Victoria of England (1819-1901.) **White Hussars**, a famous cavalry regiment of Great Britain. 37. **Khyber Pass**, the chief gateway between India and Afghanistan.

43. **Black Tyrones**, a regiment named from County Tyrone, Ireland. 67. **Battle of Waterloo**, in which Napoleon was defeated by the Duke of Wellington (1815). 72. **teak**, a tall East Indian tree. **Burma**, a former country of southeastern Asia, now a part of the British Empire. 73. **Irrawaddy**, the chief river of Burma.

wished none to know where the source of supply might be found. The officer on whose head the champagne-choosing lay, was forbidden the use of tobacco for six weeks previous to sampling.

This particularity of detail is necessary to emphasize the fact that that champagne, that port, and above all, that brandy—the green and yellow and white liqueurs did not count—was placed at the absolute disposition of Dirkovitch, and he enjoyed himself hugely—even more than among the Black Tyrones.

But he remained distressingly European through it all. The White Hussars were—"My dear true friends," "Fellow-soldiers glorious," and "Brothers inseparable." He would unburden himself by the hour on the glorious future that awaited the combined arms of England and Russia when their hearts and their territories should run side by side, and the great mission of civilizing Asia should begin. That was unsatisfactory, because Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia, and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday School, or learn to vote save with swords for tickets.

Dirkovitch knew this as well as anyone else, but it suited him to talk special-correspondently and to make himself as genial as he could. Now and then he volunteered a little, a very little, information about his own sotnia of Cossacks, left apparently to look after themselves somewhere at the back of beyond. He had done rough work in Central Asia, and had seen rather more help-yourself fighting than most men of his years. But he was careful never to betray his superiority, and more than careful to praise on all occasions the appearance, drill, uniform, and organization of her Majesty's White Hussars. And, indeed, they were a regiment to be admired. When Mrs. Durgan, widow of the late Sir John Durgan, arrived in their station, and after a short time had been proposed to by every single man at mess, she put the public sentiment very neatly when she explained that they were all so nice that unless she could marry them all, including the colonel and some majors who were already married, she was not going to content herself with one of them. Wherefore she wedded a little man in a rifle regiment—being by nature contradictious—and the White Hussars were going to wear crape on their arms, but compromised by attending the wedding in full force, and lining the aisle with unutterable reproach. She had jilted them all—from Basset-Holmer, the senior captain, to Little Mildred, the last subaltern, and he could have given her four thousand a year and a title. He was a viscount, and on his arrival the mess had said he had better go into the Guards, because they were all sons of large grocers and small clothiers in the Hussars, but Mildred begged very hard to be allowed to stay, and behaved so prettily that he was forgiven, and became a man, which is much more important than being any sort of viscount.

The only persons who did not share the general regard for the White Hussars were a few thousand gentlemen of Jewish extraction who lived across the border, and answered to the name of Pathan. They had only met the regiment officially, and for something less than twenty minutes, but the in-

42. **sotnia**, cavalry squadron; sotnia is, literally, one hundred.

78. **Guards**, certain troops commonly attached to the person of the sovereign. 92. **Pathan**, an Afghan tribe.

terview, which was complicated with many casualties, had filled them with prejudice. They even called the White Hussars "children of the devil," and sons of persons whom it would be perfectly impossible to meet in decent society. Yet they were not above making their aversion fill their money belts. The regiment possessed carbines, beautiful Martini-Henry carbines, that would cob a bullet into an enemy's camp at one thousand yards, and were even handier than the long rifle. Therefore they were coveted all along the border, and since demand inevitably breeds supply, they were supplied at the risk of life and limb for exactly their weight in coined silver —seven and one-half pounds of rupees, or sixteen pounds and a few shillings each, reckoning the rupee at par. They were stolen at night by snaky-haired thieves that crawled on their stomachs under the nose of the sentries; they disappeared mysteriously from armracks; and in the hot weather when all the doors and windows were open, they vanished like puffs of their own smoke. The border people desired them first for their own family vendettas, and then for contingencies. But in the long, cold nights of the northern Indian winter they were stolen most extensively. The traffic of murder was liveliest among the hills at that season, and prices ruled high. The regimental guards were first doubled and then trebled. A trooper does not much care if he loses a weapon—government must make it good —but he deeply resents the loss of his sleep. The regiment grew very angry, and one night-thief who managed to limp away bears the visible marks of their anger upon him to this hour. That incident stopped the burglaries for a time, and the guards were reduced accordingly, and the regiment devoted itself to polo with unexpected results, for it beat by two goals to one that very terrible polo corps, the Lushkar Light Horse, though the latter had four ponies apiece for a short hour's fight, as well as a native officer who played like a lambent flame across the ground.

Then they gave a dinner to celebrate the event. The Lushkar team came, and Dirkovitch came, in the fullest full uniform of a Cossack officer, which is as full as a dressing-gown, and was introduced to the Lushkars, and opened his eyes as he regarded them. They were lighter men than the Hussars, and they carried themselves with the swing that is the peculiar right of the Punjab frontier force and all irregular horse. Like everything else in the service, it has to be learned; but, unlike many things, it is never forgotten, and remains on the body till death.

The great beam-roofed mess room of the White Hussars was a sight to be remembered. All the mess plate was on the long table—the same table that had served up the bodies of five dead officers in a forgotten fight long and long ago—the dingy, battered standards faced the door of entrance, clumps of winter roses lay between the silver candlesticks, the portraits of eminent officers deceased looked down on their successors from between the heads of sambar, nilgai, maikhor, and, pride of all the mess, two grinning snow-leopards that had cost Basset-Holmer four months' leave that he might have spent in England instead of on the road to Tibet, and the daily risk of his life on ledge, snowslide, and glassy grass slope.

10. **Martini-Henry carbine**, a cavalry musket named after the inventor and the maker. 11. **cob**, throw. 19. **rupee**, at normal exchange worth about thirty-two cents. 26. **armrack**, a frame for holding small arms. 31. **vendetta**, feud in which each side tries to kill the other.

67. **Punjab**, province of northwest British India. 84. **sambar, nilgai, maikhor**, horned game animals similar to our deer and antelope. 89. **Tibet**, a dependency of China; it has a number of mountain ranges.

THE KHYBER PASS

The servants, in spotless white muslin and the crest of their regiments on the brow of their turbans, waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars and the cream and silver of the Lushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big onyx eyes made up for it. He was fraternizing effusively with the captain of the Lushkar team, who was wondering how many of Dirkovitch's Cossacks his own long, lathy down-countrymen could account for in a fair charge. But one does not speak of these things openly.

The talk rose higher and higher, and the regimental band played between the courses, as is the immemorial custom, till all tongues ceased for a moment with the removal of the dinner slips and the First Toast of Obligation, when the colonel, rising, said, "Mr. Vice, the Queen," and Little Mildred from the bottom of the table answered, "The Queen, God bless her!" and the big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the Queen, upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to pay their mess-bills. That sacrament of the mess never grows old, and never ceases to bring a lump into the throat of the listener wherever he be, by land or sea. Dirkovitch rose with his "brothers glorious," but he could not understand. No one but an officer can understand what the toast means; and the bulk have more sentiment than comprehension. It all comes to the same in the end, as the enemy said when he was wriggling on a lance point. Immediately after the little silence that follows on the ceremony there entered the native officer who had played for the Lushkar team. He could not of course eat with the alien, but he came in at dessert, all six feet of him, with the blue-and-silver turban atop, and the big black top-boots below. The mess rose joyously as he thrust forward

24. Vice, vice-chairman (of the dinner party).

the hilt of his saber, in token of fealty, for the colonel of the White Hussars to touch, and dropped into a vacant chair amid shouts of "*Rung ho!* Hira Singh!" (which being translated means "Go in and win!"). "Did I whack you over the knee, old man?" "Ressaldar Sahib, what the devil made you play that kicking pig of a pony in the last ten minutes?" "Shabash, Ressaldar Sahib!" Then the voice of the colonel, "The health of Ressaldar Hira Singh!"

After the shouting had died away, Hira Singh rose to reply, for he was the cadet of a royal house, the son of a king's son, and knew what was due on these occasions. Thus he spoke in the vernacular:

"Colonel Sahib and officers of this regiment, much honor have you done me. This will I remember. We came down from afar to play you; but we were beaten." ("No fault of yours, Ressaldar Sahib. Played on our own ground, y'know. Your ponies were cramped from the railway. Don't apologize.") "Therefore perhaps we will come again if it be so ordained." ("Hear! Hear, hear, indeed! Bravo! Hsh!") "Then we will play you afresh" ("Happy to meet you"), "till there are left no feet upon our ponies. Thus far for sport." He dropped one hand on his sword-hilt and his eye wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his chair. "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game, then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we shall play it out side by side, though *they*"—again his eye sought Dirkovitch—"though *they*, I say, have fifty ponies to our one horse." And with a deep-mouthed *Rung ho!* that rang like a musket-butt on flagstones, he sat down amid shoutings.

Dirkovitch, who had devoted himself steadily to the brandy—the terrible brandy aforementioned—did not understand, nor did the expurgated translations offered to him at all convey the point. Decidedly the native officer's was the speech of the evening, and the clamor might have continued to the dawn had it not been broken by the noise of a shot without that sent every man feeling at his defenseless left side. It is notable that Dirkovitch "reached back," after the American fashion—a gesture that set the captain of the Lushkar team wondering how Cossack officers were armed at mess. Then there was a scuffle, and a yell of pain.

"Carbine stealing again!" said the adjutant, calmly sinking back in his chair. "This comes of reducing the guards. I hope the sentries have killed him."

The feet of armed men pounded on the veranda flags, and it sounded as though something was being dragged.

"Why don't they put him in the cells till the morning?" said the colonel, testily. "See if they've damaged him, sergeant."

The mess-sergeant fled out into the darkness, and returned with two troopers and a corporal, all very much perplexed.

"Caught a man stealin' carbines, sir," said the corporal. "Leastways 'e was crawlin' toward the barricks, sir, past the main-road sentries; an' the sentry 'e says, sir—"

The limp heap of rags upheld by the three men groaned. Never was seen so destitute and demoralized an Afghan. He was turbanless, shoeless, caked with dirt, and all but dead with rough handling. Hira Singh started slightly at the sound of the man's pain. Dirkovitch took another liqueur glass of brandy.

7. **Ressaldar**, a native captain in a cavalry regiment. 8. **Sahib**, a title of respect. *Ressaldar Sahib* is equivalent to Honorable Captain. 10. **Shabash**, bravo!

71. **flags**, flagstones.

"*What* does the sentry say?" said the colonel.

"Sez he speaks English, sir," said the corporal.

"So you brought him into mess instead of handing him over to the sergeant! If he spoke all the tongues of the Pentecost you've no business—"

Again the bundle groaned and muttered. Little Mildred had risen from his place to inspect. He jumped back as though he had been shot.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, to send the men away," said he to the colonel, for he was a much-privileged subaltern. He put his arms round the rag-bound horror as he spoke, and dropped him into a chair. It may not have been explained that the littleness of Mildred lay in his being six feet four, and big in proportion. The corporal, seeing that an officer was disposed to look after the capture, and that the colonel's eye was beginning to blaze, promptly removed himself and his men. The mess was left alone with the carbine thief, who laid his head on the table and wept bitterly, hopelessly, and inconsolably, as little children weep.

Hira Singh leaped to his feet with a long-drawn vernacular oath. "Colonel Sahib," said he, "that man is no Afghan, for they weep '*Ai! Ai!*' Nor is he of Hindustan, for they weep '*Ow! Ho!*' He weeps after the fashion of the white men, who say '*Ow! Ow!*' "

"Now where the dickens did you get that knowledge, Hira Singh?" said the captain of the Lushkar team.

"Hear him!" said Hira Singh, simply, pointing at the crumpled figure, that wept as though it would never cease.

"He said, 'My God!' " said Little Mildred. "I heard him say it."

The colonel and the mess-room looked at the man in silence. It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man cries from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces. Also, the exhibition causes the throat of the onlooker to close at the top.

"Poor devil!" said the colonel, coughing tremendously.

"We ought to send him to hospital. He's been manhandled."

Now the adjutant loved his rifles. They were to him as his grandchildren —the men standing in the first place. He grunted rebelliously: "I can understand an Afghan stealing, because he's made that way. But I can't understand his crying. That makes it worse."

The brandy must have affected Dirkovitch, for he lay back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing special in the ceiling beyond the shadow as of a huge black coffin. Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of the mess-room, this shadow was always thrown when the candles were lighted. It never disturbed the digestion of the White Hussars. They were, in fact, rather proud of it.

"Is he going to cry all night," said the colonel, "or are we supposed to sit with Little Mildred's guest until he feels better?"

The man in the chair threw up his head and stared at the mess. Outside, the wheels of the first of those bidden to the festivities crunched the roadway.

"Oh, my God!" said the man in the chair, and every soul in the mess rose to his feet. Then the Lushkar captain did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross—

7. **tongues of the Pentecost**, languages of the earth. See *Acts* ii, 1-11.

93. **Victoria Cross**, a bronze cross awarded, for noteworthy bravery, to members of the British army or navy.

distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curiosity. He picked up his team with his eyes, as the hostess picks up the ladies at the opportune moment, and pausing only by the Colonel's chair to say, "This isn't *our* affair, you know, sir," led the team into the veranda and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last, and he looked at Dirkovitch as he moved. But Dirkovitch had departed into a brandy paradise of his own. His lips moved without sound, and he was studying the coffin on the ceiling.

"White—white all over," said Basset-Holmer, the adjutant. "What a pernicious renegade he must be! I wonder where he came from?"

The colonel shook the man gently by the arm, and "Who are you?" said he.

There was no answer. The man stared round the mess-room and smiled in the colonel's face. Little Mildred, who was always more of a woman than a man till "Boot and saddle" was sounded, repeated the question in a voice that would have drawn confidences from a geyser. The man only smiled. Dirkovitch, at the far end of the table, slid gently from his chair to the floor. No son of Adam, in this present imperfect world, can mix the Hussars' champagne with the Hussars' brandy by five and eight glasses of each without remembering the pit whence he has been digged and descending thither. The band began to play the tune with which the White Hussars, from the date of their formation, preface all their functions. They would sooner be disbanded than abandon that tune. It is a part of their system. The man straightened himself in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I don't see why we should entertain lunatics," said the colonel; "call a guard and send him off to the cells. We'll look into the business in the morning. Give him a glass of wine first, though."

Little Mildred filled a sherry glass with the brandy and thrust it over to the man. He drank, and the tune rose louder, and he straightened himself yet more. Then he put out his long-taloned hands to a piece of plate opposite and fingered it lovingly. There was a mystery connected with that piece of plate in the shape of a spring, which converted what was a seven-branched candlestick, three springs each side and one in the middle, into a sort of wheel-spoke candelabrum. He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly. He rose from his chair and inspected a picture on the wall, then moved on to another picture, the mess watching him without a word. When he came to the mantelpiece he shook his head and seemed distressed. A piece of plate representing a mounted hussar in full uniform caught his eye. He pointed to it, and then to the mantelpiece, with inquiry in his eyes.

"What is it—oh, what is it?" said Little Mildred. Then, as a mother might speak to a child, "That is a horse—yes, a horse."

Very slowly came the answer, in a thick, passionless guttural, "Yes, I—have seen. But—where is *the* horse?"

You could have heard the hearts of the mess beating, as the men drew back to give the stranger full room in his wanderings. There was no question of calling the guard.

Again he spoke, very slowly, "Where is *our* horse?"

There is no saying what happened after that. There is but one horse in the White Hussars, and his portrait hangs outside the door of the mess-room. He is the piebald drum-horse, the king of the regimental band, that served the regiment for seven-and-

thirty years, and in the end was shot for old age. Half the mess tore the thing down from its place and thrust it into the man's hands. He placed it above the mantelpiece; it clattered on the ledge, as his poor hands dropped it, and he staggered toward the bottom of the table, falling into Mildred's chair. The band began to play the "River of Years" waltz, and the laughter from the gardens came into the tobacco-scented mess-room. But nobody, even the youngest, was thinking of waltzes. They all spoke to one another something after this fashion: "The drum horse hasn't hung over the mantelpiece since '67." "How does he know?" "Mildred, go and speak to him again." "Colonel, what are you going to do?" "Oh, dry up, and give the poor devil a chance to pull himself together!" "It isn't possible, anyhow. The man's a lunatic."

Little Mildred stood at the colonel's side talking into his ear. "Will you be good enough to take your seats, please, gentlemen?" he said, and the mess dropped into the chairs.

Only Dirkovitch's seat, next to Little Mildred's, was blank, and Little Mildred himself had found Hira Singh's place. The wide-eyed mess-sergeant filled the glasses in dead silence. Once more the colonel rose, but his hand shook, and the port spilled on the table as he looked straight at the man in Little Mildred's chair and said, hoarsely, "Mr. Vice, the Queen." There was a little pause, but the man sprang to his feet and answered, without hesitation, "The Queen, God bless her!" and as he emptied the thin glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Long and long ago, when the Empress of India was a young woman, and there were no unclean ideals in the land, it was the custom in a few messes to drink the Queen's toast in broken glass, to the huge delight of the mess contractors. The custom is now dead, because there is nothing to break anything for, except now and again the word of a government, and that has been broken already.

"That settles it," said the colonel, with a gasp. "He's not a sergeant. What in the world is he?"

The entire mess echoed the word, and the volley of questions would have scared any man. Small wonder that the ragged, filthy invader could only smile and shake his head.

From under the table, calm and smiling urbanely, rose Dirkovitch, who had been aroused from healthful slumber by feet upon his body. By the side of the man he rose, and the man shrieked and groveled at his feet. It was a horrible sight, coming so swiftly upon the pride and glory of the toast that had brought the strayed wits together.

Dirkovitch made no offer to raise him, but Little Mildred heaved him up in an instant. It is not good that a gentleman who can answer to the Queen's toast should lie at the feet of a subaltern of Cossacks.

The hasty action tore the wretch's upper clothing nearly to the waist, and his body was seamed with dry black scars. There is only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat. Dirkovitch saw the marks, and the pupils of his eyes dilated—also, his face changed. He said something that sounded like "Shto ve takete"; and the man, fawning, answered, "Chetyre."

"What's that?" said everybody together.

"His number. That is number four, you know." Dirkovitch spoke very thickly.

85. **cat**, cat-o'-nine-tails, a flogging instrument composed of nine pieces of knotted cord and a handle. 89. **Shto ve takete**, who are you?

"What has a Queen's officer to do with a qualified number?" said the colonel, and there rose an unpleasant growl around the table.

"How can I tell?" said the affable Oriental, with a sweet smile. "He is a—how you have it?—escape—runaway, from over there."

He nodded toward the darkness of the night.

"Speak to him, if he'll answer you, and speak to him gently," said Little Mildred, settling the man in a chair. It seemed most improper to all present that Dirkovitch should sip brandy as he talked in purring, spitting Russian to the creature who answered so feebly and with such evident dread. But since Dirkovitch appeared to understand, no man said a word. They breathed heavily, leaning forward, in the long gaps of the conversation. The next time that they have no engagements on hand the White Hussars intend to go to St. Petersburg and learn Russian.

"He does not know how many years ago," said Dirkovitch, facing the mess, "but he says it was very long ago, in a war. I think that there was an accident. He says he was of this glorious and distinguished regiment in the war."

"The rolls! The rolls! Holmer, get the rolls!" said Little Mildred, and the adjutant dashed off bareheaded to the orderly-room, where the rolls of the regiment were kept. He returned just in time to hear Dirkovitch conclude, "Therefore I am most sorry to say there was an accident, which would have been reparable if he had apologized to that our colonel, which he had insulted."

Another growl, which the colonel tried to beat down. The mess was in no mood to weigh insults to Russian colonels just then.

"He does not remember, but I think that there was an accident, and so he was not exchanged among the prisoners, but he was sent to another place—how do you say?—the country. *So*, he says, he came here. He does not know how he came. Eh? He was at Chepany"—the man caught the word, nodded, and shivered—"at Zhigansk and Irkutsk. I cannot understand how he escaped. He says, too, that he was in the forests for many years, but how many years he has forgotten—that with many things. It was an accident; done because he did not apologize to that our colonel. Ah!"

Instead of echoing Dirkovitch's sigh of regret, it is sad to record that the White Hussars livelily exhibited unchristian delight and other emotions, hardly restrained by their sense of hospitality. Holmer flung the frayed and yellow regimental rolls on the table, and the men flung themselves atop of these.

"Steady! Fifty-six—fifty-five—fifty-four," said Holmer. "Here we are. 'Lieutenant Austin Limmason—*missing.*' That was before Sebastopol. What an infernal shame! Insulted one of their colonels, and was quietly shipped off. Thirty years of his life wiped out."

"But he never apologized. Said he'd see him——first," chorused the mess.

"Poor devil! I suppose he never had the chance afterward. How did he come here?" said the colonel.

The dingy heap in the chair could give no answer.

"Do you know who you are?"

It laughed weakly.

"Do you know that you are Limmason—Lieutenant Limmason, of the White Hussars?".

56–58. **Chepany, Zhigansk, Irkutsk,** towns in Siberia, to which country, in the days of the Russian monarchy, political prisoners were exiled, generally for life. 77. **Sebastopol.** The siege of this Russian port was the chief event of the Crimean War (1854–1855).

Swift as a shot came the answer, in a slightly surprised tone, "Yes, I'm Limmason, of course." The light died out in his eyes, and he collapsed afresh, watching every motion of Dirkovitch with terror. A flight from Siberia may fix a few elementary facts in the mind, but it does not lead to continuity of thought. The man could not explain how, like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his own old mess again. Of what he had suffered or seen he knew nothing. He cringed before Dirkovitch as instinctively as he had pressed the spring of the candlestick, sought the picture of the drum horse, and answered to the Queen's toast.

The rest was a blank that the dreaded Russian tongue could only in part remove. His head bowed on his breast, and he giggled and cowered alternately.

The devil that lived in the brandy prompted Dirkovitch at this extremely inopportune moment to make a speech. He rose, swaying slightly, gripped the table edge, while his eyes glowed like opals, and began:

"Fellow-soldiers, glorious — true friends and hospitables. It was an accident, and deplorable—most deplorable." Here he smiled sweetly all round the mess. "But you will think of this little, little thing. So little, is it not? The czar! Posh! I snap my fingers—I snap my fingers at him. Do I believe in him? No! But the Slav who has done nothing, *him* I believe. Seventy—how much?—millions that have done nothing—not one thing. Napoleon was an episode." He banged a hand on the table. "Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our work is to do; and it shall be done, old peoples. Get away!" He waved his hand imperiously, and pointed to the man. "You see him. He is not good to see. He was just one little—oh, so little— accident, that no one remembered. Now he is *That.* So will you be, brother-soldiers so brave—so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he has gone, or" —he pointed to the great coffin shadow on the ceiling, and muttering, "Seventy millions—get away, you old people," fell asleep.

"Sweet, and to the point," said Little Mildred. "What's the use of getting wrath? Let's make the poor devil comfortable."

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The lieutenant had returned only to go away again three days later when the wail of the "Dead March" and the tramp of the squadrons told the wondering station, that saw no gap in the table, an officer of the regiment had resigned his newfound commission.

And Dirkovitch—bland, supple, and always genial—went away too by a night train. Little Mildred and another saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the colonel with the open hand, the law of the mess allowed no relaxation of hospitality.

"Good-by, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said Little Mildred.

"*Au revoir*, my true friends," said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home?"

"Yes; but I will come again. My friends, is that road shut?" He pointed to where the north star burned over the Khyber Pass.

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want—cheroots, ice, bedding? That's

91. **Khyber Pass**, see note on line 37, page 313, and picture on page 316.

all right. Well, *au revoir*, Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man, as the tail-lights of the train grew small. "Of—all—the—unmitigated—"

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the north star, and hummed a selection from a recent burlesque that had much delighted the White Hussars. It ran:

I'm sorry for Mister Bluebeard,
I'm sorry to cause him pain;
But a terrible spree there's sure to be
When he comes back again.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. Rudyard Kipling (1865–), perhaps the most famous short story writer alive today, is a curious blend of the West and the East. His outlook is the result of his education and thought; his material is the accumulation of his life and observation. Born in India, of English parents, educated in England (he gives an interesting account of a typical English school for boys in *Stalky and Co.*), a traveler in all parts of the world, a dweller for a time in Vermont, he seems to have touched most of the varied interests which this world offers. As a newspaper writer and editor in a land won and held for his country by the deeds of noble men, Kipling chronicled from the very first the qualities of men, the opinions of men, the deeds of men. To some readers the absence of feminine interest in his tales is a defect, to others it is the chief element of his originality. Many of his stories do embody female characters delicately and sympathetically treated, but he has the reputation of being a "man's man," and such a reputation, once accorded an author, clings for always. "The Man Who Was" is taken from *Mine Own People*, a volume of short stories by Kipling.

2. The scene of this story is laid in Peshawur, the capital of the northwest frontier province of British India. Its position, at the entrance of the Khyber Pass, so pointedly alluded to in the story, gives it great strategic importance. During his residence in India Kipling became familiar with English and Indian army life such as he pictures in the story, and doubtless met Russians of the "forced friendly" type portrayed by Dirkovitch.

In spite of Dirkovitch's great show of friendship and admiration of the British, his hypocrisy is strongly felt from the beginning of the story. There is no longer any doubt about his attitude when, in his disjointed—yet unmistakably clear—speech he calls the whole matter of the young lieutenant's banishment an incident not worth thinking about; and then prophesies the annihilation of the British Empire by the Russians.

Kipling's belief in the Russian attitude has its foundation in historic facts. The outcome of the Crimean War (1854-1856) still rankled in the Russian mind; England's control of the Suez Canal, obtained in 1875, thus strengthening the British Empire in India, was viewed from Russia with bitter jealousy; and, almost coincident with the writing of this story, Russian encroachments into Afghanistan, a buffer territory between British India and Russia, caused a serious disturbance.

Questions and Topics

1. What do you think of the first sentence? What does it mean? What has the first paragraph to do with the story? Why is "sword-cut" so good to indicate a mountain pass? Why appropriate here? Is Kipling serious or humorous at the beginning of the story? Why? Why does the Russian speak of Asia as the field of his nation and of Britain? What is meant by "You cannot reform a lady of many lovers" as applied to Asia? What does "talk special-correspondently" mean? What does Kipling think of titled rank? Prove your answer. Why is the introduction so long? What makes it interesting?

2. What is the dramatic significance of the Russian's dark green uniform at the banquet? From what occupation are most of Kipling's figures of speech taken? Make a list of several. Why is the native Indian officer so important? What is his part in the story? Why did he come in late? How does Kipling show the admiration of the Britishers for him? How is the true sportsmanship of the English shown? What did the latter part of Hira Singh's speech really mean? Why were the translations made to Dirkovitch "expurgated"? What did he do when the shot was heard?

3. How is the story told, directly by the author or by the participants? What effect does this method emphasize? How does the author make you visualize the object

brought in by the sentries? Which speech of the native Indian polo player made the deepest impression upon you? What supports his opinion of the captive? What was the effect upon the Hussars? Why is the band music so important? What was its effect? Which speech of the man electrified the Hussars? Explain why; and what followed. How does Kipling paint the degradation of the man by contrast with the pride and glory of the toast to the Queen?

4. What feelings surged through the Hussars as Dirkovitch told the man's story? Why could they not show the Russian all they really felt? What was the real point of Dirkovitch's speech? Why did the Hussars not resent it? What is the significance of the Russian's saying *Au revoir* instead of *Good-by*?

5. Is Kipling's style here suitable for the story? Would the style have been any better had it been more "booky"? Are the incidents and scenes unusual to you? Did that novelty attract you? Is this romanticism? Why? Which held you most—plot or character? What element frequently found in stories is entirely lacking here? Do you object? What is the final impression the story made upon you?

6. What kind of man does Kipling depict best? Show what is meant by calling his work "mainly journalistic." Comment on his popularity.

Theme Topics. 1. Discuss the geography of this story. 2. Report on the British in India. Tell how they won the land. Show the connection between this acquisition and contemporary events in America. 3. Describe the game of polo. 4. Explain what local color is in a story. Show how it adds to the interest of this one. 5. Report on Kipling's connections with the United States. 6. Contrast England's attitude toward Turkey during the World War with that of Russia.

Library Reading. "The Man Who Would Be King," "Wee Willie Winkie," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Return of Imray," and other short stories by Kipling; if you are interested in seeing how other authors handle the "dramatic incident" type of story read "Heart of Darkness," Conrad (in *Youth*); "The Desert," Smith (in *The Turquoise Cup*).

THE THREE STRANGERS*

THOMAS HARDY

Among the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries may be reckoned the high, grassy, and furzy downs, coombs, or ewe-leases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and southwest. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon, it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a county town. Yet that affected it little. Five miles of irregular upland, during the long, inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who "conceive and meditate of pleasant things."

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge, is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But, in the present case, such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situa-

* Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Harper and Brothers, from *Wessex Tales* by Thomas Hardy.

24. **Timon**, an Athenian (fifth century B. C.), called a hater of mankind. **Nebuchadnezzar**, King of Babylon (604-561 B. C.), who, because he had sinned, was driven into the wilderness. For the story see *Daniel*, iv, 31-32.
29. **barrow**, a small hill or mound marking the burial-place of prehistoric inhabitants.

tion seemed to be the crossing of two footpaths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. Hence the house was exposed to the elements on all sides. But, though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" than when they had lived by the stream of a snug, neighboring valley.

The night of March 28, 182–, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crecy. Such sheep and outdoor animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the winds; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside-out like umbrellas. The gable-end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eavesdroppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief, or living room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cosy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly polished sheep-crooks, without stems, that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep-fair. The room was lighted by half-a-dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high-days, holy-days, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charley Jake the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New the parish-clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighboring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner-cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed

13. **rime**, chill mist. 20. **wuzzes and flames**, hoarses and phlegms. —NOTE BY HARDY. 28. **clothyard shafts**, yard-long arrows. The English at the periods alluded to excelled in the use of the long bow as a fighting weapon. **Senlac**, better known as Hastings, the battle which brought about the Norman Conquest of England (1066). **Crecy**, a battle in France (1346), in which the British defeated the French.

64. **high-days**, days celebrated because of religious or family significance. 73. **like the laughter of the fool**, see *Ecclesiastes* vii, 6. 86. **pourparler**, discussion.

was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in each other's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression of trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever—which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from a vale at a distance, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket—and kept them there, till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages; but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing-party was the alternative; but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind; the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

15. **bonhomie**, easy manner.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish-clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favorite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamored of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown-piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had traveled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in

62. **serpent**, a bass wind-instrument. 90. **apogee to perigee**, literally, the point farthest from the spectator to the point nearest him, i.e., a complete circle.

course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, farther on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out-of-doors were readily visible. The sad, wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame; his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. At a rough guess, he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five-feet-eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread, there was caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little settlement partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveler's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within the adjacent house, and the lesser strains of the fiddler, reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage-leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten beehives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water; and a casual rainfall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dishwaters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies; a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased, and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into

66. **pent-roof**, a sloping roof whose edge projects beyond the house.

which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the shed, with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house-door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draft from one of them. Having quenched his thirst he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden-path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well-cover, the top rail of the garden-gate, were varnished with the same dull, liquid glaze; while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamplights through the beating drops—lights that denoted the situation of the county-town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in!" said the shepherd promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the doormat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with his survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich, deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest a while."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith, you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause —though, to be sure, a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year."

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with, as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to a pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb—hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say.—I'll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am; for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited comer,

who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather cracked in the vamp," he said freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that—farther up the country."

"I thought so. And so be I; and by your tongue you come from my neighborhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the newcomer. "And that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about 'ee?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box—I'll fill that too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the brands as if doing it thoroughly were the only aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in!" In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven doormat. He too was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighborhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab greatcoat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large heavy seals, of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water-drops

5. **rather cracked in the vamp**, wearing pretty shabby-looking shoes. 8. **well fitted**, very well dressed.

49. **screw of paper**, paper with the ends twisted.

from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yourself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether desirable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-colored gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his greatcoat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling-beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire; and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbor the family mug—a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole generations of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burnt upon its rotund side in yellow letters—

THERE IS NO FUN
UNTiLL i CUM.

The other man, nothing loath, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on, and on—till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden before coming in, and saw the hives all of a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.' But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really didn't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous elevation.

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd warmly.

"It is goodish mead," assented Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. "It is trouble enough to make—and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we ourselves can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings."

"Oh, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder-gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty. "I love mead, when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the man in the chimney-corner, who in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humor.

Now the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first-year, or maiden, honey, four pounds to the gallon—with its due complement of white of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring—tasted remarkably strong; but it did

73. **comb-washings**, water poured over the honeycomb after the honey has been extracted.

not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently, the stranger in cinder-gray at the table, moved by its creeping influence, unbuttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

"Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time; but the rain drove me into your dwelling, and I'm not sorry for it."

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" said the shepherd. "Not as yet; though I shortly mean to move there."

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything."

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering, "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight I must begin work there at eight tomorrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work tomorrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we?" replied the shepherd's wife.

"'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. . . . . But really and truly I must up and off, or I shan't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draft of friendship before I go; and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs."

"No," said the stranger disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

"Why should you do this?" she said reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people; and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong! And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part, I don't like the look o' the man at all."

"But he's in the house, my honey; and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it, what's a cup of mead more or less? There'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well—this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney-corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade—I'm a wheelwright."

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine—

72. **bee-burning.** The bee-keeper uses smoke as a protection when taking honey from the hive.

if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his own hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pincushion is of pins."

The hands of the man in the chimney-corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that, instead of setting a mark upon me, it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the armhole of his waistcoat, he waved the other hand in the air, and, with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheepcrooks above the mantelpiece, began:

O my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft 'em to a far countree!

The room was silent when he had finished the verse—with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer's word, "Chorus!" joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish—

And waft 'em to a far countree!

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish-clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground, the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion; she was doubting whether this stranger were merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's feast, except the man in the chimney-corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inwards, and went on with the next stanza as requested:

My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all—
My tools are no sight to see;
A little hempen string, and a post whereon to swing,
Are implements enough for me!

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted halfway, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her she sat down trembling.

"Oh, he's the ——!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. "He's come to do it! 'Tis to be at Casterbridge jail tomorrow—the man for sheep-stealing—the poor clockmaker we heard of, who used to live away at Shottsford and had no work to do—Timothy Summers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Shottsford by the highroad, and

59. **Belshazzar's feast**, for this story see *Daniel* v.

took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's lad, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded toward the stranger of the deadly trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county-town, and he's got the place here now our own county man's dead; he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup toward that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse; but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door. This time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared; the shepherd looked with consternation toward the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to——?" he began; when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company amongst whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-gray. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse:

Tomorrow is my working day.
Simple shepherds all—
Tomorrow is a working day for me;
For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who did it ta'en,
And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!

The stranger in the chimney-corner, waving cups with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before:

And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!

All this time the third stranger had been standing in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed to their surprise that he stood before them the picture of abject terror—his knees trembling, his hand shaking so violently that the door-latch by which he supported himself rattled audibly; his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door, and fled.

"What a man can it be?" said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor, looked as if they knew not what to think, and said nothing. Instinctively they withdrew farther and farther from the grim gentleman in their midst, whom some of them seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness himself, till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him—

. . . circulus, cujus centrum diabolus.

The room was so silent—though there

91. **circulus**, etc., "a circle, the center of which [was] the devil."

were more than twenty people in it—that nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain against the window-shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a stray drop that fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound of a gun reverberated through the air—apparently from the direction of the county-town.

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

"What does that mean?" asked several.

"A prisoner escaped from the jail—that's what it means."

All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke but the man in the chimney-corner, who said quietly, "I've often been told that in this county they fire a gun at such times; but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is *my* man?" murmured the personage in cinder-gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd involuntarily. "And surely we've zeed him! That little man who looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he zeed ye and heard your song!"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body," said the dairyman.

"And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone," said Oliver Giles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True—his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink; and he bolted as if he'd been shot at," slowly summed up the man in the chimney-corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the hangman.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now 'tis explained!"

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself. "Is there a constable here?" he asked, in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward."

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out from the wall, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start in a body."

"Staff!—never mind your staff; the man'll be gone!"

"But I can't do nothing without my staff—can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No; for there's the king's royal crown a painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I wouldn't 'tempt to take up a man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him he might take up me!'

"Now, I'm a king's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this," said the formidable officer in gray. "Now then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes—have ye any lanterns?—I demand it!" said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied—"

"Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye!" said the constable.

78. **the lion and the unicorn**, these animals are represented on the British coat-of-arms.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks——"

"Staves and pitchforks—in the name o' the law! And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye!"

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns; and, lighting these hastily, and with hurdle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heartbrokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half-hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground-floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay on a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly—his friend in cinder-gray.

"O—you here?" said the latter, smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake with some effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me," said the first confidentially, "and such a night as it is, too. Besides, 'tis the business o' the Government to take care of its criminals—not mine."

"True; so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd-people are used to it—simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labor in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

20. **hurdle-staves**, flat sticks used in making temporary fences.

50. **skimmer-cake**, similar to our steamed pudding.

"No, I am sorry to say! I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right), "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bedtime."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands heartily at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the down. They had decided on no particular plan of action; and, finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down the hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight ramblers over this part of the cretaceous formation. The "lanchets," or flint slopes, which belted the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep they slid sharply downwards, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the exploration, were extinguished, due silence was observed; and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briery, moist defile, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely ash, the single tree on this part of the coomb, probably sown there by a passing bird some fifty years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable sternly to the still figure.

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher. "'Tisn't our side ought to say that. That's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law."

"Well, well," replied the constable impatiently; "I must say something, mustn't I? and if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing too!—Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Father—the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and, giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly toward them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

"Well, travelers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did; you've got to come and be our prisoner at once!" said the constable. "We arrest 'ee on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail in a decent, proper manner to be hung tomorrow morning. Neighbors, do your duty, and seize the culpet!"

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not

21. **cretaceous**, the name of an ancient period of the earth's history in which a certain rock formation took place. 29. **rubbly**, covered with loose, rolling stones.

another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search-party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back toward the shepherd's cottage.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd's living room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest country-seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

"Gentlemen," said the constable, "I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger; but every-one must do his duty! He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner!" And the third stranger was led to the light.

"Who is this?" said one of the officials." The man," said the constable.

"Certainly not," said the turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the constable. "Or why was he so terrified at sight o' the singing instrument of the law who sat there?" Here he related the strange behavior of the third stranger on entering the house during the hangman's song.

"Can't understand it," said the officer coolly. "All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one; a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking, and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived."

"Why, souls—'twas the man in the chimney-corner!" "Hey — what?" said the magistrate, coming forward after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man after all?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true; and yet he's not the man we were in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my everyday way; for 'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Shottsford to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney-corner; and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, 'Don't reveal what you see; my life depends on it.' I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. "And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to?—what is his occupation?"

"He's a watch-and-clock-maker, sir."

"'A said 'a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels of clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate; "your business lies with the other, unquestionably."

And so the little man was released offhand; but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country-folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvelous coolness and daring in hob-and-nobbing with the hangman, under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party, won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and outhouses. Stories were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown trackway or other, remote from turnpike roads; but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney-corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder-gray never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all, for business purposes, the genial comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and his frugal wife; the guests who made up the christening party have mainly followed their entertainers to the tomb; the baby in whose honor they all had met is a matron in the sear and yellow leaf. But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night, and the details connected therewith, is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

Thomas Hardy (1840—) is famous for a long series of novels presenting impressive pictures of life in southwestern England. So closely associated are these stories with their surroundings that this part of the land is often spoken of as the "Hardy country." Of recent years he has devoted his talents to the composition of verse. "The Three Strangers" story was first published in 1883. It now appears in a collection of Hardy's best short stories, entitled *Wessex Tales.*

Questions and Topics

1. Does the story open in an interesting manner? Why does the author give so careful a description of the locality? What details give good ideas of the permanence of things in England? How is contrast utilized in the opening of the story? Show that the introduction moves from the general to the particular. Describe the indecision in the mind of the hostess over the kind of entertainment to provide. How were her plans observed?

2. Why is the word *pastoral* used to describe the dwelling? How does Hardy change the point of view? At what place in the material? At what time in the events? What does "snuffing candles" mean? Why was it done?

3. When the first traveler enters, does he seem to you like a traveler or a fugitive? Does the author make you think either, or both? How does he prevent his hostess from asking him too many questions? How do the remarks about his smoking arouse your suspicions? Why do we not see the second and third strangers outside the house, but meet them only as they enter? Why did the first stranger pick up the poker when the second knocked? Point out clearly the difference in behavior of the two strangers at the fireside.

4. How does the drinking stranger outwit Mrs. Fennel? Then how does she get the better of him? Why so much concern about the trades of these strangers? Why did the first stranger say he was a wheelright? Is it natural for people to ask questions like those in this story? Do you like the introduction of the song? Why is this a better way of giving the second stranger's trade than having him tell it? Why did the first stranger join in the chorus? Did you see any such reason at the time, or perceive it among the later events? Why did Hardy have the two strangers clink cups and drink to each other? Why does the author make the third knock timid and hesitating? What did you think when the third stranger turned and fled from the house? Did the author intend that you should think that? Why did the first stranger resume his smoking? What do you suppose he most feared when he saw the third stranger? Why does he agree with the opinion of the man who first fled from them? Did the report of the gun come at just the proper time?

5. Why is *sinister* applied to the hangman? Explain the following: *constable's staff; the lion and the unicorn; several ways; man of the baleful ways; horn lantern; preternatural; patriarchal.* Has the story any humorous relief? Where?

6. By what two expedients does the author empty the room? Why did he then bring the two strangers back for a conversation? Why the handshake? Do you know what the constable started to say when he ordered the prisoner to surrender "in the name of the Father"? Why was the third stranger relieved at the explanation given by the constable for his arrest? By what detail was the real fugitive identified?

7. Give all the devices by which time is gained for the real prisoner to make his escape certain. Do you share the people's sympathy for him? Why? What is hinted about their actions?

8. Where might the story have ended? Is any part unnecessary? Is it likely that the story did outlast the characters? Does this correspond with the history of story telling?

Theme Topics. 1. Write the song the hangman composed relating this experience. 2. Write the fugitive's letter to his brother assuring him of his safety. 3. Relate a chance meeting between the constable and the fugitive before the latter had left the district. 4. Recount the incident of the sheep stealing. 5. Report on capital punishment in England before 1825. 6. Arrange class discussions on such topics as the following: (a) No offender should suffer capital punishment. (b) Criminals are too well treated in modern times. (c) The purpose of convictions is prevention of crime, not punishment. (d) Motives, not the act itself, determine the guilt of a person charged with crime. (e) The jury system should be abandoned.

Library Reading. Other stories in *Wessex Tales;* "The Treasure of Franchard," Stevenson (in *The Merry Men*); "Roads of Destiny," O. Henry (in *Roads of Destiny*); "Willow Walk" Lewis (in *Best Short Stories of 1918*); these belong to the "rambling tale" type of story, illustrated by "The Three Strangers."

THE THIRD INGREDIENT*

O. Henry

The (so-called) Vallambrosa Apartment House is not an apartment house. It is composed of two old-fashioned, brownstone-front residences welded into one. The parlor floor of one side is gay with the wraps and headgear of a modiste; the other is lugubrious with the sophistical promises and grisly display of a painless dentist. You may have a room there for two dollars a week or you may have one for twenty dollars. Among the Vallambrosa's roomers are stenographers, musicians, brokers, shop-girls, space-rate writers, art students, wire-tappers, and other people who lean far over the banister-rail when the door-bell rings.

This treatise shall have to do with but two of the Vallambrosians—though meaning no disrespect to the others.

At six o'clock one afternoon Hetty Pepper came back to her third-floor rear $3.50 room in the Vallambrosa with her nose and chin more sharply pointed than usual. To be discharged from the department store where you have been working four years, and with only fifteen cents in your purse, does have a tendency to make your features appear more finely chiseled.

And now for Hetty's thumb-nail biography, while she climbs the two flights of stairs.

She walked into the Biggest Store one morning four years before with seventy-five other girls, applying for a job behind the waist department counter. The phalanx of wage-earners formed a bewildering scene of beauty, carrying a total mass of blond hair sufficient to have justified the horse-back gallops of a hundred Lady Godivas.

The capable, cool-eyed, impersonal, young, bald-headed man whose task it was to engage six of the contestants, was aware of a feeling of suffocation as if he were drowning in a sea of frangipanni, while white clouds, hand-embroidered, floated about him. And then a sail hove in sight. Hetty Pepper, homely of countenance, with small, contemptuous, green eyes and chocolate-colored hair, dressed in a suit of plain burlap and a common-sense hat, stood before him with every one of her twenty-nine years of life unmistakably in sight.

"You're on!" shouted the bald-headed young man, and was saved. And that is how Hetty came to be employed in the Biggest Store. The story of her rise to an eight-dollar-a-week salary is the combined stories of Hercules, Joan of Arc, Una, Job, and Little-Red-Riding-Hood. You shall not learn from me the salary that was paid her as a beginner. There is a sentiment growing about such things, and I want no millionaire store-proprietors climbing the fire-escape of my tenement-house to throw dynamite bombs into my skylight boudoir.

* Reprinted by permission from *Options* by O. Henry. Copyright by Harper and Brothers.

14. **space-rate writer**, a writer paid according to the space his article fills in print. 15. **wire-tapper**, swindler, i.e., one who pretends to intercept, by tapping the wires, advance telegraphic news or betting.

44. **Lady Godiva**, an English noblewoman of the eleventh century, famed for her long, beautiful hair. 50. **frangipanni**, a strong perfume. 67. **Joan of Arc** (1412-1431), a French martyr. (For her story, see any encyclopedia.) **Una**, "a lovely ladie," the personification of Truth, in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. She suffered imprisonment in behalf of her ideals. **Job**, the patient hero of the book of *Job*.

The story of Hetty's discharge from the Biggest Store is so nearly a repetition of her engagement as to be monotonous.

In each department of the store there is an omniscient, omnipresent, and omnivorous person carrying always a mileage book and a red necktie, and referred to as a "buyer." The destinies of the girls in his department who live on (see Bureau of Victual Statistics) so much per week are in his hands.

This particular buyer was a capable, cool-eyed, impersonal, young, bald-headed man. As he walked along the aisles of his department, he seemed to be sailing on a sea of frangipanni, while white clouds, machine-embroidered, floated around him. Too many sweets bring surfeit. He looked upon Hetty Pepper's homely countenance, emerald eyes, and chocolate-colored hair as a welcome oasis of green in a desert of cloying beauty. In a quiet angle of a counter he pinched her arm kindly, three inches above the elbow. She slapped him three feet away with one good blow of her muscular and not especially lily-white right. So, now you know why Hetty Pepper came to leave the Biggest Store at thirty minutes' notice, with one dime and a nickel in her purse.

This morning's quotations list the price of rib beef at six cents per (butcher's) pound. But on the day that Hetty was "released" by the B. S. the price was seven and one-half cents. That fact is what makes this story possible. Otherwise, the extra four cents would have—

But the plot of nearly all the good stories in the world is concerned with shorts who were unable to cover; so you can find no fault with this one.

Hetty mounted with her rib beef to her $3.50 third-floor back. One hot, savory beef-stew for supper, a night's good sleep, and she would be fit in the morning to apply again for the tasks of Hercules, Joan of Arc, Una, Job, and Little-Red-Riding-Hood.

In her room she got the granite-ware stew-pan out of the 2 x 4-foot china—er—I mean earthenware closet, and began to dig down in a rats'-nest of paper bags for the potatoes and onions. She came out with her nose and chin just a little sharper pointed.

There was neither a potato nor an onion. Now, what kind of a beef-stew can you make out of simply beef? You can make oyster-soup without oysters, turtle-soup without turtles, coffee-cake without coffee, but you can't make beef-stew without potatoes and onions.

But rib beef alone, in an emergency, can make an ordinary pine door look like a wrought-iron gambling-house portal to the wolf. With salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of flour (first well stirred in a little cold water) 'twill serve—'tis not so deep as a lobster à la Newburg nor so wide as a church festival doughnut; but 'twill serve.

Hetty took her stew-pan to the rear of the third-floor hall. According to the advertisements of the Vallambrosa there was running water to be found there. Between you and me and the water-meter, it only ambled or walked through the faucets; but technicalities have no place here. There was also a sink where housekeeping roomers often met to dump their coffee grounds and glare at one another's kimonos.

At this sink Hetty found a girl with heavy, gold-brown, artistic hair and plaintive eyes, washing two large "Irish" potatoes. Hetty knew the

45. **shorts . . . . cover,** men who, holding stock which is only partly paid for, have not money enough to buy the stock outright when its price rises.

Vallambrosa as well as anyone not owning "double hextra-magnifying eyes" could compass its mysteries. The kimonos were her encyclopedia, her *Who's what?*, her clearing-house of news, of goers and comers. From a rose-pink kimono edged with Nile green she had learned that the girl with the potatoes was a miniature-painter living in a kind of attic—or "studio," as they prefer to call it—on the top floor. Hetty was not certain in her mind what a miniature was; but it certainly wasn't a house; because house-painters, although they wear splashy overalls and poke ladders in your face on the street, are known to indulge in a riotous profusion of food at home.

The potato girl was quite slim and small, and handled her potatoes as an old bachelor uncle handles a baby who is cutting teeth. She had a dull, shoemaker's knife in her right hand, and she had begun to peel one of the potatoes with it.

Hetty addressed her in the punctiliously formal tone of one who intends to be cheerfully familiar with you in the second round.

"Beg pardon," she said, "for butting into what's not my business, but if you peel them potatoes you lose out. They're new Bermudas. You want to scrape 'em. Lemme show you."

She took a potato and the knife, and began to demonstrate.

"Oh, thank you," breathed the artist. "I didn't know. And I *did* hate to see the thick peeling go; it seemed such a waste. But I thought they always had to be peeled. When you've got only potatoes to eat, the peelings count, you know."

"Say, kid," said Hetty, staying her knife, "you ain't up against it, too, are you?"

2. **double, etc.**, from Sam Weller's amusing speech in Chapter XXXIV of Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*.

The miniature artist smiled starvedly.

"I suppose I am. Art—or, at least, the way I interpret it—doesn't seem to be much in demand. I have only these potatoes for my dinner. But they aren't so bad boiled and hot, with a little butter and salt."

"Child," said Hetty, letting a brief smile soften her rigid features, "Fate has sent me and you together. I've had it handed to me in the neck, too; but I've got a chunk of meat in my room as big as a lap-dog. And I've done everything to get potatoes except pray for 'em. Let's me and you bunch our commissary departments and make a stew of 'em. We'll cook it in my room. If we only had an onion to go in it! Say, kid, you haven't got a couple of pennies that've slipped down into the lining of your last winter's sealskin, have you? I could step down to the corner and get one at old Giuseppe's stand. A stew without an onion is worse'n a matinée without candy."

"You may call me Cecilia," said the artist. "No; I spent my last penny three days ago."

"Then we'll have to cut the onion out instead of slicing it in," said Hetty. "I'd ask the janitress for one, but I don't want 'em hep just yet to the fact that I'm pounding the asphalt for another job. But I wish we did have an onion."

In the shop-girl's room the two began to prepare their supper. Cecilia's part was to sit on the couch helplessly and beg to be allowed to do something, in the voice of a cooing ringdove. Hetty prepared the rib beef, putting it in cold salted water in the stew-pan and setting it on the one-burner gas-stove.

"I wish we had an onion," said Hetty, as she scraped the two potatoes.

On the wall opposite the couch was

pinned a flaming, gorgeous advertising picture of one of the new ferryboats of the P. U. F. F. Railroad that had been built to cut down the time between Los Angeles and New York City one-eighth of a minute.

Hetty, turning her head during her continuous monologue, saw tears running from her guest's eyes as she gazed on the idealized presentment of the speeding, foam-girdled transport.

"Why, say, Cecilia, kid," said Hetty, poising her knife, "is it as bad art as that? I ain't a critic; but I thought it kind of brightened up the room. Of course, a manicure-painter could tell it was a bum picture in a minute. I'll take it down if you say so. I wish to the holy Saint Potluck we had an onion."

But the miniature miniature-painter had tumbled down, sobbing, with her nose indenting the hard-woven drapery of the couch. Something was here deeper than the artistic temperament offended at crude lithography.

Hetty knew. She had accepted her rôle long ago. How scant the words with which we try to describe a single quality of a human being! When we reach the abstract we are lost. The nearer to Nature that the babbling of our lips comes, the better do we understand. Figuratively (let us say), some people are Bosoms, some are Hands, some are Heads, some are Muscles, some are Feet, some are Backs for burdens.

Hetty was a Shoulder. Hers was a sharp, sinewy shoulder; but all her life people had laid their heads upon it, metaphorically or actually, and had left there all or half their troubles. Looking at Life anatomically, which is as good a way as any, she was preordained to be a Shoulder. There were few truer collar-bones anywhere than hers.

Hetty was only thirty-three, and she had not yet outlived the little pang that visited her whenever the head of youth and beauty leaned upon her for consolation. But one glance in her mirror always served as an instantaneous pain-killer. So she gave one pale look into the crinkly old looking-glass on the wall above the gas-stove, turned down the flame a little lower from the bubbling beef and potatoes, went over to the couch, and lifted Cecilia's head to its confessional.

"Go on and tell me, honey," she said. "I know now that it ain't art that's worrying you. You met him on a ferryboat, didn't you? Go on, Cecilia, kid, and tell your—your Aunt Hetty about it."

But youth and melancholy must first spend the surplus of sighs and tears that waft and float the bark of romance to its harbor in the delectable isles. Presently, through the stringy tendons that formed the bars of the confessional, the penitent—or was it the glorified communicant of the sacred flame?—told her story without art or illumination.

"It was only three days ago. I was coming back on the ferry from Jersey City. Old Mr. Schrum, an art dealer, told me of a rich man in Newark who wanted a miniature of his daughter painted. I went to see him and showed him some of my work. When I told him the price would be fifty dollars he laughed at me like a hyena. He said an enlarged crayon twenty times the size would cost him only eight dollars.

"I had just enough money to buy my ferry ticket back to New York. I felt as if I didn't want to live another day. I must have looked as I felt, for I saw *him* on the row of seats

72. **delectable isles**, Islands of the Blessed, believed by the ancients to lie in the Atlantic Ocean, and to be inhabited by the souls of those who had led good lives.

opposite me, looking at me as if he understood. He was nice-looking, but oh, above everything else, he looked kind. When one is tired or unhappy or hopeless, kindness counts more than anything else.

"When I got so miserable that I couldn't fight against it any longer, I got up and walked slowly out the rear door of the ferryboat cabin. No one was there, and I slipped quickly over the rail and dropped into the water. Oh, friend Hetty, it was cold, cold!

"For just one moment I wished I was back in the old Vallambrosa, starving and hoping. And then I got numb, and didn't care. And then I felt that somebody else was in the water close by me, holding me up. *He* had followed me, and jumped in to save me.

"Somebody threw a thing like a big, white doughnut at us, and he made me put my arms through the hole. Then the ferryboat backed, and they pulled us on board. Oh, Hetty, I was so ashamed of my wickedness in trying to drown myself; and, besides, my hair had all tumbled down and was sopping wet, and I was such a sight.

"And then some men in blue clothes came around; and *he* gave them his card, and I heard him tell them he had seen me drop my purse on the edge of the boat outside the rail, and in leaning over to get it I had fallen overboard. And then I remembered having read in the papers that people who try to kill themselves are locked up in cells with people who try to kill other people, and I was afraid.

"But some ladies on the boat took me downstairs to the furnace-room and got me nearly dry and did up my hair. When the boat landed, *he* came and put me in a cab. He was all dripping himself, but laughed as if he thought it was all a joke. He begged me, but I wouldn't tell him my name nor where I lived, I was so ashamed."

"You were a fool, child," said Hetty, kindly. "Wait till I turn the light up a bit. I wish to Heaven we had an onion."

"Then he raised his hat," went on Cecilia, "and said, 'Very well. But I'll find you, anyhow. I'm going to claim my rights of salvage.' Then he gave money to the cab-driver and told him to take me where I wanted to go, and walked away. What is 'salvage,' Hetty?"

"The edge of a piece of goods that ain't hemmed," said the shop-girl. "You must have looked pretty well frazzled out to the little hero boy."

"It's been three days," moaned the miniature-painter, "and he hasn't found me yet."

"Extend the time," said Hetty. "This is a big town. Think of how many girls he might have to see soaked in water with their hair down before he would recognize you. The stew's getting on fine—but oh, for an onion! I'd even use a piece of garlic if I had it."

The beef and potatoes bubbled merrily, exhaling a mouth-watering savor that yet lacked something, leaving a hunger on the palate, a haunting, wistful desire for some lost and needful ingredient.

"I came near drowning in that awful river," said Cecilia, shuddering.

"It ought to have more water in it," said Hetty; "the stew, I mean. I'll go get some at the sink."

"It smells good," said the artist.

"That nasty old North River?" objected Hetty. "It smells to me like soap factories and wet setter-dogs—

61. **rights of salvage**, reward for having saved something from the sea. 93. **North River**, the estuary of the Hudson River, between New York and New Jersey.

oh, you mean the stew. Well, I wish we had an onion for it. Did he look like he had money?"

"First, he looked kind," said Cecilia. "I'm sure he was rich; but that matters so little. When he drew out his bill-folder to pay the cabman you couldn't help seeing hundreds and thousands of dollars in it. And I looked over the cab doors and saw him leave the ferry station in a motor-car; and the chauffeur gave him his bearskin to put on, for he was sopping wet. And it was only three days ago."

"What a fool!" said Hetty, shortly.

"Oh, the chauffeur wasn't wet," breathed Cecilia. "And he drove the car away very nicely."

"I mean *you*," said Hetty. "For not giving him your address."

"I never give my address to chauffeurs," said Cecilia, haughtily.

"I wish we had one," said Hetty, disconsolately.

"What for?"

"For the stew, of course—oh, I mean an onion."

Hetty took a pitcher and started to the sink at the end of the hall.

A young man came down the stairs from above just as she was opposite the lower step. He was decently dressed, but pale and haggard. His eyes were dull with the stress of some burden of physical or mental woe. In his hand he bore an onion—a pink, smooth, solid, shining onion as large around as a ninety-eight-cent alarm-clock.

Hetty stopped. So did the young man. There was something Joan of Arc-ish, Herculean, and Una-ish in the look and pose of the shop-lady—she had cast off the rôles of Job and Little-Red-Riding-Hood. The young man stopped at the foot of the stairs and coughed distractedly. He felt marooned, held up, attacked, assailed, levied upon, sacked, assessed, panhandled, browbeaten, though he knew not why. It was the look in Hetty's eyes that did it. In them he saw the Jolly Roger fly to the masthead and an able seaman with a dirk between his teeth scurry up the ratlines and nail it there. But as yet he did not know that the cargo he carried was the thing that had caused him to be so nearly blown out of the water without even a parley.

"*Beg* your pardon," said Hetty, as sweetly as her dilute, acetic acid tones permitted, "but did you find that onion on the stairs? There was a hole in the paper bag; and I've just come out to look for it."

The young man coughed for half a minute. The interval may have given him the courage to defend his own property. Also, he clutched his pungent prize greedily, and, with a show of spirit, faced his grim waylayer.

"No," he said huskily, "I didn't find it on the stairs. It was given to me by Jack Bevens, on the top floor. If you don't believe it, ask him. I'll wait until you do."

"I know about Bevens," said Hetty, sourly. "He writes books and things up there for the paper-and-rags man. We can hear the postman guy him all over the house when he brings them thick envelopes back. Say—do you live in the Vallambrosa?"

"I do not," said the young man. "I come to see Bevens sometimes. He's my friend. I live two blocks west."

"What are you going to do with the onion?—*begging* your pardon," said Hetty.

"I'm going to eat it."

"Raw?"

"Yes; as soon as I get home."

50. **panhandled**, accosted and held unwillingly. 54. **Jolly Roger**, the black banner of the pirates. 56. **ratlines**, rope ladder.

"Haven't you got anything else to eat with it?"

The young man considered briefly.

"No," he confessed; "there's not another scrap of anything in my diggings to eat. I think old Jack is pretty hard up for grub in his shack, too. He hated to give up the onion, but I worried him into parting with it."

"Man," said Hetty, fixing him with her world-sapient eyes, and laying a bony but impressive finger on his sleeve, "you've known trouble, too, haven't you?"

"Lots," said the onion owner, promptly. "But this onion is my own property, honestly come by. If you will excuse me, I must be going."

"Listen," said Hetty, paling a little with anxiety. "Raw onion is a mighty poor diet. And so is a beef-stew without one. Now, if you're Jack Bevens's friend, I guess you're nearly right. There's a little lady—a friend of mine—in my room there at the end of the hall. Both of us are out of luck; and we had just potatoes and meat between us. They're stewing now. But it ain't got any soul. There's something lacking to it. There's certain things in life that are naturally intended to fit and belong together. One is pink cheese-cloth and green roses, and one is ham and eggs, and one is Irish and trouble. And the other one is beef and potatoes *with* onions. And still another one is people who are up against it and other people in the same fix."

The young man went into a protracted paroxysm of coughing. With one hand he hugged his onion to his bosom.

"No doubt; no doubt," said he, at length. "But, as I said, I must be going, because——"

Hetty clutched his sleeve firmly.

"Don't be a Dago, Little Brother. Don't eat raw onions. Chip it in toward the dinner and line yourself inside with the best stew you ever licked a spoon over. Must two ladies knock a young gentleman down and drag him inside for the honor of dining with 'em? No harm shall befall you, Little Brother. Loosen up and fall into line."

The young man's pale face relaxed into a grin.

"Believe I'll go you," he said, brightening. "If my onion is good as a credential, I'll accept the invitation gladly."

"It's good as that, but better as seasoning," said Hetty. "You come and stand outside the door till I ask my lady friend if she has any objections. And don't run away with that letter of recommendation before I come out."

Hetty went into her room and closed the door. The young man waited outside.

"Cecilia, kid," said the shop-girl, oiling the sharp saw of her voice as well as she could, "there's an onion outside. With a young man attached. I've asked him in to dinner. You ain't going to kick, are you?"

"Oh, dear!" said Cecilia, sitting up and patting her artistic hair. She cast a mournful glance at the ferryboat poster on the wall.

"Nit," said Hetty. "It ain't him. You're up against real life now. I believe you said your hero friend had money and automobiles. This is a poor skeezicks that's got nothing to eat but an onion. But he's easy-spoken and not a freshy. I imagine he's been a gentleman, he's so low down now. And we need the onion. Shall I bring him in? I'll guarantee his behavior."

"Hetty, dear," sighed Cecilia, "I'm so hungry. What difference does it make whether he's a prince or a

11. **world-sapient**, understanding everything.

burglar? I don't care. Bring him in if he's got anything to eat with him."

Hetty went back into the hall. The onion man was gone. Her heart missed a beat, and a gray look settled over her face except on her nose and cheek-bones. And then the tides of life flowed in again, for she saw him leaning out of the front window at the other end of the hall. She hurried there. He was shouting to someone below. The noise of the street overpowered the sound of her footsteps. She looked down over his shoulder, saw whom he was speaking to, and heard his words. He pulled himself in from the window-sill and saw her standing over him.

Hetty's eyes bored into him like two steel gimlets.

"Don't lie to me," she said, calmly. "What were you going to do with that onion?"

The young man suppressed a cough and faced her resolutely. His manner was that of one who had been bearded sufficiently.

"I was going to eat it," said he, with emphatic slowness; "just as I told you before."

"And you have nothing else to eat at home?"

"Not a thing."

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I am not working at anything just now."

"Then why," said Hetty, with her voice set on its sharpest edge, "do you lean out of windows and give orders to chauffeurs in green automobiles in the street below?"

The young man flushed, and his dull eyes began to sparkle.

"Because, madam," said he, in *accelerando* tones, "I pay the chauffeur's wages and I own the automobile—and also this onion—this onion, madam." He flourished the onion within an inch of Hetty's nose. The shoplady did not retreat a hair's-breadth.

"Then why do you eat onions," she said, with biting contempt, "and nothing else?"

"I never said I did," retorted the young man, heatedly. "I said I had nothing else to eat where I live. I am not a delicatessen storekeeper."

"Then why," pursued Hetty, inflexibly, "were you going to eat a raw onion?"

"My mother," said the young man, "always made me eat one for a cold. Pardon my referring to a physical infirmity; but you may have noticed that I have a very, very severe cold. I was going to eat the onion and go to bed. I wonder why I am standing here and apologizing to you for it."

"How did you catch this cold?" went on Hetty, suspiciously.

The young man seemed to have arrived at some extreme height of feeling. There were two modes of descent open to him—a burst of rage or a surrender to the ridiculous. He chose wisely; and the empty hall echoed his hoarse laughter.

"You're a dandy," said he. "And I don't blame you for being careful. I don't mind telling you. I got wet. I was on a North River ferry a few days ago when a girl jumped overboard. Of course, I——"

Hetty extended her hand, interrupting his story.

"Give me the onion," she said.

The young man set his jaw a trifle harder.

"Give me the onion," she repeated.

He grinned, and laid it in her hand.

Then Hetty's infrequent, grim, melancholy smile showed itself. She took the young man's arm and pointed with her other hand to the door of her room.

"Little Brother," she said, "go in there. The little fool you fished out

44. **accelerando**, growing constantly faster and louder.

of the river is there waiting for you. Go on in. I'll give you three minutes before I come. Potatoes is in there waiting. Go on in, Onions."

After he had tapped at the door and entered, Hetty began to peel and wash the onion at the sink. She gave a gray look at the gray roofs outside, and the smile on her face vanished by little jerks and twitches. "But it's us," she said, grimly, to herself, "it's *us* that furnishes the beef."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The idea that interesting events and characters are found only in far-away lands is dispelled in the stories written by William Sidney Porter (1867–1910), who used the pen-name O. Henry. A varied experience with all kinds of fortunes, persons, places, ranging from small towns of the South, across ranches and forests of Central America, back to the crowded streets of New York, made him believe that romance—the themes from which great stories are extracted—lies exactly where the writer happens to be. In one story, "The Best Seller," in the volume entitled *Options*, he definitely propounds this theory of the fascination of the present and the ordinary. If you read it you will have a perfect illustration of this principle of getting material for short stories.

2. When O. Henry wrote he did not keep his eyes on books or other authors; he kept his eyes on people. Interesting persons are about us continually. In New York there are so many that O. Henry called one of his books *The Four Million*. He talked to chance acquaintances on park benches, to riders in the cars, to loungers in the streets. He absorbed the lives of individuals which he then recombined and retold for his appreciative readers. As his characters talk, they make you feel their reality. Many of his stories are short. Nearly every one is alive with the humor of quaint, appealing characterization. Exactly as in life, pathos lies close to humor, sadness to joy. And as in real life the conclusion of an incident, the solution of a problem, arrives suddenly, so in his stories, the conclusions are often surprises, unexpected yet perfectly logical.

Questions and Topics

1. How does the word *treatise* suggest humor in this story? Why is the scene of the story interesting? Why did O. Henry choose such a place? Why does he speak of Hetty's biography as "thumb-nail"? Cite several other unusual uses of words. Why had Hetty been employed? Was the reason a good one? Why did the author not tell of her wages? Do you like Hetty? Why? Show how repetition is skillfully used. Why are you not told what the "other four cents" would have done? Does this arouse interest?

2. What is meant by *Who's What?* What comparison between real artisans and artists did Hetty make in her own mind? Did Hetty know much? Explain your answer. How can you justify the author's use of slang and racy speech? Why is the picture of a ferryboat hung in Hetty's room? Does its effect mystify you for a while? Did the author intend this? Is the attempted suicide well told? Is there any detail which seems more like the cleverness of the author than the natural manner of speaking of the artist?

3. What word did Hetty think *salvage* was? Show how the author makes the conversation of the two girls humorous. What does he mean by saying that Hetty had cast off the rôles of Job and Little-Red-Riding-Hood?

4. Why was the young man carrying an onion? Did you feel at first that this coincidence was beyond belief? What was Hetty's opinion of the author upstairs? Why was the young man so affected by Hetty's declaration of what various things belong together? Which detail surprised you most? Did you feel a temporary disappointment? Tell how the facts are disclosed to Hetty. Why does so little come out at a time? What did Hetty's last remark mean? Is a man with a cold in his head a romantic hero?

5. Where did you begin to see the end of the story? What gave you the clue? Did you like the ending? Would you prefer to have the author tell of the meeting in Hetty's room? Which is the more artistic ending? Why? Who is really the most important character in the story? Whom do you like most? How does the author make you feel thus?

Theme Topic. Discuss this comment: "O. Henry's stories are usually romantic, but his settings and treatment are realistic." In your discussion indicate elements from this story as romantic or realistic.

Library Reading. Other O. Henry stories from *Options* or *The Four Million*.

PART III

A STORY IN DRAMA

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

—Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATER, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

AN INTRODUCTION

I

The Beginnings of the English Drama

By the time Shakespeare was born, April 23, 1564, the practice of producing plays had been followed for so long that receptive and enthusiastic public audiences had been developed. During some three centuries at least, people of all classes had been witnessing many different kinds of stage plays presented in all sorts of strange and unusual surroundings.

Just as ancient Greek drama began in religious ceremonies, so medieval and modern drama began in the church. You know that during the Middle Ages only a few persons knew how to read and write. In order to convey to these numerous members of the congregations knowledge of the Bible and a realization of the meaning of the church services, the clergy began to present in acted form some portion of religious history. You can easily understand how a Christmas celebration could be made a living thing to a mass of persons by having someone taking the part of an angel announce to men dressed as shepherds the birth of the Child, and then to have the choir boys, representing an angelic host, burst forth into a rejoicing anthem. A later scene showed the visit to the manger of the three Wise Men with their gifts of precious metals and rare ointments. Similar tableau presentations of the great events of early religious history are still given in many churches of Europe and America to mark special seasons and festivals.

Such short scenes from Biblical history, with acting and speech by the clergy, processions and singing by the choir, costumes to depict the oriental homes of the characters, and sincere belief to impress the mind and imagination—these were the productions which grew rapidly in number and popularity. A group of scenes, at first drawn from the life of Christ, but later including certain parts of the Old Testament, gradually developed so that taken together they made it possible for the spectator to secure a connected story. So crowded were churches when religious dramas were presented that the scenes had to be removed to the open air.

At once some of the religious feeling disappeared. Outside the building it was not so easy to make the massed audiences feel the same holy awe as within its walls. Control of the plays also gradually passed from the clergy to the trade guilds who had charge of the government of the town. Instead of stretching a few scenes from the Bible over an entire year to fit the religious calendar, the performances were concentrated into one day in late spring, when it is pleasant in England to be out of doors. By this time, the powerful trade guilds were in almost complete control. They organized the productions with more certainty and distributed parts with more appropriateness. In one city the entire story of the Bible was divided into some fifty scenes for acting. The shipwrights every year enacted the building of the ark, the goldsmiths the gifts of the Magi, the barbers the life of St. John the Baptist, the bakers the feast of the Passover, the cutlerers the slaughter of the innocents. Can you see why these separate scenes were assigned to these groups?

While scenes from the Bible and the lives of Saints are effective material for drama, they lack one element which all audiences relish at times. This element

is comedy. In order to give variety to their story, and to appeal to the love of laughter, these early dramatic adapters began to insert short bits of comedy. In this they did not mean to be sacrilegious; they saw no incongruity in adding humorous elements to the sacred stories so long as they did not make comic what they borrowed from their originals. Some of their additions are extremely ingenious.

Cain was a farmer whose offering of fruits did not meet with the same favor as the flesh offering of his brother Abel. A daring author decided to give Cain a plowboy, a country bumpkin whose bungling actions and stupid remarks would tickle the ribs of the audience. Another had the audacity to wonder whether Noah's wife was willing to trust herself to the new-fangled craft her husband had built. In the play she refuses to enter, preferring to remain with her gossips. Only the convincing arguments of a sound thrashing and the approach of the water send her scuttling into the ark. A third adapter showed how a clever thief tried to outwit two shepherds. The thief steals a lamb which he and his wife place in a cradle and try to pass off as a very young baby. One of the searching shepherds turns down the covers and the bleat of the lamb spoils the trick. The thief is taken outside and tossed in a blanket. Then a minute later all the shepherds become the watchers in the fields and to them the tidings of the first Christmas are announced. In these quite simple beginnings you recognize devices of comedy which you still see in the professional theaters. And audiences laugh at them as heartily now as they did before Shakespeare was born.

With such ingredients it was not long before plays drifted far from their religious origin. They were stories told through action. Their material might be anything, their form anything, their purpose anything. In one of his dramas Shakespeare has a character give a list of kinds of plays: "Tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited."

II

The Presentation of Early Plays

In the churches there was small opportunity for stage presentation. When plays were offered out of doors an ingenious scheme was quickly elaborated. A stage upon wheels—called a pageant—was used. Certain designated places in the town, such as the public square, the open space before a public building, an intersection of streets, the place by a public fountain, the fields at the edge of a built-up section, were used as rude open-air theaters. At one of these, the pageant would be used for the first performance. Then it would be drawn to the second station, while the second pageant would take the first situation. Through the day the pageants would follow in regular order, pausing before each audience in turn, until by repeated performances all were satisfied. Later than this, bands of actors became attached to the household of a great lord, who used them to entertain his guests. These favored servants had large dining halls, with the raised dais at one end on which the noblemen sat to dine, where they would present their plays. Above them was the musicians' gallery, around them were the beautifully tapestried walls, over all, the heavily timbered ceiling, and before the dais, the educated family and retinue of the castle, manor, or hall.

Semi-public shows of another kind were housed in town halls, municipal courtrooms, and the like. These spectacular tributes were occasioned by the visit of a celebrated official, by the return of victorious troops, by the granting of privileges to a town, by the inauguration of the Lord Mayor, or the visit of a foreign ambassador. In fact, the people of England enjoyed holidays, celebrations, festivals, community pageants, quite as well as Americans now enjoy the same kinds of entertainments. If you have read *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, you will recall how the wedding of the Athenian Duke was celebrated by the hastily gathered amateur dramatic company who presented so boisterously,

> A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
> And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.

Other performances depended upon different groups. Small bands of men traveled about England, giving good, bad, and indifferent plays. Arrived at a town, these wandering actors would apply to the Mayor or Aldermen for permission to produce their play. Even today in England a performance must be "allowed" by a government official who examines the play to be offered to the public. In early England the town officials frequently requested a private advance performance to assure themselves that the play contained no ungodly, immoral, or seditious sentiments. As Shakespeare's father was a town official, the youngster may have seen many rural presentations. If permission was granted, the company engaged the only suitable building in the village. This was the inn.

Most old English inns were built four-square around an interior courtyard. Opposite the arched entrance to this yard were the stables. Around the upper stories were porches. Such places were the improvised professional theaters of sixteenth century England. Performances were advertised by bills or by town-crier. In the afternoon the townspeople paid the "gatherer" as they passed through the driveway. Those who paid the lowest admission price stood upon the ground. Higher fees placed persons in the porches, which served as balconies. The aristocrats of the day, as eager to be seen by the rabble as to see the play, purchased seats upon the sides of the stage. This temporary stage was usually nothing more than a floor laid upon a wagon drawn before the stables, used during the performance as "tiring" (attiring) rooms. During the boyhood of Shakespeare, even London, the capital of the nation, saw its plays in such inns as The Bell Savage, The Bell, The Crosskeys.

When Shakespeare was twelve years old, that is, in 1576, the first regular theater was built. The London government was opposed to drama, since it feared trouble from large gatherings of mixed classes of citizens, and also feared the spread of plagues by such crowds. It therefore would not allow these structures within the city limits. The first—quite naturally called The Theater—was just outside the city boundaries. In rapid succession others were provided to supply a demand, most of them across the Thames to the south of the city, in a different shire. The architects had no model of design better than the usually employed inn yard, and so they merely adapted it, making obvious changes to house the actors better and to bring the spectators closer to the stage. Aristocrats still sat upon the stage. The middle space was still unpaved and open to the sky. Performances still took place in the broad light of afternoon.

A Dutchman who visited England in the late fifteen hundreds made a sketch (see page 354) of the interior of one of the London theaters. Look at it carefully and imagine a play of Shakespeare's being presented upon its stage. From it you can easily trace the developments which have produced the arrangement of our modern theaters. For such inadequate structures Shakespeare wrote his masterpieces.

You must not believe that Elizabethan theater-goers were satisfied with either the buildings or the methods of acting. Sir Philip Sidney made this illuminating comment about 1580:

> Now ye shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave. While in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Shakespeare in the choruses of *Henry V* repeatedly expressed his feelings at the limitations of his stage, the meagerness of its equipment, the restricted size of the theater:

> But pardon, gentles all,
> The flat unraiséd spirits that have dared
> On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
> So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
> Within this wooden O the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?

He pleads with his audience to use their imaginations.

tellum
Porticus
sedilia
mimorum aedes
orchestra
ingressus
proscenium
planetes sive arena

Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

Echoing Sidney's remark on the failure of the performances to make battles convincing, the Chorus apologizes for the poor attempt in the fourth act:

We shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt.

At the end of this stirring patriotic play the Chorus again presents the author's excuses:

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

Shakespeare appreciated at their true worth the different responses made by Elizabethan audiences. He felt keenly the difference between the appeal of true comedy and the effect of clownish horseplay. The first thrilled him; the second irritated him. He made Hamlet, in words that clearly reflect contemporary conditions, advise the strolling players about their attempts to win laughs:

And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

III

Comic Characters and Situations in Shakespeare

Shakespeare's roundly developed nature made him England's greatest comic dramatist, as well as its greatest tragic playwright. His humorous characters are of the greatest variety. In nearly every play a court fool or jester appears. The fool was not confined to royal courts, but found a home in nearly every establishment of wealth. He was a privileged character; in fact, the only person allowed to speak both the truth and what he thought. Telling the truth at times is an embarrassing thing to do, especially disturbing to those who hear it. But the jester of Shakespeare always says exactly what he thinks. Notice how cleverly Touchstone in *As You Like It* dashes cold water on the romantic gush of his two young mistresses. The jester plays pranks, he concocts practical jokes, he punctures the silly pretensions of haughty hypocrites, he sits up late to crack puns with roistering cronies, he is as full of puns—some good, some bad—as an egg is of meat. Mischief-maker extraordinary, he seldom pays any penalty for his "excellent fooling," since his livery shows that he is an "allowed fool." Besides his store of jests and puns, his quips and quiddities, he has nimble fingers, a mellifluous throat, and skipping heels. His songs are the most beautiful lyrics Shakespeare ever wrote.

More or less conscious of his dependent position when his betters are present, he swells with superiority and puffs with pride when he is the ranking man. How Touchstone on a vacation from the court loves to lord it over the adoring country Audrey! How he bamboozles the rustic swain William! The uncanny aptness of the speeches of such characters, their craft in spite, their discrimination between the showy and the real, induce you to admit to yourself that they are not such fools as they are labeled. They are verbally and mentally ingenious.

Exactly the opposite in type of mind, though producing an equally comic effect, are the simpletons of the casts. The largest assortment is in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but every comedy has at least one specimen. They are dull of thought, slow of comprehension, awkward of action, despised of men. They misunderstand plain speech; they misuse unfamiliar and long words. Their conclusions never follow reasonably from their preceding speeches. Whenever one of these characters says "Therefore" the audience starts the laugh it knows is bound to follow. To such a simple-minded child of Nature, *confusions* seems the same as *conclusions*, *defect* as *effect*, *odious* as *odorous*, *suspect* as *respect*, *dissembly* as *assembly*. The most imposing sentence which one of them, a constable, can pronounce upon a prisoner is the acme of laughable stupidity: "O villain, thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this!" Nor

need this kind of simpleton be a man of low degree. He may be an aristocratic fop, with pretensions to gentility, fashion, and bravery. In a group where this man appears there is usually someone of lower rank, or meaner state, who goads him into the most ludicrous predicaments, or strips him of all his shams. No situation is too extravagant for Shakespeare's use when dealing with such an apology for a man. He does not even spare his name, but dubs him Sir Andrew Aguecheek or Justice Shallow. Unburdened by any weight of common sense, these pretenders are the logical dupes of the other keener-witted jokers and sympathetic rogues in the plays.

Another frequently repeated method of provoking comic effects is the introduction of mistaken identity. Instances of this are always dependent upon the most romantic premises. The device of two pairs of twins—masters and servants—in *The Comedy of Errors*, offers an unusual opportunity. In one scene of that play the bachelor brother is taken in to dine by his sister-in-law, who thinks he is her husband. A little later the real husband arrives, only to find himself locked out from the merriment he can hear within. In many plays this device of mistaken identity depends upon disguising. With the accident of duplicated costume the mistakes in identity follow fast and furiously. In *Twelfth Night* a shipwrecked girl dresses like her drowned brother. She repulses a lady, who believing her to be a boy, falls in love with her. Now suppose the brother, reported drowned, comes to this same city. The lady meets him and declares her love to him. What would happen? Then, in *As You Like It*, Rosalind dresses as a boy, to avoid risk in the forest. She meets her lover, Orlando, and induces him to confide the story of his love to her. What would she do if a messenger brings her Orlando's handkerchief stained with blood? How would a timid girl act if, disguised as a boy, she is embroiled in a deadly duel?

As it is usual for the man to make love to the girl and win her, Shakespeare often secures rich comedy by making the girl take the initiative and reverse the procedure. This is not always done in a girl's way, although we in the audience know that she is a girl. Disguised as a boy she can be as saucy to her lover as Rosalind is to Orlando. Aside from wooing, Shakespeare takes advantage of costume and masked balls to allow his maidens to speak frankly to their suitors. The serious and bewitched crisscross love affairs of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* show us two girls fiercely contending for one man.

If characters disguise themselves they must somewhere in the comedy have their disguises pierced, or explained. Such disclosures provide some of the many surprises over which audiences delight to laugh. This does not always mean that the unmasking is a surprise to the spectators. Usually they have been joyfully anticipating the moment when all the unseeing or ignorant persons on the stage will receive the surprise of their lives. The dramatist seems never to keep his audience too long in suspense. He takes them into his confidence early in the plot. He seems almost to peep around the side of the stage, wink his eye slyly at us, and wiggle a thumb at the puzzled actors in the comedy, warning us to keep a sharp lookout for the turn of the hand which clears up the entire mystery. Anticipation of happenings on the stage is one of the most delightful experiences in seeing or studying a play.

When disguises are explained or removed the play is close to its final curtain. By this time only a little conversation is needed to remove the last barrier to the union of the lovers. The persons who have acted foolishly or disagreeably or wickedly are given their just deserts. What happens to them never concerns us much. Our sense of justice is satisfied with a momentary reflection that they deserved what they received; then we turn our attention to the general bestowal of favors and the settling of destinies. Misunderstanding husbands and wives are reconciled, exiled rulers are restored, long separated relatives are reunited, lovers are properly paired. We go home feeling that life is filled with very interesting people, who may act absurdly enough, but whom it is good to know.

IV

Shakespeare's Romantic Comedies

At some time in the fifteen eighties, Shakespeare moved from his native town, Stratford-on-Avon, to seek his fortune in London. He was a young man still, country bred, but endowed with an amazing receptivity for impressions, whether they came through actual observation of life about him or through reading books. He became first an actor, then a retoucher of plays, then a writer of inserted scenes, and finally an author of great, original dramas. His work at the beginning was modeled on the work of more experienced writers. From all who could teach, he seems to have learned, then by means of his own native and cultivated powers of stagecraft and poetry to have surpassed all his predecessors and contemporaries. He made immediate ventures into all three of the popular forms of drama: chronicle plays based on English history, tragedies, and comedies.

So supreme is Shakespeare's art at its best that it is difficult to decide in which form he excels. Audiences during his lifetime patronized all his plays, seeming to accept them all with delight, and not discriminating against any one kind. In "command" performances at the courts of Queen Elizabeth (1558–1603) and King James (1603–1625)—a sure test of value and appreciation as well as popularity—Shakespeare outranks all other playwrights. He was the friend of titled persons, but he was also the continuously patronized dramatist of the London masses. From highest to lowest there spread a common patriotic love of England and a curious delight in the wonder of the world and of life, and to this new richness of life Shakespeare's plays contributed.

A glance at any good history of England will explain why patriotism ran high in the hearts of Britishers in the sixteenth century. Had not English ships defeated the immense Spanish Armada in 1588, ending at one blow a century-old menace? Had not England risen to be one of the great powers of the world? Were not her seamen extending her empire in all lands on the globe? Was not the new continent of America destined to rear her colonies, and increase her fame and her wealth?

It was glorious to be alive in 1600. The great voyages of discovery had enlarged men's minds and whetted their curiosity about life. Think of the opening minds of young men who learned of strange new lands beyond the seas, who saw Indians for the first time, who heard of the Spanish colonies of Central and South America, who sailed in fleets which captured the Spanish gold cargoes making for Europe from the Spanish Main. Many men set forth to seek adventure in distant lands. Those who remained at home devoured books of travel. Strange, unusual, extraordinary, extravagant tales were the order of the day. They were filled with the essence of romance. Such romance Shakespeare sought for and found, and having cast it into dramatic form, wrote it in the most beautiful poetry ever composed in the English tongue.

It is not fair to anticipate the pleasure you are going to experience, but a suggestion or two may sharpen your judgment in recognizing some of Shakespeare's characteristics as a writer of romance.

In *The Comedy of Errors* there are twin brothers. Separated in infancy, they now as men, each believing the other dead, are by accident in the same city. Unusual as this situation is, it is not beyond probability. Shakespeare adds to each of these twins a servant. These two servants are twin brothers. If you begin to consider all the chances of mistaken identity your brain will grow dizzy. You will enjoy reading the play itself. In *The Winter's Tale* a king unjustly accuses his wife. At her trial she faints, and the report is spread that she is dead. Years later her waiting woman invites the king to look at a statue supposed to represent the queen. The king is aghast at its lifelikeness. He is warned not to approach too near. He persists and gradually the supposed figure comes to life. It is his wife, kept all these years in seclusion for this reconciliation. In *Much Ado About Nothing* (a delightful title) a young man repudiates his sweetheart at the marriage altar, accusing her of the darkest deeds. After he is convinced that she is dead he learns

that he was beguiled by villainy. In atonement he agrees to marry a sister whom he has never seen. When she unveils he discovers to his unbounded joy that it is his real sweetheart, who had not died.

Other comedies, *As You Like It, Twelfth Night, The Tempest,* present stories equally romantic. Always this romance, which is often very serious, even threatening tragedy until some lucky chance intervenes, is the heart of the play. Around it are woven subordinate stories, introducing the comic characters and situations spoken of a moment ago, and presenting the boisterous humor or broad farce that delights the audience. The lovers, and the circle to which they belong, are of high birth. What fascinates us in them, besides our interest in their fate, is their wit, their culture. They reflect the love of good manners, of travel, of high society, that the Elizabethan period fostered. Often the dramatist makes fun of this same high society and its pretensions to culture, but the plays convey the atmosphere of good breeding and of courtly society. They are thus comedies of manners.

Such are some of the characteristics of Shakespeare's comedy.

Comedy is that division of drama which appeals to the sense of humor in audiences. It may arouse rather boisterous laughter, or merely a contented chuckle; it may be rather broad and obvious in its effects, or it may be delightfully delicate. A happy ending is inevitable, no matter how serious matters may have seemed to be in the action of the story. Many writers of comedies have tried to reform conditions of their times; they have endeavored so to cast ridicule upon an abuse, a practice, an injustice, that the public would laugh it out of countenance. Such comedy as this generally becomes satire with a moral purpose. There are countless such plays which effected the purpose for which they were composed, but which are acted and read still because the dramatist surrounded his moral lesson by a story so entrancing and persons so attractive that a spectator now sees only these and feels no sting of preachment hurled at him.

Shakespeare did not write to reform humanity. He made his plays to entertain it. The entertainment which passed from stage to pit in Elizabethan days, which still holds an audience entranced in modern theaters when the plays are charmingly acted, was not and is not an unworthy one. Comedy produces the quiet chuckle, the approving nod, the glow of approval, the spreading delight, the broadening smile, the spontaneous laughter. Participation as spectator at a good comedy is a mental and physical tonic. An individual feels "all the better for it."

V

Shakespeare's Dramatic Verse

When Shakespeare began to write for the stage he did not have to consider long whether he should use prose or verse, and if verse, whether rimed or unrimed. Rimed verse had been popular in England both on the stage and off for a long time, and so he naturally chose verse rather than prose. Some poets, in imitation of the Romans and Greeks, began to consider it a point of artistic excellence to avoid rime. Unrimed verse, or blank verse, as it came to be called, appeared in print in England as early as 1557. The first British dramatist to use it in a brilliant manner announced the novelty of the form. Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593) wrote in a short prologue to his earliest drama these promises of what he purposed to do:

> From jigging veins of riming mother-wits,
> We'll lead you to the stately tent of war.

What is blank verse? Let us take our information from a play by Shakespeare. In *As You Like It,* Jaques, a melancholy cynic, has been chatting with Rosalind, when her suitor, Orlando, enters. The youth exclaims,

> Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.

At this the bitter commentator on human actions bursts out in disapproval, "Nay, then, God b' wi' you, an (if) you talk in blank verse." So we know that Orlando's line shows Shakespeare's conception of this form. Without becoming too technical we

learn that blank verse does not rime. A line contains ten syllables, accents falling upon the even ones. This is the regular, normal, basic form. It contains five feet. Each foot is called an iamb, or an iambus. The rhythm is described as iambic. As there are five measures in a line it is called pentameter.

An entire play written in strictly iambic pentameter lines would become unbearably monotonous. So all poets vary the form continually. Dramatists do this most deliberately to provide sounds and speeches which will impress hearers as natural, living speech. A few of the variations introduced by Shakespeare may interest you. Although ten syllables compose the regular line, you will find some as short as eight, some as long as twelve. Such discrepancies are due frequently to changed pronunciation in the three centuries since these plays were written. Elizabethans made some of our monosyllables twice as long: *wor-rud, wor-ruld, ti-on* (thus *question* was three syllables). In the other direction English persons today make much shorter words than we do of *secretary, necessary, extraordinary.* The chief point about these matters is that Shakespeare's verse is uniformly suitable for his purpose.

Variety in rhythm is secured by shifting the place of the accent or the number of syllables in a single foot of the line. An iambus consists of two syllables, the first unaccented, the second accented. This may be represented: × ′. Many times, especially after a pause (cesura), the order is reversed, ′ ×. This verse foot—an accented syllable followed by an unaccented—is called a trochee; the rhythm trochaic. Sometimes two syllables bear practically no accent, and such a foot is called a pyrrhic, ××. In rarer instances both syllables in the foot have equally strong accents, ′ ′. The foot is then called a spondee. A line from *As You Like It* will illustrate all but the last of these:

× ′ | × × | × ′ ‖ × | × ′
Be com | fort to | my age! ‖ Here is | the gold.

Read this aloud and note the syllables upon which the accent naturally falls. The symbols over the syllables conveniently indicate the result. The pause, or cesura, in this line comes after the third foot. In reading Shakespeare it is well to remember that while the prevailing measure is iambic pentameter, the poet constantly varies his meter in order to avoid monotony of style.

While you must know the form of this beautiful poetry, you must not try to force every line into the strict iambic pentameter structure. In fact, as you read, having once considered it, you had better remove it from your attention. Then be sure you understand exactly what the person means to say, imagine yourself that person, then speak as he would speak to make his listener on the stage understand his remark. The characters in these plays are real men and women. Be careful not to kill a single one of them, not even to reduce by a jot the vitality of any one of them.

The actualness of these speeches induces one more remark about blank verse. It has remained in English the best form for spoken poetry. It fits exactly the amount of breath we are able to retain; its accents require not too much effort; its delivery does not exhaust all our reserve wind and leave us gasping; its length does not necessitate inhalation before the end of the line is reached. Had it not been exactly adequate for the actors of the Elizabethan stage, can you imagine one of them struggling with it? Not at all. After a few rehearsals he would have shaken his copy under Shakespeare's nose while the company was dining at the Mermaid Tavern, and remonstrated, "You will have to change my lines. How can you expect me to make love in verse which uses up all my breath?" Think of these facts as you read the plays of Shakespeare aloud. Let the sense be your guide. You will be interested to notice how the sense reënforces the form.

VI

How to Read a Play

The rapid reading of any play by Shakespeare with thought upon nothing but the story is a pleasure. But a keener delight will result if one reads with some

discriminating judgment. The study of a play is not a dull or insipid proceeding. In fact, as it lets us see some of the dramatist's skill in composition, and as it explains to us a great many things about our own reactions, it becomes a fascinating exercise of critical appreciation. The trained keenness of mind and the developed thrill of imagination will operate more surely in all reading and study of literature.

First of all a play must have a plot. A plot is a connected series of events, every one of which is a direct result of preceding events, and every one of which is a direct cause of following events. So a plot is often likened to a chain; if the welding together of two links is faulty, the chain is weak, or it separates. If the incidents in a so-called plot are only loosely joined, the plot is weak or unconvincing. Intricately related plots are usually more attractive to follow than loosely-knit ones. You may apply this comment to books you have read. Most detective and mystery stories and plays have extremely ingenious plots. The concise statement of the plot of a play may be called its theme. Themes of the best plays may be stated in a few words. This is the logical consequence of the close inter-relation of all the plot details.

A Danish prince is told by the ghost of his father that his uncle, now king, murdered him, and pledges the son to work vengeance. The prince at first fears that the ghost may be a wicked spirit trying to work his own ruin. So he tests his uncle-stepfather until convinced of his guilt. Then he undertakes to avenge his father. In another play three witches prophesy to a Scottish thane that he will become king. As their minor predictions come true, quite naturally he and his wife believe in their promises. He kills all who stand in his path. Then he learns how the promises of the witches were lies with double meaning. The latter part of the play shows how he pays the penalty for his crimes. In one of the best comedies, the friends of two sharp-tongued, outspoken persons decide by jesting reports to make each believe that the other is suffering from love. The plan succeeds, and when the practical joke is disclosed, the two really care so much for each other that they withstand all their friends' taunts. Sometimes Shakespeare almost stated his theme in the title. *The Taming of the Shrew* could only mean that a man marries a quick-tempered, overbearing woman and then reduces her to abject submission, after which we find that he develops in her equal comradeship and willing affection.

When the theme has been determined we may next consider the setting. Might not Shakespeare have made his avenging young prince French or Greek instead of Danish? Could not the play of the tamed shrew have been placed in England, in France, in Spain, in Italy? Might the witches not have appeared before an Irish warrior? We have already seen that the result of Elizabethan travel and discovery was to attract attention to lands outside England. Every one of you believes that if you could only get to central China or the coast of India or the mountains of Japan or the interior of Africa you would have much more romantic adventures than will ever befall you in your home city or town. Remember Shakespeare was as romantic in his interests as you are. So only one of all his comedies has an English setting. A few are placed in France, but most of them are set in Italy or in Italian districts along the Mediterranean. Your mental pictures of the landscapes, the gardens, the buildings, the costumes, will be based upon your knowledge of those places and those times.

In considering the characters in a play a reader must keep in mind two things—what the person is like, and what part he takes in the development of the story. The plot will determine the essential persons, but it will not always determine exactly what they shall be like. This the dramatist must decide and convey to us by a score of details scattered throughout the speeches. As we gather these and remember them, and piece them together to secure a distinct idea of the person, we are making a study of character. As a definite illustration of this kind of detailed impression let us anticipate your discussion of Adam in *As You Like It*. We know he is an old man; yet he says, "Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty." Does this not help us

to see and know the faithful servitor of the household? When Viola first appears as a messenger in *Twelfth Night* she stands before Olivia and Maria, her companion. In embarrassment she repeatedly asks which of the two is the lady of the house. What does that indicate about the appearance of Maria? Does she look like a maid-servant or like a lady? Careful reading fixes such significant details in our minds, and so helps us to a permanent knowledge of the play.

There should be variety among the persons of a play. In this aspect of dramaturgy Shakespeare is unapproached by any other author. His minor characters are as real and consistent as his heroes and heroines, his kings and queens. Your recognition of all these differences will enhance your enjoyment of the plays. The mention of minor characters introduces another item for your thought. In what ways and how nearly essentially are these minor characters connected with the plot? If they are not important mainsprings of incidents and action, why did Shakespeare include them? You will weigh this query when you consider Jaques in *As You Like It.*

There is an effective and easy manner of starting a play. Before the audience can follow the story it must know a few things. If you have read *A Christmas Carol* you recall that in order to make you understand the story, Dickens is very careful to tell you two things. In fact, of one of them he says that unless you believe it, "nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate." This fact is that Marley is dead. The other thing you must know is what kind of man Scrooge is. Only after Dickens has told these things quite clearly does the story begin. You can put your finger on the very place. Exactly the same thing must be done before a drama can begin to move. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* you must know the tangled love affairs of the four young persons and their flight to the woods near Athens to escape the threat of the Duke. You must know also that the rough workmen intend to repair to that same forest to rehearse their play for the Duke's wedding. When you learn that the fairy king and queen have quarreled, but are likely to meet in that same place, you are quite certain that there will be complications. Then the play begins.

This material in both fiction and drama is called the exposition. You should decide in the plays you read just what is exposition and what is plot development. It is not difficult to grasp this difference.

To produce a story some change must occur in the circumstances, the fortunes, the relationship of the characters in the play. When this first change begins to operate, the plot starts to develop. This is the initial incident which brings in its train all the other related incidents of the plot. You will derive pleasure from a class discussion to settle this place in a play. After this opening incident has been reached the threads of the story become more and more complicated. In their simplest form these threads represent the endeavor of one character or group of characters to attain some end, to secure some triumph. The most usual struggle is for the hero to try to win the maiden he loves. This constitutes the main plot. Anything so simple as this would not hold the interest for two hours, so the playwright has to add other complicated threads, directly or indirectly associated with the primary plot. These sub-plots may in themselves be simple or elaborately complicated. To give a single instance from *The Taming of the Shrew:* Katherine, the Shrew, is the older of two sisters. Her father has declared the younger may not marry until Katherine is off his hands. So the suitors of the second daughter scheme to get the barrier removed. The second marriage then emphasizes the first. Shakespeare adds a third kind of wedded experiment, merely because he needs it for contrast at various places in the latter part of the play. *As You Like It* offers several complications which you will be able to pick out and list for yourself as you read the play through for the first time. During most of the play the characters we sympathize with struggle against strong odds. It seems that the hero will never extricate himself from his troubles, he will never win the girl he loves, he will never be able to claim his proper station in life. The hero-

ine, it appears, will lose her lover, her identity will never be cleared up, the false accusation will ruin her, her sweetheart will never find her. Just when matters seem at their worst, we shall see—if we are sharp-witted enough—some slight detail which gives us a hope that the tide of events has turned. That place is called the climax of the play. It is the highest point of interest, the point to which all events lead, the point from which the conclusion naturally follows. The conclusion may not follow surely or rapidly upon the climax; slight obstacles, vexatious delays may intrude to postpone it. These do not effectually prevent it. By ruffling the even tenor of the progress of events they whet our interest, increase our anxiety, raise our hopes, so that when the consummation of happiness is finally depicted, our feeling of satisfaction and approval is all the more complete.

In order to hold the interest of the audience until the end of the comedy no thread should be nicely tied off too soon; the main thread should remain unfinished until quite the end of the last act. You will have no trouble in recognizing this principle of planning. To your knowledge of this you should add a few other details of construction. Notice how Shakespeare begins new situations, and then interrupts them, leaving you curious as to their progress until some later scene or act. To fix this in your mind as a regular element of playwriting, notice how frequently Shakespeare has something begin near the end of a scene, or toward the close of the act. This is one method of creating suspense and developing interest so that it holds over until a later situation with the same characters. Somewhat similar is the use upon persons in the play of a surprise which the audience knows will occur. Spectators are keen to see, not what is going to happen, but what the effects will be on the unsuspecting characters. An example will make this definite. We know that a supposed boy is really a girl. We see a plot arranged to challenge her to a deadly duel. Would you be willing to leave the theater and miss the effect of that challenge upon her?

The most serious fault a drama can have is monotony. How does Shakespeare avoid it? The more obvious methods you will be able to find, but one may evade you, even though you are conscious of its presence. The same feeling, the same situation, the same emotion must not be continued for a long time upon the stage. If the hint is given you to notice the waves of different emotions, the swing of interest from one character to another, you will be alert to detect the changes. After you have become fairly familiar with the play, review a couple of scenes carefully, making notes on the interplay of feeling as reflected by the audience.

When Shakespeare had been writing for the theater some ten years a London critic wrote this about him: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage." From then until now Shakespeare's greatness has always been acknowledged and appreciated. Performances of some plays have depended upon fashions in taste, as for instance certain epochs have preferred the Greek and Roman plays, other times some of the histories. The comedies have always been immensely popular, not only in England but in all countries of the globe. Professionals and amateurs alike have produced these delightful comedies thousands of times. When lovers of the best in drama cannot see them in the theaters, they can always take them down from their book shelves, and if they know how to read plays imaginatively, they can see as they read almost as good a performance as any actors and actresses can offer.

VII

As You Like It

When Shakespeare wrote *As You Like It*, in 1599 or 1600, he had learned most of the secrets of playwriting. He had already written good plays of all kinds. Having had experience in the theater as actor, reviser of old plays, and original dramatist, he was keenly aware of the public taste for plays. He had written popular comedies, as *Love's Labor's Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream;*

THE GLOBE THEATER, IN WHICH "AS YOU LIKE IT" WAS PROBABLY FIRST PRODUCED

he had produced both comic and tragic historical dramas, as the first and second parts of *Henry IV* and *Richard III;* three or four years earlier than *As You Like It* he had put on the stage the romantic tragedy *Romeo and Juliet. The Merchant of Venice* had been acted as early as 1594. *Julius Caesar* was to appear a year or two after *As You Like It,* and within the next six or eight years the great tragedies, *Hamlet, Lear,* and *Othello.* In the twenty-five years of his dramatic activity Shakespeare seems to have followed generally the contemporary demands of popular taste in the type of play that he made. In writing *As You Like It* he probably responded consciously to a public desire for this particular kind of comedy. He prepared what he knew his audience would appreciate, and then in humorous reference to the waiting throngs he said even in his title, "This is what you wish; it is a comedy exactly as you like it."

As You Like It is a pastoral romantic comedy. The word *pastoral* is applied to literature which represents the lives of shepherds, or more generally, of all sorts of country people. By Shakespeare's day the use of rustic characters and rural setting had become a mere convention of literature; the shepherds and shepherdesses idling in silvan groves, while their flocks took care of themselves, were in no sense presented as real people; they were ideal creations cast into a happy world free from the cares and vexations of the humdrum life in town and city. The vogue of picturing an ideal world by means of this pastoral convention was widespread in Elizabethan England. The best-known examples of the practice before Shakespeare's use of it are Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (1590-1596) and Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (published 1590).

In *As You Like It* Shakespeare used this popular convention of a pastoral setting in his own way. He gave to the usually idyllic picture of country life a playful representation. Through his characterization of Audrey, Touchstone, and William he introduced the true and homely qualities of rustic existence that would

appeal to his audience, well acquainted with English rural life. Above all, he provided, through the court life of his higher characters, a contrasting world to that of the Forest of Arden. From this hard world of reality he allows his higher characters to wander for a while into a beautiful and unreal country of imagination, where they shed some of their social conventions and become, for a brief time, more nearly natural beings. But through no such projection of the imagination can they escape the actualities of life; and at the end of the play Rosalind and her train are borne back to court to face the facts of the social world in which we must live. In this contrast of what-might-be with what-is Shakespeare sets before you the question: is it possible to escape the real world through the imaginary? His own conclusion seems to be that it is impossible to avoid the world of facts by lingering forever in the pleasant Forest of Arden. This, the dramatist feels, with a cheerful faith, is the lot of human life.

The situation and the mere facts of the plot Shakespeare took from a popular romance published about ten years before he wrote *As You Like It.* Thomas Lodge, a writer of many different forms of literature, had written a tale called *Rosalynde,* from which Shakespeare borrowed characters, names, and situations. To what Lodge had written, Shakespeare added much, particularly the thought-provoking theme of the contrast between the two worlds, the world of fact and the world of fancy. The larger editions of the play will furnish you with lists of correspondences and differences, if you wish to make a comparative study of this aspect of the material. By no other means will you be able fully to appreciate the original use Shakespeare made of the plots which, in practically every play he wrote, he borrowed from other writers.

AS YOU LIKE IT

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, *living in banishment*
FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions*

AMIENS, JAQUES, } *lords attending on the banished Duke*
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick*
CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick*
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys*
ADAM, DENNIS, } *servants to Oliver*
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar*
CORIN, SILVIUS, } *shepherds*
WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey*
A person representing Hymen
ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke*
CELIA, *daughter to Frederick*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess*
AUDREY, *a country wench*

Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

ACT FIRST

SCENE I. *Orchard of Oliver's house*

Enter Orlando and Adam

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that Nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Stage direction. **Orchard**, garden. 6. **Jaques**, in Shakespeare's day probably pronounced Jakes, but now Jāk'wēz, never Zhāk. 8. **profit**, progress.

15. **manage**, the term for training and handling horses. 21. **countenance**, training. 23. **hinds**, servants. 24. **mines**, undermines. 35. **make you**, are you doing. Note how Orlando puns upon this word. 39. **Marry**, an expression common in Shakespeare. It is a corruption of "by Mary." 43. **be naught awhile**, a plague on you! 45. **prodigal portion**, see the parable of the prodigal son, *Luke* xv, 11-32.

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. Oh, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Aye, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain. I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so. Thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education. You have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament. With that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! He would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oli. Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and tomorrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother, the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. Oh, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

52. **him**, correct in Shakespeare's day. Watch for other usages that would be incorrect now. 56. **courtesy**, law. 62. **his reverence**, the reverence due him. 65. **too young in this**, not able to lay hands on me. 86. **allottery**, portion.

101. **grow upon me**, show me that you feel important. 102. **physic your rankness**, cure your impudence. 103. **no . . . . neither**, in Shakespeare the double negative is common, and is stronger in meaning than a single one. 141. **golden world**, mythical age of perfect happiness.

Oli. What, you wrestle tomorrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. Tomorrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in; therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will. 161

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me, his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some 178 treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 187

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come tomorrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship! 192

166. **underhand**, here means merely *secret*. 176. **grace himself on thee**, win honor for himself by overcoming you. 177. **practice**, plot. 185. **anatomize**, lay bare. 190. **go alone**, walk without assistance.

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprized. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*] 206

Scene II. *Lawn before the Duke's palace*

Enter Celia and Rosalind

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 8

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine. So wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. 17

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection. By mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. 28

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and

199. **device**, ideals. **sorts**, classes. 203. **misprized**, underestimated. 205. **kindle**, incite.

Sc. ii. 1. **sweet my coz**, my sweet cousin. 7. **learn**, see note on line 52, page 366. 12. **so**, provided that. 16. **so righteously tempered**, as perfect.

devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal. But love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then? 37

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women. 44

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's. Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature. 52

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 58

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you? 68

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you. 73

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Aye, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom. 84

Touch. Stand you both forth now. Stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were. But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn. No more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard. 96

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him. Enough! speak no more of him. You'll be whipped for taxation one of these days. 103

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau. 111

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. 117

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau. What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! Of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam? How shall I answer you? 124

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

39. **from her wheel.** Fortune, the goddess of chance, was always represented as blindfolded and with a wheel. 46. **honest,** virtuous. 47. **ill-favoredly,** ugly. 61. **natural,** idiot; not spoken seriously, of course, in regard to Touchstone.

102. **taxation,** speaking satirically. 108. **wit . . . . was silenced,** probably an allusion to some recent interference with actors. 122. **color,** kind.

Cel. Well said. That was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, "Be it known unto all men by these presents."

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! Yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Aye, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger. I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprized. We will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial;

127. **with a trowel**, vigorously. 129. **rank.** Nothing pleased the Elizabethan audiences more than punning. Watch for the puns. 147. **proper**, handsome. 149. **bills.** Le Beau's conventional speeches amusingly remind Rosalind of the wording of legal documents.

Stage direction. **Flourish**, sound of trumpets. 184. **cousin**, term used in Shakespeare's day to express any kinship. 189. **odds in the man**, superiority in the strength of Charles. 216. **misprized**, undervalued.

wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Orl. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before. But come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[*They wrestle.*

"NOW HERCULES BE THY SPEED, YOUNG MAN!"

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well! Pray Heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[*Shout. Charles is thrown.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace. I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

225. **gracious**, favored.

250. **be thy speed**, give thee success. Why *Hercules*?

259. **breathed**, begun.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteemed thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy.
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind.
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him.
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved.
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall b happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Aye. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Reënter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous—what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the lesser is his daughter.
The other is daughter to the banished Duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,

275. **calling**, name. 279. **his son**, to be his son. 293. **quintain**, a wooden dummy used in tournament practice.

293. **Have with you**, I'll go with you. 307. **misconstrues**. The accent is on the second syllable. 308. **Humorous**, full of whims.

And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
Orl. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well. [*Exit Le Beau.*
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me. Come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. Oh, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery. If we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat. These burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry "hem" and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. Oh, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.
Ros. Me, uncle?
Duke F. You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.
Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.
Duke F. Thus do all traitors.
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.
Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.
Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom.
So was I when your Highness banished him.

326. **a better world**, better times. 329. **from the smoke into the smother.** What similar sayings do you know? Watch the play for proverbs.
Sc. iii. 1. **Cupid.** Why *Cupid?*

38. **chase**, reasoning. 39. **dearly**, used of anything, good or bad, in Shakespeare's day. 44. **deserve well**, i. e., to be hated. Celia pretends to misunderstand. 61. **purgation**, proof of innocence.

Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke F. Aye, Celia; we stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her.
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why so am I. We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banished.
Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself.
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.
The like do you. So shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?

75. **Celia.** Pronounce here as three syllables. 78. **remorse,** pity. 82. **eat,** old form of the past participle. 83. **Juno's swans.** It was Venus, not Juno, who was represented as drawn by swans. 86. **patience.** Pronounce here as three syllables.

110. **change,** i.e., of fortune. 124. **suit me all points,** dress myself in all respects. 125. **curtle-ax,** corruption of *cutlass.*

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

In reading plays you must keep your visualizing faculties much more alert than in reading ordinary narration. Besides forming pictures of the appearance of the characters, and deciding exactly how they deliver their speeches, you must see every movement, every gesture, every entrance and exit, every position, every grouping; you must grasp every change of mood. And you must imagine all their actions while they are off the stage.

It is rather easy to see the two or three persons who do all the talking, but if there is another character who speaks little or not at all, you may have to prod your brain continually to keep him before your eyes; yet, though he is silent, his actions may be more important for the drama than all the speeches of the others. Such demands of intellectual exercise are an added delight in reading and studying plays.

Questions and Topics

Act I, Scene i

1. Is it better to have a character tell about himself, as Orlando does, or convey such information in some other manner?
2. Is a quarrel a good opening for a play? Explain.
3. How does Shakespeare devise that the audience shall know a character?
4. At what point does the plot begin to develop?
5. Why are remarks about Rosalind and the Dukes introduced?
6. What does this scene prepare for? Choose the speeches that were most interesting to you. Memorize several and deliver them before the class.

Scene ii

1. How does Shakespeare make the dialogue of Rosalind and Celia sound real?
2. How much of this scene is to convey information to the audience? Where does the story begin to move?
3. What reason is given for changing the place of wrestling? What is the dramatic value of having persons try to dissuade Orlando from wrestling? How long should the wrestling continue? Show echoes of the wrestling in later speeches.
4. Why is love at first sight so frequent in plays?
5. How much has the plot advanced? Has anything been concluded? Begun? Account for the fact that part of the scene is in blank verse and part in prose.

Scene iii

1. In what kind of mood is Rosalind at the opening of this scene? Why?
2. Is the sudden change in the tone of this scene a good dramatic device? Comment.
3. Has Duke Frederick a good case? How should Rosalind behave as he pronounces his sentence?
4. Who proposes flight? Who first plans? Which characters are destined for the forest? What should happen to Orlando? By what means?
5. How is interest bridged to Act II? Is the plot well advanced by this time?

ACT SECOND

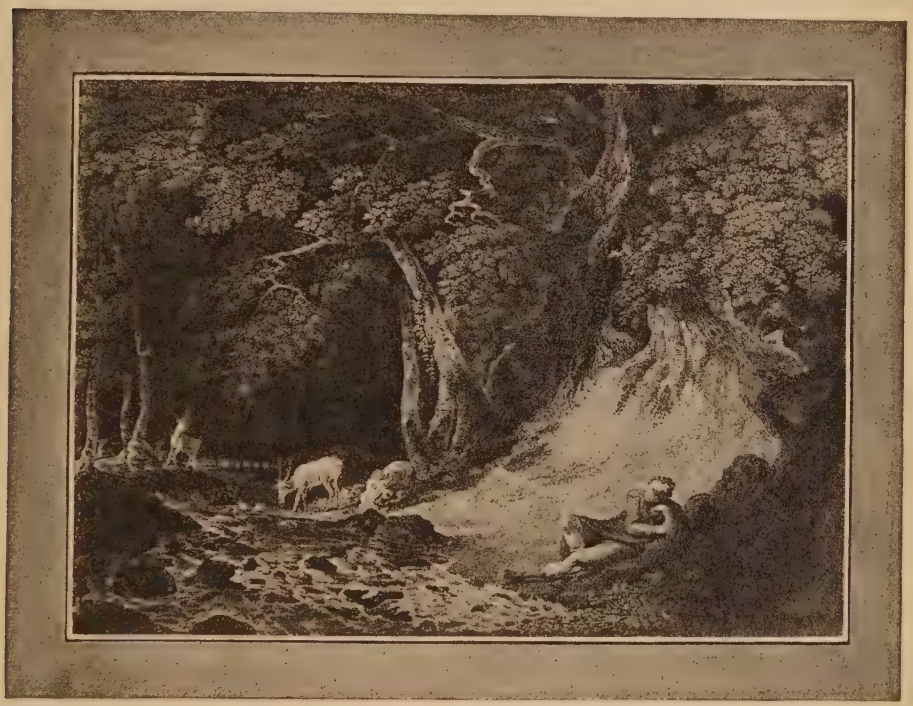
Scene I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang

5. **penalty of Adam,** labor. See *Genesis* iii, 19.

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery; these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forkéd heads
Have their round haunches gored.
First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.



"UNDER AN OAK WHOSE ANTIQUE ROOT PEEPS OUT"

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.
Ami. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Today my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans

13. **venomous.** It was formerly believed that the toad was poisonous. 14. **jewel,** an old superstition.

24. **forkéd heads,** arrows with double points. 26. **Jaques.** See note on I, i, 6, page 365. What other Jaques have you heard of? 33. **sequestered,** separated from his kind.

That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much markéd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. Oh, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream:
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him. "Aye," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place.
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*

67. cope, meet.

Scene II. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be. Some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother. Fetch that gallant hither.
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Before Oliver's house.*

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny prizer of the humorous Duke?

Sc. ii. 2. **villains**, servants. 8. **roynish**, low. 17. **that gallant**, Orlando.
Sc. iii. 7. **fond**, foolishly eager. 8. **bonny prizer**, stalwart wrestler.

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours. Your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
Orl. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors! Within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery.
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.
Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold.
All this I give you. Let me be your servant.
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having. It is not so with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.
Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

12. **No more do yours**, your good qualities do you no good. 23. **use**, not *used*, but present tense, are accustomed to. 26. **practices**, schemes. 37. **diverted blood**, affection turned away from its natural course. 43-44. **He that doth**, etc., see *Job* xxxviii, 41; *Psalms* lxxxiv, 3; *Matthew* x, 29; *Luke* xii, 6, 24.

65. **In lieu of**, in return for. 68. **low content**, humble employment, in which we may be content. 74. **a week**, a time.

Scene IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you. Yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Aye, now am I in Arden, the more fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better place; but travelers must be content.

Ros. Aye, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.
But if thy love were ever like to mine—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved;
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved;
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food.
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed

15. **cross**, the old English penny had a double cross. Punning on this word was common. 34. **fantasy**, love. 53. **batlet**, an instrument with which laundresses beat clothes. 54. **chopt**, chapped. 56. **peascod**, pea-pod. 57. **cods**, peas. 61. **mortal in folly**, deadly foolish. 73. **clown**. Touchstone means "rustic fellow," but Rosalind puns on the word in the other sense. 79. **desert**, uninhabited.

And faints for succor.
Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
Go with me. If you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *The Forest.*

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.
Ami. My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please you.
Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo. Call you 'em stanzos?
Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?
Ami. More at your request than to please myself.
Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.
Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.
Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company. I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG

[*All together here.*]

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.
Ami. And I'll sing it.
Jaq. Thus it goes:

88. **recks**, cares. 90. **cote**, cottage. **bounds of feed**, range of pasturage. 106. **feeder**, shepherd.

21. **names**, probably a reference to the Elizabethan use of *nomina* as "the names of the debts owed." 31. **cover**, spread the table. 33. **disputable**, fond of arguing. 51. **in despite of my invention**, in spite of my lack of poetical powers.

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame!
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that "ducdame"?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke; his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene VI. *The forest.*

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. Oh, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *The forest.*

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords, like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transformed into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

First Lord. He saves my labor by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool. A miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-luster eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock.
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission

59. **Ducdame**, a nonsensical refrain. Jaques's explanation is satirical. 62. **An** is unnecessary here. 66. **first-born of Egypt**, "high-born persons." See *Exodus*, xi, 5. Sc. vi. 10. **conceit**, imagination. 13. **presently**, directly.

5. **compact of jars**, made up of inharmonious elements. 6. **discord in the spheres.** It was formerly believed that each celestial body in its motion gave forth a note and that the whole was harmonious. 13. **motley**, dressed in the many-colored costume of the professional jester. 19. **Call me not fool**, etc. An old English proverb reads, "Fortune favors fools." 20. **dial**, a pocket sundial. **poke**, pouch. 29. **moral**, here a verb. 32. **sans**, French for *without*. **intermission.** Pronounce here as five syllables.

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
Duke S. What fool is this?
Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Duke S. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only suit—
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galléd with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The "why" is plain as way to parish church.
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley. Give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?
Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embosséd sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot has caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him. If it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself. If he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S. Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touched my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility. Yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say.
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,

55. **bob**, rap, taunt. 56. **anatomized**, exposed. 57. **squandering glances**, random shots. 67. **embosséd**, swollen. **headed evils**, boils that have come to a head. 71. **tax**, accuse. 75. **city-woman**, etc., citizen's wife, who apes court fashions. 79. **function**, occupation. 80. **bravery**, etc., finery is not bought at my expense. 84. **do him right**, hits him. 85. **free**, guiltless. 94. **touched my vein**, hit on the cause of my (rough) manner. 96. **inland**, in a civilized district. 99, 100. **answered**, how many syllables? 100. **An.** See note on II,v 62, page 380.

I must die.
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knolled to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.
Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love. Till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort! [*Exit*]

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden, and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Reënter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.

150. **strange**, i.e., learned in foreign lands. **pard**, leopard. 156. **modern instances**, common examples.

Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome; fall to. I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind.
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing; etc.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whispered faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limned and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke
That loved your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Act II, Scene i

1. In a procession on the stage, as at the beginning of this scene, who should come last?
2. Has this scene any action at all? What is its purpose? Is the poetry beautiful?

187. **warp**, change the appearance of, by freezing. 193. **effigies**, likeness. Accent here on the second syllable.

3. Explain all the similes used by Jaques.
4. Why is this play described as pastoral?

Scene ii

What detail of this scene promises trouble? What added misfortune upon Orlando is suggested?

Scene iii

1. Which is the best speech of this scene? Explain.
2. Which earlier scene is similar to this? Is such repetition a blemish or a virtue?
3. Comment on Orlando's criticism of usual worldly conduct. Do you know instances in actual happenings, in history, or books which illustrate?
4. Is Adam's last speech as good poetry as his earlier ones?

Scene iv

1. What subordinate story does this scene introduce?
2. Is Silvius intended to be humorous?
3. Are the wanderers particularly fortunate? Explain.
4. Show the importance of coincidence in this scene. What other instances have you noted so far in this play? Notice if it occurs in later scenes.

Scene v

1. Describe Jaques. Why did the courtiers like him?
2. Has this scene any action? What is its purpose? Could it be omitted in acting the play?
3. Do you think Shakespeare was fond of Jaques? Is he careful about making us know and understand him? Would an actor like to play this rôle?

Scene vi

1. Why did Shakespeare have Adam borne off the stage? Why not let him sink down there to wait? Remember the Elizabethan stage furnishings.
2. Which earlier scene does this parallel?

Scene vii

1. Why does Jaques like Touchstone so much? In what are they alike? What thing owned by Touchstone appeals particularly to Jaques? Why?
2. What makes Orlando change his manner just after he appears?
3. Which is the greatest speech in this scene? To whom did Shakespeare assign it? Why is it so famous? Can you imagine all the details it presents? Why would Shakespeare naturally write this so well?

4. During the song, what are Orlando and Adam doing?

5. How far now is the plot advanced? So far are the characters more interesting than the plot, or the reverse? Explain clearly your opinion.

ACT THIRD

Scene I. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be;
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it.
Find out thy brother, whereso'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.
Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.
Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently and turn him going.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The forest.*

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou, thrice-crownéd queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.
[*Exit.*

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then

17. **extent**, legal seizure. 18. **expediently**, quickly. Sc. ii. 2. **thrice-crownéd queen**, see note on line 275, page 45.

4 **huntress'**, Rosalind's. 34. **of**, i.e., of the lack of.

thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court but you kiss your hands. That courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend. Civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me. I'll rest.

Touch. Will thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! Thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rime you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted. It is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar. Then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. [*Reads.*] Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No!
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man

50. **parlous**, Elizabethan spelling of *perilous*. 56. **but you kiss**, without kissing. 60. **still**, constantly. 61. **fell**, fleece. 72. **surgery**, doctoring. 77. **perpend**, consider. 84. **incision**, the allusion is probably to bloodletting, once so common. 89. **harm**, misfortunes.

98. **lined**, drawn. 101. **fair**, fairness, beauty. 105. **rank**, a horse's gait between a trot and an amble; he means his verse jogs along. 126. **graff**, graft. **medlar**, a fruit something like an apple, which is eaten when it grows soft (not rotten). What is the pun? 138. **civil**, grave.

Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide-enlarged.
Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! Back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. Oh, yes, I heard them all, and more, too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter. The feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Aye, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so berimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking. Speak sad brow and true maid.

140. **erring**, wandering. 149. **quintessence**, the most essential and purest part of anything. 155. **Helen**, Helen of Greece, whose beauty caused the Trojan War (see a mythology). 157. **better part**, beauty of form. 165. **pulpiter**, preacher. 173. **scrip**, shepherd's pouch.

190. **berimed, sung.** There are many references to the idea that rats may be killed by music. **Pythagoras**, a Greek philosopher who advanced the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. 207. **out of all hooping** (whooping), beyond all expressions of wonder. 208. **Good my complexion**, goodness me! Perhaps a reference to her blushes. 211. **One inch of delay**, etc., every second of delay in answering suggests so many questions to me that answering them will be as difficult a task as exploring the Pacific Ocean. 232. **sad brow**, in a serious manner.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first. 'Tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say aye and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover. But take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden. Thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ros. 'Tis he. Slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God buy you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit. I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook. Look but in and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques.*

244. **Gargantua**, an enormous giant in Rabelais' novel of the same name. 252. **atomies**, atoms. 253. **resolve**, solve. 257. **Jove's tree**. The oak was sacred to Jupiter. 265. **holla**, stop, a call to horses. 271. **burden**, chorus.

283. **God buy you**, originally "God be with you," now "good-by." 299. **goldsmiths' wives**. It was customary for the wives of shopkeepers to sit before the door and urge customers to enter. 300. **conned**, etc., learned the mottoes engraved on the insides of rings. 303. **painted cloth**, briefly and to the point. He refers to wall hangings on which were painted figures having sharp speeches in loops coming out of their mouths.

Ros. [*Aside to Celia.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well. What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day. There's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy, tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as halfpence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accouterments, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

348. **hard**, slowly. 351. **se'nnight**, a week (a corruption of "seven nights"). 376. **kindled**, born.

383. **courtship**, court life. 404. **fancy-monger**, dealer in love fancies. 405. **quotidian**, a fever recurring daily. 415. **blue**, dark-circled. 416. **unquestionable**, unsociable. 419. **having in beard**, etc., the small amount of beard you have, being a youth, is like a younger brother's property, which is usually slight. 425. **point-device**, faultlessly correct.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired? 437

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can express how much. 444

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel. 451

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't. 473

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

467. **living**, real.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth. 483

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The forest.*

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? Am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features? 3

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house! 11

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical. 17

Aud. I do not know what "poetical" is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign. 24

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest. Now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign. 30

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] A material fool! 35

9. **Ovid**, Roman poet (43 B.C.-17 A.D.), who, when banished, went to live among the Goths. 8-9. What is the pun here? (See dictionary for derivation of *capricious*). 11. **Jove in a thatched house**, referring to the story of Baucis and Philemon. 15. **great reckoning**, etc., a heavy charge for poor accommodation. 35. **material**, reasoning.

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! Sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "Many a man knows no end of his goods." Right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns?—even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No; as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defense is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed. I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call-'t, how do you, sir? You are very well met. God 'ild you for your last company. I am very glad to see you. Even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is. This fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey.
We must be married. . . .
Farewell, good Master Oliver; not—
O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee;
but—
Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter. Ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *The forest.*

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

39. **foul**, homely. 65. **rascal**, deer too lean for food. 85. **'ild** (yield), reward. 87. **be covered.** Jaques had taken off his hat. 90. **bow**, yoke.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

Cel. An excellent color. Your chestnut was ever the only color.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously. The very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. "Was" is not "is." Besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was. I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. Oh, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complained of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud, disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly played,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. Oh, come, let us remove.
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe.
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner.
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;

8. **dissembling color**, red. The traitor Judas was supposed to be red-haired. 17. **cast**, cast-off; probably a pun on *chaste*. 41. **question**, conversation. 47. **brave**, fine. 49. **traverse**, across (the clumsy way, for a knight). 50. **puisny**, inferior, weak.

Sc. v. 13. **atomies**, atoms.

Or if thou canst not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever—as that ever may be near—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of Nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favored children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can. You are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer.
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together.
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine.
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud. Though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

23. **cicatrice and capable impressure**, mark and perceptible impression. 39. **dark to bed**, i.e., without its being worth while to have a light to gaze at it. 43. **sale-work**, ready-made goods. **'Od's my little life**, a mild oath. 47. **bugle eyeballs**, eyes black as glass beads. 51. **properer**, handsomer. 55. **out of you**, as reflected by your admiration. 62. **Foul**, etc., an ugly woman is most ugly when she is ill-natured. 81. **Dead shepherd**, Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593), the greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors in the English drama. *Shepherd* had become almost synonymous with *poet*. Line 82 is from one of Marlowe's poems. **saw**, wise saying.

Sil. Sweet Phebe——
Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.
Phe. Thou hast my love. Is not that neighborly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too.
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.
Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.
Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth; not very pretty;
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me.
I marvel why I answered not again.
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I'll write it straight.
The matter's in my head and in my heart.
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

100. **poverty of grace,** lack of favors. 108. **carlot,** peasant. 133. **no quittance,** not getting even

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Act III, Scene i

Whom does this scene send wandering? Where do you suppose he goes?

Scene ii

1. What is the purpose of the Touchstone-Corin dialogue? Which part of it is quite good sense? How should Touchstone recite his improvised verses on Rosalind?

2. Why does Shakespeare not bring Rosalind and Orlando together earlier than Act III? What little things show her to be very much like a real girl?

3. What is Orlando's best retort to Jaques?

4. How does Rosalind analyze time for various persons? Can you analyze time for students in a similar way?

5. About what does Rosalind want to make Orlando talk? How does she induce him to do it? Which speech of his pleases her most?

6. How much does this scene advance the plot?

Scene iii

1. Would the scenery of the previous scene serve for this one, so that no change is required? Is the action continuous?

2. Are these subordinate stories very closely connected, either with each other or with the main plot?

Scene iv

Does Celia behave when alone with Rosalind as she does when others are present? Explain by referring to scenes in the play.

Scene v

1. How is this scene connected with the main plot?

2. Why is Rosalind's speech to Phebe so charming and humorous?

3. What complications will result from this new ingredient of the main plot?

4. Are the characters who live in the forest realistic or romantic?

ACT FOURTH

Scene I. *The forest.*

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards. 10

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. 26

Ros. A traveler! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands. 32

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too! 37

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveler. Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! Where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more. 51

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole. 60

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, as you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Aye, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him. 70

Orl. What's that?

20. **nice**, fastidious. 22. **simples**, herbs.

40. **God buy you**, see note on III, ii, 283, page 387. 47. **swam in a gondola**, been in Venice, a resort of Elizabethan travelers.

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for. But he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were graveled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies. Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Aye, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, "Will you, Orlando——"

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Aye, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. Forever and a day.

Ros. Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando. Men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary

80. **leer**, aspect, referring to her stained complexion. 87. **graveled**, stuck (as in sand). 109. **attorney**, proxy. 112. **videlicit**, viz. 113-117. **Troilus . . . . Leander . . . . Hero.** Look up these stories, if you do not know them, so that you may appreciate Rosalind's humor.

161. **goes before the priest**, answers before the priest (Celia) asks the quesion.

cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. Oh, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this. The wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, "Wit, whither wilt?"

Ros. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. Oh, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Aye, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove. My friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Aye, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so adieu.

178. **Diana**, there was such a statue in London in Shakespeare's time. 180. **hyen**, laughing hyena. 192. **Wit, whither wilt?** an expression used to check anyone who was talking too fast.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded. My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind, rascally boy that abuses everyone's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The forest.*

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG

For. What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born;
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The forest.*

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents.
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turned into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colored hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter.
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads.*]

"Art thou god to shepherd turned,
That a maiden's heart hath burned?"

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads.*]

"Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."

Meaning me a beast.

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack in me what strange effect
Would, they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! Not to be endured! Well, go your way to her—for I see love hath made thee a tame snake—and say this to her: that if she loves me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for

18. **phœnix**, a fabulous bird supposed to be reborn from its own ashes every five hundred years.

51. **eyne**, eyes (old plural form).

her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenced about with olive-trees?
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom.
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years. "The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister; the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
Ros. I am. What must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stained.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself.
Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approached
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.
Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando. Did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lionness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And Nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was't you he rescued?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,

81. **bottom**, dell. 82. **rank**, row. 90. **ripe**, grown-up. 96. **napkin**, handkerchief.

131. **hurtling**, noise of conflict. 143. **recountments**, stories.

"AND MARK WHAT OBJECT DID PRESENT ITSELF"

As how I came into that desert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither. I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit. There is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do. But, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler. Pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

174. **passion of earnest**, real emotion.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back how you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something; but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Act IV, Scene i

1. How did Jaques know Orlando spoke blank verse? What is blank verse? Why does Orlando indulge in this game with the supposed boy?

2. Should the lines be merely spoken or should gestures, actions, etc., accompany them? Illustrate.

3. Which parts should be acted extravagantly and artificially? Which naturally?

4. Is Rosalind ashamed of her love?

5. Is Celia's last speech good for the concluding one of the scene?

Scene ii

What is the purpose of introducing this short scene?

Scene iii

1. How must Rosalind be acted in this scene? Point out exactly the changes of mood, etc. Why is this scene so effective on the stage?

2. Comment on Shakespeare's ingenuity in keeping the lovers apart. Can this situation be kept up much longer? Explain your answer.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I. *The forest.*

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Aye, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

4. **old gentleman**, Jaques. He seems old to Audrey.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter William.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Aye, sir, I thank God.

Touch. "Thank God"—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Aye, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar leave—the society—

15. **shall be flouting**, must have our joke. **hold**, restrain ourselves. 17. **God ye**, God give ye. 37-39. A reference to the doctrine of the Greek philosopher Socrates (B.C. 469-399). 54. **ipse**, Latin pronoun.

which in the boorish is company—of this female—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you, merry sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you. Come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The forest.*

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? That but seeing you should love her? And loving woo? And, wooing, she should grant? And will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow; thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Aye, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. Oh, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame"; for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent; they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married tomorrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I tomorrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, tomorrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three

68. **bastinado**, beating.
Sc. ii. 5. **persever**, persevere. Accent on second syllable.

34. **greater wonders**. What were they? 38. **thrasonical**, boastful, from *Thraso*, a bragging soldier in an old Latin comedy. 45. **in these degrees**, by these steps. 47. **incontinent**, immediately. 48. **wrath**, ardor. 64. **conceit**, understanding. 70. **grace me**, give me credit.

years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes tomorrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have. It is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd.
Look upon him, love him. He worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy.
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speak too, "Why blame you me to love you?"

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can. [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. Tomorrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married tomorrow. [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married tomorrow. [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married tomorrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet. [*To Sil.*] As you love Phebe, meet. And as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well. I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The forest.*

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey; tomorrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you. Sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we

74. **not damnable**, harmless. 84. **tender**, cherish. 111. **observance**, respect.

Sc. iii. 5. **woman of the world**, married woman. 12. **clap into 't roundly**, begin at once.

are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In springtime, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In springtime, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownéd with the prime
In springtime, etc.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir. We kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you—and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The forest.*

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged.
You say if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say that you'll have Phebe if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd;
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me; and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter.
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutored in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

37. **matter**, sense.

5. **compact.** Accent here on second syllable. 32. **desperate studies**, witchcraft, a dangerous business.

Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscuréd in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest. He hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own. A poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause—how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed—bear your body more seeming, Audrey—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was; this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he would send me word, he cut it to please himself; this is called the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well cut," he disabled my judgment; this is called the Reply Churlish. If again "it was not well cut," he would answer, I spake not true; this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he would say, I lied; this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome; and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, "If you said so, then I said so"; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

[*Still Music.*

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,

36. **toward**, at hand. 47. **purgation**, proof. **trod a measure**, danced. 61. **copulatives**, people who want to be married. 71. **fool's bolt**. Compare the old proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot." 72. **dulcet diseases**, a nonsense phrase.

122. **stalking-horse**, a real or artificial horse under cover of which hunters used to approach their game without being seen. Stage Direction. **Hymen**, god of marriage.

When earthly things made even
  Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter.
Hymen from heaven brought her,
  Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

'Tis I must make conclusion
  Of these most strange events.
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
  If truth holds true contents.
  You and you no cross shall part;
  You and you are heart in heart;

"TO YOU I GIVE MYSELF, FOR I AM YOURS"

Ros. [*To the Duke.*] To you I give myself,
  for I am yours.
[*To Orl.*] To you I give myself, for I am
  yours.
Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you
  are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are
  my Rosalind.
Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!
Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he;
I'll have no husband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.
Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.

  You to his love must accord,
  Or have a woman to your lord;
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
  O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
  High wedlock then be honoréd.

127. **atone together**, are reconciled.

147. **holds true contents**, is true. *Contents* is here accented on the second syllable.

Honor, high honor, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power, which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiléd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returnéd fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaq. de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I. Out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learned.
[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honor I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it.
[*To Orl.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit.
[*To Oli.*] You to your land, and love and great allies.
[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deservéd bed.
[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victualed. So, to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.
Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaq. To see no pastime I. What you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.
[*Exit.*
Duke S. Proceed, proceed. We will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[*A dance.*

Epilogue

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue, but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue,

Stage direction. Jaques de Boys. This is Orlando's brother, referred to in Act I, Sc. i. 173. Addressed, prepared. 187. do those ends, complete these matters. 190. shrewd, hard.

201. convertites, converts.

nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Act V, Scene i

1. Describe the appearance of William. What is the purpose of this scene?

2. Why have Rosalind and Celia practically separated Touchstone from themselves?

Scene ii

1. How many cases of love at first sight are in this play? Why is Oliver so changed?

2. Which part of this scene is most romantic?

3. Was it necessary for Rosalind to pretend to be a magician?

4. By the end of this scene you can predict what will happen. Why should anyone read further? How is the interest sustained?

Scene iii

Has this scene any dramatic purpose? Has it anything to do with the plot?

Scene iv

1. What speech prepares for Rosalind in her true character? Why didn't the Duke, her father, recognize her when dressed as a boy?

2. Why is Touchstone allowed to take so much time at this important place? What was being done during this time? Did Shakespeare always provide for the practical requirements of the stage?

3. Who takes the part of Hymen?

4. Name the couples who are brought together at the end of the play.

5. Why does Jaques leave before the wedding ceremony? Is this in keeping with his character?

6. Does the ending seem almost too good to be true?

General Questions on the Play as a Whole

1. Why do Rosalind and Celia go to the forest? Do they carry out their intention? Can you explain their acting so? Was Celia justified in leaving her father? Should the rôle of Rosalind be acted in a romping, hoydenish manner, or with some dignity and womanliness? Support your opinion.

2. What do you remember most vividly—the plot or the persons? Is this a merit of the play or a defect? Which predominates—talk or action? Comment on this. Which important character talks most and does least? Why is this play so well suited to production by amateurs and young persons? Report on the relative amounts of prose and verse. Give reasons for their use, considering time, characters, material. Describe how boys must have acted the female rôles in Elizabethan times.

3. Choose the most dramatic portions. Justify your selection. Choose what you consider the most beautiful passages of poetry. Why do you consider them so? Why is this play sometimes described as a drama of dialogue rather than of plot? Which do you believe it is?

4. What purpose is served by the moralizing Jaques? Does this justify his inclusion in the cast? Might he have been omitted? Which is his best speech? How does it rank with other parts of the play? What does it do for the plot?

5. Comment on the music and songs in this play.

Theme Topics. 1. Write a character sketch of one of the following characters in the play: Jaques, Rosalind, Touchstone. In this composition, try to gain interest and reality by citing phrases or short sentences that seem to you characteristic of your subject. Be sure to make these characteristics stand out clearly. 2. Write a paragraph upon one of the following topics: (a) Touchstone's opinion of country life; (b) Orlando as a poet; (c) Rosalind's wit; (d) The forest of Arden. 3. Change the paragraph you wrote in exercise 2 into a dialogue in which the subject you chose is discussed by two characters in the play. 4. Review what was said in the Introduction on the subject of Shakespeare as a writer of comedy. Make a list of the characteristics of his comedy. Get one or

more illustrations of each of these characteristics from your reading of the play, and present all these results in the form of a report to the class. 5. Compare *As You Like It* with some other Shakespearean comedy that you have read, such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, using the following topics: the plot; the comic situations or incidents; the principal story and characters; the clowns as farcical characters. 6. Write a composition of three paragraphs telling why you enjoyed reading this play. Put your composition in the form of a letter to a friend, and be sure to think of some particular friend, so that what you write may have a real application. 7. Can you think of any person whom you have met who resembles someone in this play? If so, tell why you think this person would make a good character in a Shakespearean comedy.

Familiar Quotations. Locate the following familiar quotations and tell when, where, and by whom they were spoken:

a. Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head . . .
b. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me . . .
c. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
d. An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own.
e. Can one desire too much of a good thing?
f. Blow, blow, thou winter wind.
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude . . .
g. True is it that we have seen better days.
h. And He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!
i. Well said. That was laid on with a trowel.
j. Forever and a day.
k. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad.

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK

Lee, Sidney: *A Life of William Shakespeare. New edition, rewritten and enlarged.* This is the most complete life that records all the recent discoveries about Shakespeare.

Mabie, Hamilton Wright: *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man.* This book contains many beautiful illustrations, that give one a good idea of England and London as they appeared at the time *As You Like It* was written.

Neilson, William A., and Thorndike, Ashley H. *The Facts About Shakespeare.* This volume gives all the facts that are actually known about Shakespeare, his plays, and the theaters in which they were produced.

Raleigh, Walter: *Shakespeare*, in the English Men of Letters Series. This is a very good brief life of the great dramatist.

Rolfe, William J.: *Shakespeare, the Boy.* This book gives a good idea of the conditions in which Shakespeare grew up.

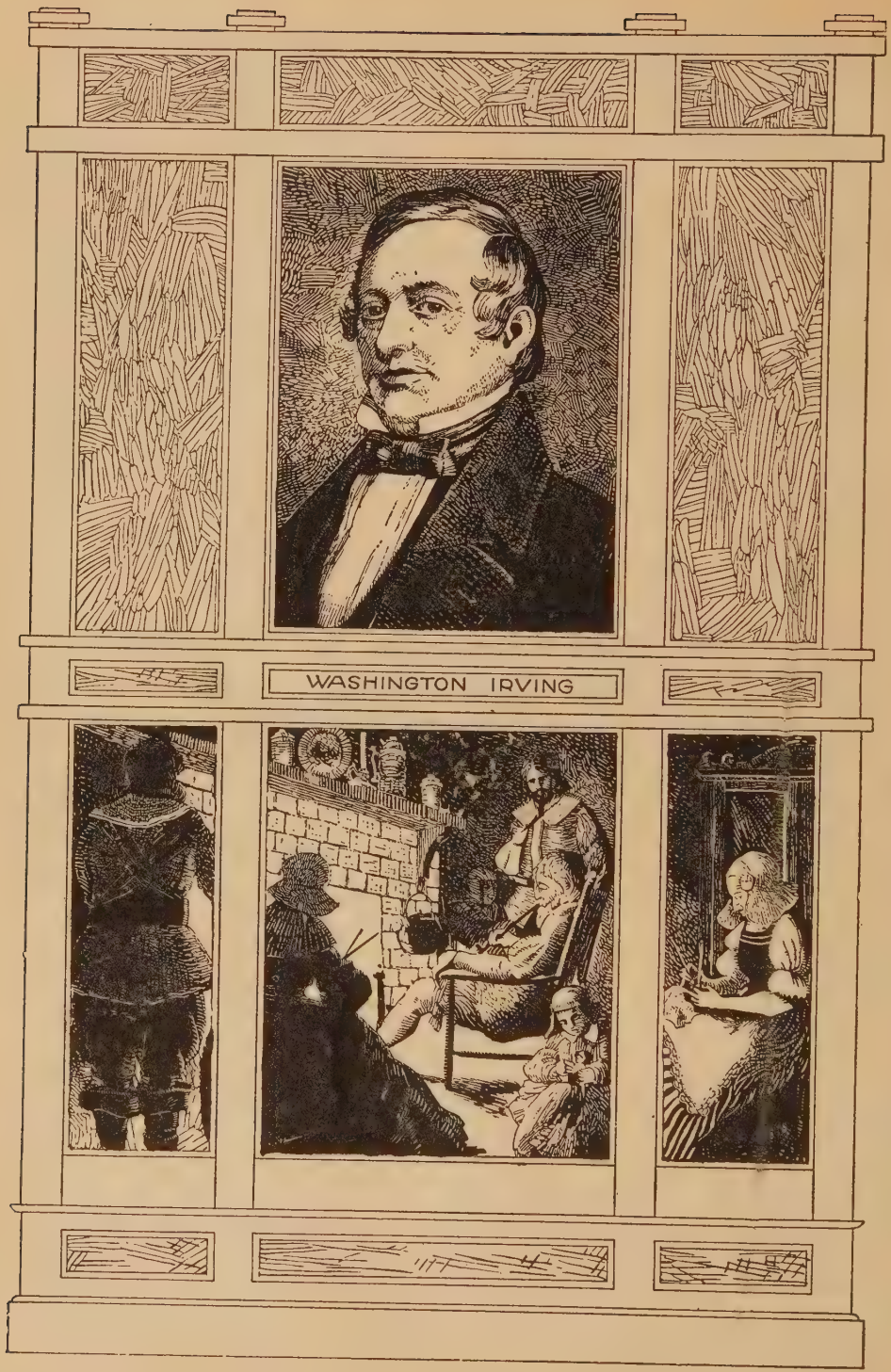
Thorndike, Ashley H.: *Shakespeare's Theater.* This work gives a most complete account of the development of the stage up to and including Shakespeare's lifetime. It has a number of interesting illustrations.

PART IV

THE STORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

How could poet ever tower,
If his passions, hopes, and fears
If his triumphs and his tears
Kept not measure with his people?

—Lowell


WASHINGTON IRVING

The Story of AMERICAN LITERATURE

AN INTRODUCTION

Thus far in this book you have been reading in verse, in prose, and in the form of drama, stories that are complete in themselves and that have been written by English and American authors at various times during the last three centuries.

Now that you think back over all that you have read, you see that besides the pleasure you get from reading a good story, the story often makes real to you some period about which you study in your history. *As You Like It* helps you to realize the England of the sixteenth century, so that when you read about Queen Elizabeth and Philip Sidney and Walter Raleigh and the Great Armada, these names and events are not merely names and events to you, but helps by which you extend your own experience back into those colorful times. So it is with *Quentin Durward* or with "The Prisoner of Chillon." "Drowne's Wooden Image" is a bit of life in colonial New England, "Atalanta's Race" a bit of life in old Greece, *Silas Marner* a bit of life in a village when weaving was done by individual workers, not in great mills. We might read a group of stories about ancient Greece or the Age of Chivalry or Colonial New England and thus come to understand more picturesquely, more vividly, our history of Greece or medieval England or early America.

Some such opportunity is now to be given you. The *setting*, as they say in dramas, is America; the *time* is our whole history, from the settlements at Jamestown and Plymouth to this present day; the *persons in the drama* are our countrymen, while the life that is to be revealed is our national life. It is to be the story of our literature. Its purpose is to make more vivid and real to you what America means.

This study will be a supplement to your study of our history. We do not understand America merely by knowing the names of the presidents, the method of government, the growth of population and wealth, the facts about its wars. Understanding is deeper than knowing. All that America has meant in the past, all that America means in the present, the ideals that have grown up here, that have been tested in battle and lived in times of peace—the depth and quality of your understanding of these things will determine what America means for you. So it comes about that quite apart from the pleasure or the interest that you find in some poem or story in itself there is a way in which that poem or story, and the story of its author's life, may help to deepen your idea of the meaning of America. The Story of American Literature is a great and interesting story, made up of many parts, and supplementing and enriching what you read in your history of the United States.

It is true that many of the poems, stories, novels, that have been written in America are such as might have been written in England or in another language in one of the other countries of Europe. But our literature, like the literature of every nation, in the large reflects the development of national life and ideals. It is the expression of our political, social, and industrial life, of our ideas of beauty and art, and of our interpretation of Nature. Therefore our story will follow the main divisions or epochs into which American history is divided. The writings that be-

long to the period from the first settlements to the close of the Revolution may be considered under the heading—FOUNDING THE NATION. These writings consist of chronicles and letters about travel, diaries, discussions of religious freedom, and, later, of the first attempts to write imaginative poetry and prose and to express the new ideals that sprang out of the contest with England.

The second period was one of definition. After the constitution was adopted and Washington became the first president, much remained to be done. The colonies had been united by the common defense against England's tyranny; after the victory, they had set up a form of constitutional government; but they were not yet a united nation. The territorial expansion (the addition of Florida and the Louisiana Territory and the beginnings of western colonization); the enormous growth in population (from about five millions in 1800 to about seventeen millions in 1840); the experience gained through foreign relations (with England, France, and the Barbary states); and American sympathy with the struggle of the South American states for independence (crystallized in the Monroe Doctrine)—all these forces helped to define America, to make people think as Americans. This process of definition and unification is reflected in the writings of the period: in the stories of Cooper and Irving, in the poetry of Bryant, in the great orations of Webster (at Bunker Hill in 1825 and on the one hundredth birthday of Washington in 1832); and, finally, in a notable address by Emerson in 1837, which has been called our intellectual declaration of independence. This second period of our story, therefore, may be called the period of definition—DEFINING THE NATION.

With the third period, which began about 1840, we reach a time of great creative activity. The continued growth of the nation in population and wealth, the increasing intensity of the great debate on the relation of the states to the central government, a debate that required a terrible war to settle—these gave meaning to the years that completed the first century after the Declaration of Independence. Great interpreters arose: statesmen like Lincoln; poets like Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell; teachers and thinkers like Emerson. It was a period of interpretation, a period in which certain American ideals and characteristics were seen more clearly than ever before. The field of literature, too, expanded from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Besides discussions of public questions, philosophy, and poetry of a national type, the literature of pure art found embodiment in song and story—the work of Poe, of Hawthorne, of scores of lesser men South and East and West. We call this third period the period of interpretation—INTERPRETING THE NATION.

Since 1870 the process of expansion, of finding new territories, has gone on apace. New frontiers have been established in American life. This refers not only to the westward expansion of the nation, the conquest of the great territories west of the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, the repetition, over and over again, of the pioneering that had begun with the first settlements in Virginia and Massachusetts, but also to an expansion in the range and growth in the individuality of our literature. This process is at work today. It is making the literature of today more significant, perhaps, than any that has preceded. This story of development we have treated under the headings, NEW FRONTIERS, and TENDENCIES OF TODAY.

You come to the reading of this story with a mind already prepared by much of your previous reading. You know something about the careers of many of the great writers of America, and you have read many of their works. The story will draw upon this knowledge and will seek to bring it into the new relations that you will need to keep in mind if your knowledge is to be of the greatest use. The study topics will also enable you to connect what you have previously read with the additional selections given here, so that the Story of American Literature will become not only part of your mental equipment but will help to make you a better citizen.

CHAPTER ONE

FOUNDING THE NATION

1. THE COLONIAL PERIOD

Like the nation itself, American Literature has grown from very small beginnings. The pioneers who left English homes in the seventeenth century to brave the dangers of the Atlantic in their little ships did not think of themselves as the forerunners of a mighty and independent nation. They did this thing in obedience to two great impulses. The first was the love of adventure. They were driven by that great hunger for travel and exploration that had made the reign of Queen Elizabeth so glorious. Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the heroes of the victory over the Spanish Armada, planned the first expeditions to colonize the territory of Virginia. His attempts to found a permanent colony on what is now the coast of North Carolina did not succeed, but these first ships were followed, a few years later, by others that bore to Virginia the settlers of Jamestown. The exploits of the great Elizabethan seamen, Drake, Raleigh, the Cabots, and many others, fired the imaginations of men who wished to follow in search of like adventures. Early settlers were called "adventurers." They were like the pioneers who were later to push on across the Alleghanies, across the Mississippi Valley and the western plains to the Golden Gate, seeking new opportunities for life and happiness in lands not previously occupied by men of the English race.

As the impulse which settled Jamestown and the southern colonies and later led men to push westward to the Pacific was derived from this desire for adventure, a pursuit of the ideal that you have already found expressed in Tennyson's poem about Ulysses, so a second impulse, even deeper in its intensity, led to the founding of New England. This impulse was the desire for religious and political liberty. New England was founded by men and women who despaired of gaining this freedom in the mother country. They had no thought of return. "Farewell, dear England," we read; "our hearts shall be fountains of tears for your everlasting welfare, when we shall be in our poor cottages in the wilderness." And in another place we find the words: "We are well weaned from the delicate milk of the mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land. The people are industrious and frugal. It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage." Before the *Mayflower* landed, the voyagers held a meeting in the little cabin and drew up a "Compact," the first instrument of self-government adopted in America, in which "in the presence of God and of one another" they agreed to form "a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation . . . and by virtue whereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws . . . as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

These, then, were the motives that led to the colonization of America: the search for adventure, and the search for religious and political freedom. The first of these motives was more active in Virginia and the South; the second appeared at the very beginning of the colonization of New England. As time went on, these geographical distinctions merged. Virginia, as you know, had a very active part in the events that led to the break with England. The first battles—Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill—were fought in Massachusetts; but Patrick Henry, the orator whose fiery eloquence stirred men with the great hope of freedom, George Washington, the commander of the armies and the first president of the new nation, and Thomas

Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, were all Virginians. And the pioneer spirit of adventure, tinged with romance in Captain John Smith and his Jamestown companions, marked by religious fervor and deep seriousness in the men and women of the *Mayflower*, blends into that great passion for the conquest of the western territories that became the strongest factor in the conversion of the thirteen widely separated colonies into a single nation.

You see, by now, that these colonists, south and north, were men of action, not dreamers. They had small time for writing. What they wrote was generally in the form of diaries, letters, accounts of travel, histories of their colonies. Most of it is not literature; it is the source of much of our first-hand information as to manner of life, ideals, and the progress of the colonies from rude beginnings to groups of self-governing communities. It is also the raw material which later writers have often converted into the pure gold of literature. This you will see if you will recall some of Hawthorne's tales, such as "Endicott and the Red Cross," "The Gray Champion," or "Drowne's Wooden Image"; some of Irving's sketches, such as "Philip of Pokanoket" or the story of Wouter van Twiller; some of Bryant's poems, like the "Song of Marion's Men," or Longfellow's poems, such as "Miles Standish," "Paul Revere," and "Evangeline." Indeed, one reason for reading some of these early writings is that you may be able to reconstruct in your imagination the life with which later poets and tellers of tales have had to deal. To this end, we shall notice a few of these early writers and their works.

Literature in the South. The fact has already been noted that the men who first colonized Virginia were seekers for adventure, men of action who wished to make a fortune and return to England. They had no impulse to write in defense of the great principles of religious and political liberty. Often they were men of education, like George Sandys, treasurer of the colony from 1621 to 1624, who spent his leisure in translating Ovid from Latin into English. As time went on, the plantation system became as characteristic of the South as the town was characteristic of New England. But men who live on plantations, far removed from neighbors, miss the contact of mind with mind, the contagion of ideas, that the towns of New England encouraged. There was small interest in education; the government discouraged the establishment of printing presses. Up to the time of the Revolution, therefore, but little writing of permanent value was done in the South. The exceptions are in the writings of John Smith, William Strachey, and William Byrd.

Captain John Smith (1580-1631). The life of John Smith, an adventurer and soldier of fortune, was itself a romance as thrilling as any that can be found in fiction. The son of a tenant farmer in England, he ran away at fifteen, fought in the Netherlands, in Hungary, and in the wars with Turkey; was captured by the Turks, escaped to Russia, and returned to England in 1606, ready to accompany the adventurers who were to establish the first permanent English settlement in America. He was exactly the kind of man to be of service in such an expedition. He showed remarkable ability in dealing with the Indians, in exploring the country, in foraging for supplies, in defending the settlement. In 1608 he became president of Virginia, but returned to England in the following year. Before this he had written and sent home for publication an account of the venture, which appeared in 1608 under the title *A True Relation of Such Occurrences of Note as Hath Happened in Virginia.* A few years later he returned to America, and explored the New England coast. In 1615 he was a member of an expedition which planned to establish a colony in New England, but the ship was captured by French pirates and Smith became a prisoner. After his escape he returned to England and devoted most of his time to the writing of his adventures.

A True Relation was written in the brief intervals of the crowded days when Smith was consolidating the struggling Jamestown settlements. Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that he could not practice grace of style, finish of phrasing,

artistic balance of incidents. The marvel is that such scribbled jottings should have so much vividness and charm. He wrote with his eye clearly upon what he was describing, with his mind stored with recent happenings. Several years after his return he wrote a *General History of Virginia*, in which he told the famous story of Pocahontas. In subsequent years this Indian princess, who had saved the life of the brave adventurer, married an Englishman, visited London, was presented at court, and became a nine days' wonder.

In his numerous writings, Smith's purpose was to tell the story of his adventures, and this he did with an exaggeration perhaps pardonable in a man who had lived amid thrilling scenes. He also sought to interest people in coming to America to live. The people he addressed were not pilgrims fleeing to a new country in search of religious liberty; neither were they adventurers. He hoped to open a way by which mechanics, farmers, young men and women who had no opportunity because of poverty, might find new homes. He laid down sensible rules for the management of the colony, and he wrote the first history of the first English colony in America.

These three characteristics of his work, then, should be remembered: his stories of adventure, of which the account of his relations to Powhatan and Pocahontas is perhaps the best; his efforts to increase colonization as an opportunity for interesting and profitable living; and his practical suggestions on government, together with the history of Virginia in which they are placed.

Of the first of these features no illustrations need be given here; you are already familiar with the story of Pocahontas. Of the second the following paragraphs will serve as an example:

> What pleasure can be more than (being tired with any occasion ashore in planting vines, fruits, or herbs, in contriving their own grounds, to the pleasure of their own minds, their fields, gardens, orchards, buildings, ships, and other works) to recreate themselves before their own doors, in their own boats upon the seas, where man, woman, and child, with a small hook and line, by angling, may take diverse sorts of excellent fish, at their pleasure? And is it not pretty sport, to pull up two pence, six pence, and twelve pence, as fast as you can hale and vear a line? . . . And what sport doth yield a more pleasing content, and less hurt or charge than angling with a hook, and crossing the sweet air from isle to isle, over the silent streams of a calm sea? Wherein the most curious may find pleasure, profit, and content. . . . . My purpose is not to persuade children from their parents, men from their wives, nor servants from their masters; only, such as with free consent may be spared; but that each parish, or village, in city or country, that will but apparel their fatherless children of thirteen or fourteen years of age, or young married people that have small wealth to live on, here by their labor may live exceeding well.
>
> Who can desire more content, that hath small means, or but only his merit to advance his fortune, than to tread and plant that ground he hath purchased by the hazard of his life? If he have but the taste of virtue and magnanimity, what to such a mind can be more pleasant than planting and building a foundation to his posterity, got from the rude earth, by God's blessing and his own industry, without prejudice to any? If he have any grain of faith or zeal in Religion, what can he do less hurtful to any, or more agreeable to God, than to seek to convert those poor savages to know Christ, and humanity, whose labors with discretion will triple requite thy charge and pains? What so truly suits with honor and honesty as the discovering things unknown, erecting towns, peopling countries, informing the ignorant, reforming things unjust, teaching virtue, and gain to our native mother country a kingdom to attend her; find employment for those that are idle because they know not what to do; so far from wronging any as to cause posterity to remember thee, and remembering thee, ever honor that remembrance with praise?

Of the third phase of his work no detailed illustration can be given here. You will remember the famous rule established by Captain Smith for the colonists, to the effect that if men would not work, neither should they eat. In the tract called *A Description of New England* (1616) from which the paragraphs just quoted have been taken, there is a discussion of the characteristics of the true leader in colonial enterprise. Some sentences from it may be given here, and with them we take leave of this first interpreter of life in colonial Virginia.

But it is not a work for everyone, to manage such an affair as makes a discovery, and plants a colony. It requires all the best parts of art, judgment, courage, honesty, constancy, diligence, and industry, to do but near well. Some are more proper for one thing than another, and therein are to be employed; and nothing breeds more confusion than misplacing and misemploying men in their undertakings. Columbus, Cortez, Pizarro, Soto, Magellanes, and the rest served more than apprenticeship to learn how to begin their most memorable attempts in the West Indies; which to the wonder of all ages successfully they effected, when many hundreds of others, far above them in the world's opinion, being instructed but by relation, came to shame and confusion in actions of small moment, who doubtless in other matters were both wise, discreet, generous, and courageous. I say not this to detract anything from their incomparable merits, but to answer those questionless questions that keep us back from imitating the worthiness of their brave spirits that advanced themselves from poor soldiers to great captains, their posterity to great lords, their king to be one of the greatest potentates on earth, and the fruits of their labors his greatest glory, power, and renown.

William Strachey (born 1585?). Little is known about William Strachey; but his story proves his literary ability, and the fact that soon after his arrival he was made secretary of the colony testifies to his ability in affairs. In July, 1610, he wrote at Jamestown and sent to England a manuscript entitled *A True Reportory of the Wrack and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Kt., upon and from the Islands of the Bermudas; his coming to Virginia; and the estate of that colony then and after under the government of the Lord La Ware.* The tract was not published until 1625, but it may have been seen in manuscript by Shakespeare, or some copy made from it may have reached his eye, for it is thought that this little book gave the great dramatist the inspiration for one of his best plays, *The Tempest.* The book tells in an interesting way of the Virginia colony, but its chief merit is the thrilling account of the great storm which wrecked the ship upon the rocky shore of Bermuda. This description is too long to be inserted here; you will find it, if you care to look, in most school editions of Shakespeare's play. Besides the vivid story of the great storm, itself a piece of descriptive writing of great power, it will be noticed that the author describes Bermuda in much the same terms as Shakespeare describes the mysterious island of Prospero the magician. The islands called the Bermudas, Strachey tells us, are so terrible

> to all that ever touched on them, and such tempests, thunders, and other fearful objects are seen and heard about them, that they be called commonly the Devil's Islands, and are feared and avoided of all travelers alive, above any other place in the world, it being counted of most that they can be no habitation for men, but rather given over to devils and wicked spirits.

William Byrd (1674–1744). The third writer in colonial Virginia to be remembered is William Byrd, who was born at Westover on the James River in 1674 and died there in 1744. His father was a man of distinction and was able to give his son the benefit of an excellent education in England. After his return to Virginia, William Byrd became one of the most influential planters of the colony. He encouraged colonization, founded the city of Richmond, and traveled much in Virginia and the Carolinas. He retained his interest in books, and the catalogue of his library contains more than three thousand titles. As a member of the commission appointed to settle the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina he had an opportunity to study the geography of the country, and his account of his experiences is filled with keen observation and with a delightful humor that makes it good reading today. He also wrote an account of an investigation into the possibilities of iron mining in Virginia. These writings, with others, have been published under the title of *Westover Manuscripts.* They are the product of a man of affairs who possessed a trained mind and an unusual gift of style.

In his "Progress to the Mines of Virginia," written in 1732, the year of Washington's birth, Byrd tells of the "enchanted castle" of Colonel Spottswood, and of the Colonel's family. The account of his visit is so delightful that a few paragraphs may be given here:

I was carried into a room elegantly set off with pier glasses, the largest of which came soon after to an odd misfortune. Amongst other favorite animals that cheered this lady's solitude, a brace of tame deer ran familiarly about the house, and one of them came to stare at me as a stranger. But unluckily spying his own figure in the glass, he made a spring over the tea-table that stood under it, and shattered the glass to pieces, and falling back upon the tea-table, made a terrible fracas among the china. This exploit was so sudden, and accompanied with such a noise, that it surprised me and perfectly frightened Mrs. Spottswood. But 'twas worth all the damage to show the moderation and good humor with which she bore this disaster. In the evening the noble colonel came home from his mines, who saluted me very civilly, and Mrs. Spottswood's sister, Miss Theky, who had been to meet him *en cavalier*,* was so kind as to bid me welcome. We talked over a legend of old stories, supped about nine, and then prattled with the ladies, till it was time for a traveler to retire. In the meantime I observed my old friend to be very uxorious, and exceedingly fond of his children. This was so opposite to the maxims he used to preach up before he was married, that I could not forbear rubbing up the memory of them. But he gave a very good-natured turn to his change of sentiments, by alleging that whoever brings a poor gentlewoman into so solitary a place, from all her friends and acquaintances, would be ungrateful not to use her and all that belongs to her with all possible tenderness.

28th. We all kept snug in our several apartments till nine, except Miss Theky, who was the housewife of the family. At that hour we met over a pot of coffee, which was not quite strong enough to give us the palsy. After breakfast the colonel and I left the ladies to their domestic affairs, and took a turn in the garden, which has nothing beautiful but three terrace walks that fall in slopes one below another. I let him understand that besides the pleasure of paying him a visit, I came to be instructed by so great a master in the mystery of making of iron, wherein he had led the way, and was the Tubal Cain † of Virginia. He corrected me a little there, by assuring me that he was not only the first in this country but the first in North America who had erected a regular furnace. . . Our conversation on this subject continued till dinner, which was both elegant and plentiful. The afternoon was devoted to the ladies, who showed me one of their most beautiful walks. They conducted me through a shady lane to the landing, and by the way made me drink some very fine water that issued from a marble fountain, and ran incessantly. Just behind it was a covered bench, where Miss Theky often sat and bewailed her virginity. Then we proceeded to the river, which is the south branch of Rappahannock, about fifty yards wide, and so rapid that the ferry boat is drawn over with a chain, and therefore called the Rapidan. At night we drank prosperity to all the colonel's projects in a bowl of rack punch, and then retired to our devotions.

29th. Having employed about two hours in retirement, I sallied out at the first summons to breakfast, where our conversation with the ladies, like whip syllabub, was very pretty, but had nothing in it. This, it seems, was Miss Theky's birthday, upon which I made her my compliments, and wished she might live twice as long as a married woman as she had lived a maid. I did not presume to pry into the secret of her age, nor was she forward to disclose it, lest I should think her wisdom fell short of her years. . .

30th. The sun rose clear this morning, and so did I, and finished all my little affairs by breakfast. It was then resolved to wait on the ladies on horseback, since the bright sun, the fine air, and the wholesome exercise all invited it. We forded the river a little above the ferry, and rode six miles up the neck to a fine level piece of rich land, where we found about twenty plants of ginseng, with the scarlet berries growing on the top of the middle stalk. The root of this is of wonderful virtue in many cases, particularly to raise the spirits and promote perspiration, which makes it a specific in colds and coughs. The colonel complimented me with all we found, in return for my telling him the virtues of it. We were all pleased to find so much of this king of plants so near the colonel's habitation, and growing too upon his own land; but were, however, surprised to find it upon the level ground, after we had been told it grew only upon the north side of Stony Mountains. I carried home this treasure with as much joy as if every root had been a graft of the Tree of Life, and washed and dried it carefully. This airing made us as hungry as hawks, so that between appetite and a very good dinner, 'twas difficult to eat like a philosopher. In the afternoon the ladies walked me about amongst all their little animals, with which they amuse themselves, and furnish the table; the worst of it is, they are so tender hearted they shed a silent tear every time any of them are killed. At night the colonel and I quitted the threadbare subject of iron, and changed the scene to politics. . . Our conversation was interrupted by a summons to supper, for the ladies, to show their power, had by this time brought us tamely to go to

*en cavalier, on horseback. † **Tubal Cain.** See *Genesis* iv, 22.

bed with our bellies full, though we both at first declared positively against it. So very pliable a thing is frail man, when women have the bending of him.

Early New England. It is pleasant to find the great name of Shakespeare connected with a piece of writing done by William Strachey in a rude little cabin in Virginia, but we must now turn to a very different sort of relationship between the struggling colonies and the mother country. Shakespeare's *Tempest* was written near the end of his career; perhaps it was the last play he ever wrote. The Merry England of Queen Elizabeth's time, whose spirit is reflected so wonderfully in the comedies written by the master, had changed completely in character. When Shakespeare began to write, about 1589 or 1590, the triumph over the great Spanish Armada a year or so previously had brought England to the pinnacle of greatness. It was a united nation, led by a beloved and devoted Queen. But when *The Tempest* was written, in 1611, there were already signs of change. The rift between the King and the Parliament was growing daily. The two classes, Puritans and Cavaliers as they came to be called, were destroying the unity that had been the source of strength during Elizabeth's reign. Religious persecution met the increasing seriousness of the Separatists, or Dissenters, and many Englishmen preferred exile rather than residence in a country where restrictions were placed on their manner of worship. This story you already know: how in 1620 a little band of Pilgrims braved the terrors of the ocean and founded at Plymouth the second permanent English colony in the New World.

These men were of serious purpose. They did not come in search of adventure and wealth; they did not expect to return to England when they had won fortune. The cold climate, the inhospitable savages, the terrible sufferings of those early years were not such as to make New England seem a Promised Land save in the one particular that to these men and women meant more than all else besides, that here they could worship according to their own ideas of what worship should be. They were a stern, God-fearing race, preoccupied with the salvation of their souls; men of education, acquainted with books of scholarship and devotion. It is said that there were as many graduates of the great English universities among them as could be found in any community of similar size in the mother-country. A great historian has said that England of the seventeenth century was a people with one book. This book was the Bible, translated for the first time into modern English nine years before Plymouth was founded. The language of the Pilgrims was the language of the Bible; they thought constantly upon its wealth of story; they directed their lives according to its precepts. Because of their training and the motives that had led them to seek voluntary exile, they wrote much. Their writing was grave, earnest, on weighty themes, saturated with the thought and phrase of the Bible. Thus the northern colonists from the first saw more of writing and of books than their southern neighbors. Their religious exercises were the most important of their occupations. Moral essays, sermons, religious verse—they loved and practiced these forms of composition.

Historical Writing in Early New England. Such writings, with the chronicles and records of the town-meetings, are of immense value to the student of the beginnings of our history, but they have little to do with literature. As has already been observed, later writers, like Hawthorne, found in them many incidents to be used for stories interpreting colonial life and character. "The May-Pole of Merry Mount" is of especial interest since it represents the conflict between the stern Puritan ideal and that spirit of Merry England already referred to as characteristic of Shakespeare's comedies. The source of the story is found in two different versions. The first of these is the *History of the Plymouth Plantation*, written by William Bradford, who was born in 1588, the Armada year, joined the Puritans at eighteen, and at twenty went to Holland, where he was one of the leaders in the plan to set up a new colony in America. He came over on the *Mayflower* and was soon chosen governor of the colony. His history existed

only in manuscript until 1856, when it was printed. He was a scholar as well as a statesman, and his history is one of the chief monuments of our early literature. In it he tells of one Thomas Morton who founded a colony, near Plymouth, to which the name "Merry Mount" was given. Morton and his fellows set up a May-pole and danced around it, to the horror of the staid citizens of Plymouth. The second source of Hawthorne's story occurs in a book which this same Morton wrote under the title *The New English Canaan*, in which he satirized his neighbors. For this "scandalous book" he was seized and put in prison. How Hawthorne looked upon the story you may learn by reading "The May-Pole of Merry Mount."

Besides the sober and dignified history of Bradford and the satirical one by Morton there is a third early history, written by John Winthrop, first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. He sees the hand of God in every event, great or trivial. He brings us nearer the daily experience of these colonists, because he tells many simple incidents in the form of a chronicle, but he also writes about the nature of liberty and other questions of government in a way that reveals the sanity and breadth of his mind. He is remembered, also, for his letters to his wife Margaret, and for her letters to him.

Beginnings of Verse. Besides history, colonial New England produced verse. The first book published in America was the *Bay Psalm Book* (1640). It was a translation of the Psalms into verse to be sung in the meeting-house. It is destitute of poetic value, but probably the singers in the cold little place of worship got a degree of warmth from the exercise. A stanza or so will show its character.

> The rivers on of Babilon
> there when we did sit down,
> Yea, even then we mournéd when
> we remembered Sion.
> Our harp we did hang it amid,
> upon the willow tree,
> Because there they that us away
> led in captivity
> Required of us a song, and thus
> ask't mirth us waste who laid,
> Sing us among a Sion's song,
> unto us then they said.
> The Lord's song sing can we? being
> in stranger's land, then let
> Lose her skill my right hand if I
> Jerusalem forget.

You will observe that the meter is very accurate, even if the accents are peculiar and the word-order is twisted almost out of recognition.

If these early writers did not succeed in making poetry out of translations from the Psalms, they did not get much farther with original verse. The most terrifying poem in our literature is *The Day of Doom*, by Michael Wigglesworth (1631-1705), who died at Malden, Massachusetts, where he had been pastor for almost fifty years. He was a Harvard graduate, and was a man of learning and of a sweet and mild disposition strangely at variance with his ferocious poem. *The Day of Doom* was published in 1662; eighteen hundred copies were sold within a year; and it went speedily through ten editions. Many people knew it by heart. The verse-form is somewhat like that of the *Bay Psalm Book*, and it is no more poetic than the selection just quoted from the earlier work. The secret of its popularity lay in the fact that it expressed the theological belief of the time with accuracy, and also described the terrors of the Last Judgment in such a way as to bring thrills of terror both to the sinner and the elect.

Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672). A little earlier in time than Wigglesworth's gloomy poem; the work of Anne Bradstreet seems to the modern reader to represent a later period in the development of our poetry. She was the wife of Governor Bradstreet, and came to New England in 1630. An idea of her work may be gained from the title-page of the volume: "The Tenth Muse, lately Sprung up in America, or Several Poems compiled with Great Variety of Wit and Learning, Full of Delight, Wherein especially is Contained a Complete Discourse and Description of the Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, Seasons of the Year, together with an exact Epitome of the Four Monarchies, viz., The Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman; Also a Dialogue between Old England and New, concerning the late troubles.

With divers other pleasant and serious Poems, By a Gentlewoman in those parts." It will be seen from the title-page that the volume contained material on science, history, both ancient and modern, divinity, and "divers other pleasant and serious" matters. Someone has said that her Muse ran on all fours, a joke that you will appreciate if you look once more at the list of contents on that title-page. Nevertheless, Mrs. Bradstreet wrote some poetry of distinction. Perhaps the best of her poems is "Contemplations," published in a later edition of her works. From this a few stanzas may be quoted.

Some time now past in the autumnal tide,
When Phœbus wanted but one hour to bed,
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
Were gilded o'er by his rich golden head.
Their leaves and fruits seemed painted, but was true
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixéd hue;
Rapt were my senses at this delectable view.

I wist not what to wish, yet sure, thought I,
If so much excellence abide below,
How excellent is He that dwells on high!
Whose power and beauty by his works we know;
Sure He is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,
That hath this underworld so richly dight;
More heaven than earth was here, no winter and no night.

Then on a stately oak I cast mine eye,
Whose ruffling top the clouds seemed to aspire;
How long since thou wast in thine infancy?
Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admire;
Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born,
Or thousand since thou breakest thy shell of horn?
If so, all these as naught eternity doth scorn.

Then higher on the glistering sun I gazed,
Whose beams was shaded by the leafy tree;
The more I looked, the more I grew amazed,
And softly said, What glory's like to thee?
Soul of this world, this universe's eye,
No wonder, some made thee a deity:
Had I not better known (alas), the same had I.

* * *

Silent, alone, where none or saw or heard,
In pathless paths I led my wandering feet;
My humble eyes to lofty skies I reared,
To sing some songs my mazéd Muse thought meet.
My great Creator I would magnify
That Nature had thus deckéd liberally;
But ah, and ah again, my imbecility!

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black-clad cricket bear a second part,
They kept one tune, and played on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little art.
Shall creatures abject thus their voices raise,
And in their kind resound their Maker's praise,
Whilst I, as mute, can warble forth no higher lays?

Other Early Writing. Many other interesting and curious items might be woven into our story. There was the *New England Primer*, for example, almost the only textbook used in the primary schools for two centuries. It was often revised, sometimes in amusing ways, as when references to King George had to be taken out because matters between the colonies and the mother country had become strained. It combined religious teaching with subjects ordinarily taught in school, and was illustrated by rude woodcuts. There was the "Simple Cobbler of Aggawam," one Nathaniel Ward, who wrote against religious toleration, against women's ways in matters of dress—

The world is full of care, much like unto a bubble,
Women and care, and care and Women, and Women and care and trouble.

There was also Judge Samuel Sewall, a very dignified and learned judge who went a-wooing to Madam Winthrop. The details of his courtship he set down with great care in his diary: how he made presents to Madam's servant and kinsfolk and what each present cost; how sometimes Madam gave him cake and canary wine and sometimes did not, and sometimes sent a servant to "light" him home and sometimes did not; how visitors interrupted his calls and how he got rid of them; how at one time Madam welcomed him with a gloved hand, at which he objected that there was much difference between a dead goat and a live lady, and how he got the glove off; how she asked him if he would keep a coach, to which he

said it would cost a hundred pounds, although she insisted that it would cost but forty; and how at length he went to a party to which she was not invited and she gave a party to which she did not ask him, and so the long courtship came to an end.

Other forms of literature were not lacking. John Eliot, the "Apostle of the Indians," went on many missionary journeys and wrote at last a book called *The Daybreaking if not the Sunrising of the Gospel with the Indians of New England*, a book which reveals the simplicity and sweetness of character of the man. Women are represented in prose as well as in verse. Mary Rowlandson wrote a thrilling story of her captivity among the Indians (1682), and Sarah Kemble Knight, who in 1704 made the journey from Boston to New York and return, wrote of her experiences in a way that delights us for its humor, its keen observations, and the opportunity that it gives us to compare traveling in these early times with what we enjoy today.

The Mather Dynasty. Two men of commanding intellectual gifts, great influence on their time, and vast literary production, complete our survey of colonial New England. The first of these, Cotton Mather, belonged to a family that for several generations had such influence that the name "The Dynasty of the Mathers" has been applied to their period. Cotton Mather's grandfather, Richard Mather, came to Boston in 1635, after being tried in England for the offense of preaching without a surplice. He was forbidden to preach, and so he went in disguise to Bristol, whence he sailed for New England. He was a man of great learning, a famous preacher, with a voice "loud and big, and uttered with a deliberate vehemency; it procured unto his ministry an awful and taking majesty." His son, Increase, entered Harvard at twelve, preached his first sermon at nineteen, spent three years in study and preaching in Ireland and England, and returned to New England for the remainder of his eighty-four years. He took an active part in politics; he worked sixteen hours a day in his study. Of his preaching it was said that he spoke "with such a tonitrous* cogency that the hearers would be struck with an awe, like what would be produced on the fall of thunderbolts." He published nearly a hundred works on theology, history, philosophy, politics, earthquakes, witchcraft, comets, fires, drunkenness, and smallpox.

But the intellectual achievements of the first two generations of this remarkable family are as nothing compared with those of Cotton Mather (1663-1728). His mother was the daughter of the famous preacher John Cotton, and all the force of two mighty families united in this offspring. At eleven he entered Harvard, having already studied Homer and other classical writers. At fifteen he was graduated and soon after began his long career as a preacher. He was famous here and abroad. During his life he published nearly four hundred works, many of them very short, of course, but testifying to his enormous industry. In the nature of things, books and pamphlets poured forth with such appalling frequency can have slight value as literature. His chief work was an ecclesiastical history of New England, an enormous collection of facts, superstitions, bits of description and the like. It is not literature, but a mine of source material for students of our early history. Besides this work, perhaps Mather's *Essays to do Good* may be taken as representative of his writings. In this book he explains methods of doing good deeds on business principles, and of organizing charity and other benevolent work. The work had great influence upon Benjamin Franklin.

Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758). The Mathers represent enormous intellectual energy without any great power or original thought or any of the graces of style and imagination that make literature. In Jonathan Edwards we meet a man of keen intellectual ability who knew how to express what he had to say with simplicity and clearness. He was born in Connecticut and educated at Yale. From boyhood he read widely in the most serious books, and as he read he was in the habit of setting down in very clear and simple language the meaning that he got from the reading, and his own reactions to the thought expressed by the author. By such practice he gained the style for which he is famous. As a boy

*tonitrous, thundering.

he wrote an essay on "Nothing" that shows his power of exact thinking. He was also a close observer of Nature, writing, at twelve years of age, an essay upon spiders that is as extraordinary for its wealth of observation as it is for its delightful and interesting style. He made many observations in physics and astronomy. Some of his maxims, written in student days, illustrate his character: "To live with all my might while I do live"; "In narrations, never to speak anything but the pure and simple verity." He sought to guard against prejudice and narrowness of mind: "I observe that old men seldom have any advantage of new discoveries, because they are beside the way of thinking to which they have been so long used. Resolved, if ever I live to years, that I will be impartial to hear the reasons of all pretended discoveries, and receive them if rational, how long soever I have been used to another way of thinking."

There was much of the poet in Edwards, despite the severity of his studies in philosophy. This quality comes out in his definition of Nothing as "the thing that the sleeping rocks do dream of." It comes out in his autobiography, in his account of his religious life. It is also revealed in a passage in which he describes the girl who was later to become his wife:

> They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that Great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything, except to meditate on Him—that she expects after a while to be received up where He is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that He loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from Him always. There she is to dwell with Him, and to be ravished with His love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure; and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have someone invisible always conversing with her.

These are the aspects of the genius of Edwards that are best to mention here. His fame as a thinker, of course, rests upon his sermons and upon philosophical writings that belong to the history of American thought rather than to literature. But the qualities of careful analysis, simple and clear expression, exact definition of thought, and keen observation are found in these later works, as in those we have discussed, and are the sources of his power.

2. THE PERIOD OF REVOLUTION

By the time of Edwards's death in 1758 great changes had taken place in America, and even greater changes were imminent. The spirit of liberty had grown to an intense flame. Education was furthered by the establishment of elementary schools and colleges. Commerce had increased to such an extent that in a few years Edmund Burke, speaking in the British Parliament, was able to say that the export trade of Great Britain to the American colonies was almost equal to her entire export trade at the beginning of the century, while England was sending to Pennsylvania alone in 1772 goods almost as great in value as she had sent to the thirteen colonies in 1702. The population had increased enormously. As a means of driving home a sense of the importance of dealing fairly with the colonies, Burke remarks, in his famous *Speech on Conciliation with America:*

Such is the strength with which population shoots in that part of the world that, state the numbers as high as we will, whilst the dispute continues, the exaggeration ends. Whilst we are discussing any given magnitude, they are grown to it. Whilst we spend our time in deliberating on the mode of governing two millions, we shall find we have millions more to manage. Your children do not grow faster from infancy to manhood than they spread from families to communities, and from villages to nations.

Burke, a friend of the colonies, yet spoke of "millions to manage." But these millions were in no humor to be managed. The independent thinking that led to the colonization of New England, the self-reliance that had built up the great middle and southern colonies, had increased with safe and comfortable living, abundant trade, the establishment of free government. All this had a powerful effect on literature. The time was not yet ripe for the development of a literature of the imagination, but the literature of self-reliance, of faith in ordered liberty, a literature breathing a sense of the destiny of these colonies to form a nation, was abundant, and it exerted a powerful influence upon the course of events. As before, we can give only the merest outline, selecting here and there from the multitude of writings which show how the colonies were developing into a nation, with a literature able to interpret the nation's life and ideals.

Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790). The contrast between a man like Franklin and a man like Cotton Mather brings out vividly the enormous change that had taken place in America. This contrast becomes very clear if we compare the lives and writings of the two men, and it is so significant that it is worth while to pause for a moment in order to realize it. Both were men of great intellectual ability, intense industry, and wide influence. Both produced enormously; Mather chiefly books, Franklin books and pamphlets as incidents in a life full of business achievement, original contributions to science and invention, and a series of public services of enormous value to his country in a time of crisis. The difference comes out most clearly when we observe that the dominating characteristic of Mather was fondness for reading and argument, while that of Franklin was intellectual curiosity in its strictest sense. Franklin asked questions of life, Nature, and men, and found answers to his questions; Mather soaked up knowledge like a sponge, and used it to confirm opinion rigidly and stubbornly held.

The story of Franklin's life and achievements surpasses in interest that of his writings, varied and important as they were. He was born in Boston, not far from Harvard College, but as one of a family of seventeen children he had only the fewest educational advantages. His father, a manufacturer of soap and candles, had to practice the most rigid economy. The boy had a taste for reading, which often led him to spend the greater part of the night with his books. Fortunately he came upon books, written not long before in England, in which the great virtues of simplicity and clearness were observed. One of these was Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Another was a series of papers or short essays written in 1709-1711 by Joseph Addison and printed in a sort of journal called *The Spectator*. These essays were filled with humor; they poked fun at fashions and manners; they contained many simple moral sentiments, and sought to improve ways of living. They were expressed in simple but very choice language, and to them young Franklin gave, as he said, his days and nights. Fortunately for him, his brother had just returned from England, bringing a printing outfit with which he established a newspaper in Boston. Benjamin entered the shop as an apprentice, learned to handle type and press, and wrote essays in the style of *The Spectator* for the paper. Thus he learned composition in a very effective manner; he also became interested in politics and got thereby his introduction into the kind of life that was to be the field of his greatest service.

Because of a quarrel with his brother he ran away (1723), making the end of his journey Philadelphia, at that time farther from his angry brother than San Francisco is from Boston today. He was secure, but he had no money. He found a job as a printer in the shop of one Keimer, and

became acquainted with the governor of Pennsylvania, who encouraged him to go to England to get a printing outfit of his own. Governor Keith promised to send him letters of credit; but these never came. For eighteen months he worked at his trade in London, returning to Philadelphia and to the service of Keimer in 1726. In 1728 he formed a club called the Junto, a sort of literary society for debating questions of the day. This club afterwards became a great political influence. A little later he acquired a paper of his own, *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, began to publish his *Almanac*, and prospered so rapidly that at forty-two he was able to retire from business and devote his energies to "doing something useful," as he defined leisure.

All this story, and much more besides, you may read in the fascinating pages of his *Autobiography*. But that book does not carry the story through the most fruitful and important part of his life. Only an outline of his tremendous and many-sided career can be given here. The mere list of his deeds is a familiar and impressive story. Among his interests were establishing a public library, paving streets, instituting a fire company, bettering the police system, founding a college (later the University of Pennsylvania), improving the postal service, inventing the Franklin stove. There is no need of recalling his electrical investigations, which earned honorary degrees from Yale and Harvard. England and France also honored him. He was continually called upon for public service until his death in 1790. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, Postmaster General, agent for Pennsylvania in London, signer of the Declaration of Independence, commissioner to France during the Revolution, delegate to the convention which adopted the Constitution in 1787. His versatility decreased the time he could devote to authorship, but it increased the interest of everything which came from his pen. Lovers of literature will always read two of his works, the sayings from *Poor Richard's Almanac* and his *Autobiography*. In both of these the keen, practical commonsense of the man is displayed in a lively, readable style. In everything he did, Franklin strove to improve the conditions of everyday living. He bases all his ideas, all his opinions, all his advice upon the immediate problem of living honestly and well in one's earthly sphere. The virtues he recommends are the usual homely ones. The life he considers most desirable is based upon moderation and regularity.

In 1733 he began the publication of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, continuing it until 1758. In its main part this was merely an almanac. But in the blank spaces of the pages Franklin inserted a number of terse sayings of homely wisdom, many of which have become proverbs of our everyday life. These have been collected, so that you may rapidly con them over for your own delight. These few samples will whet your curiosity:

"Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead."

"Have you somewhat to do tomorrow, do it today."

"The sleeping fox catches no poultry."

"Tart words make no friends: a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar."

"It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright."

Franklin's worthiest contribution to American literature is his *Autobiography*, begun in 1771 and discontinued in 1788, only two years before his death. As its account of his life ends with 1757 it does not describe how he became the statesman, the representative in Europe, the honored guest of France. For nearly twenty years Franklin was abroad in various important capacities for his struggling nation. When he began the *Autobiography* he intended it for his family only, more particularly his son, who was then governor of New Jersey. For later portions a wider public was anticipated. Without conscious literary intention, the book is one of the truest expressions of early Americanism. Franklin's style—you should verify these qualities—has simplicity, clearness, humor, frankness. Selections from his writing will be found at the end of this section, page 430.

Orators and Political Writers. By 1760 it was plainly apparent that differences between the American colonies and the British government were growing in seriousness. A glance at a couple of chapters in any short history of America will refresh your knowledge of the various causes and progressive steps in these differences. The colonists were rapidly developing a consciousness of their own power, their own opportunities, their own identity of interest. Their leaders lost no opportunity to intensify these sentiments of independence by appeals in print and speech.

The people became intensely stirred by numerous pamphlets and political speeches. Many of these served the need of the moment and passed into the limbo of forgotten things. Others—both printed and spoken—have become landmarks in our national expansion. The men who wrote the articles and who moved audiences swept this country into the War of Independence in 1776, and then secured the organization of our instrument of government in 1787.

Orators arose in both North and South. James Otis in Massachusetts argued against repressive measures in a five-hour speech which induced one listener to declare that "American independence was then and there born." Otis aided the growing cause by writing as well as speaking.

In Virginia the greatest oratorical renown was gained by Patrick Henry (1736-1799). Before the First Continental Congress in 1774 he spoke for unity among the colonies; before the Virginia Convention of Delegates in 1775 he announced that the time for inaction was past. Up to this time most of the leaders of public thought had spoken cautiously. They asserted that unless something were done to change the policy of the mother country, war might follow. Patrick Henry accepted the prospects for struggle as inevitable when he declared, "I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

The spoken word may stir men's souls to immediate action, but its appeal is limited in the first place to the size of the audience. In all periods of political agitation and change the orators have been seconded and supported by the writers of essays, pamphlets, and documents. Seldom does this kind of discourse rise to the level of literature. Its importance is mainly historical or political or economic, waning with the lapse of time. Designed to serve a particular purpose, its usefulness ceases when the cause is won. At times, however, the writers of such ephemeral productions, because of the significance of their topics, the inherent greatness of their ideals, the force or beauty of their style, give to the world material which its readers decide shall not be forgotten. Receiving the approbation of succeeding generations, it becomes part of the literary heritage of the nation. Revolutionary America produced several such men whose names are still honored and whose writings are read and appreciated.

One of the most interesting of these was Thomas Paine (1737-1809). Benjamin Franklin met him in England, and, impressed by his ability, induced him to come to this land, where he became editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine.* Immediately imbued with the idea of independence, Paine in 1776 wrote a pamphlet entitled *Common Sense.* This helped immeasurably the Revolutionary cause. Its popularity was immediate and immense. Half a million copies must have been read here and in Europe. Throwing himself wholeheartedly into the cause of the patriots, Paine served in the army. To revive the sinking hopes of Americans he began to write at irregular intervals a series of "papers" under the title of *The Crisis.* Sixteen issues appeared. Their author spoke directly to the reader in forceful, plain language which no one could mistake. Rapid, common-sensed, logical, he impressed even dull minds with the truth of his assertions. Leaders were heartened and common soldiers were encouraged. Washington had the pamphlet read to the army at Valley Forge. Our general knowledge of the aims and achievements of these years unsuits us somewhat for the keenest appreciation of these pages, but no citizen today can fail to be thrilled again and again by the opening sentences. Think of their personal appeal to the men engaged in the struggle:

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he hat stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated.

When freedom had been won, the greater problem of inaugurating a stable government for the new nation engaged the minds of the leaders. Since the first experiment was not a success, the Constitution was drawn up. Not all the states were ready to accept this instrument of government; its supporters had to mold public opinion in its favor. This influence was wielded in a series of New York newspaper articles under the general title of *The Federalist*, 1787-1788. Most of them are the work of Alexander Hamilton, but several were written by James Madison, later President of the United States, and John Jay, first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The writings of these three learned men represent the highest type of political exposition. In style, they are simple and clear, as such writing should be, if intended for the great mass of readers. In matter, they form a keen analysis of the intentions and procedures of the new form of government. They show the basic principles of all forms of effective and just government. Students of history, investigators of social principles, general readers, find in these papers answers to many of their questions.

In an age when every leader was versatile, the most talented and brilliant was Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826). His career from college until his death touched the stirring events of the American War for Independence and the French Revolution. Another side of his intellectual activity is displayed by his founding of the University of Virginia, and his scheme of public education. His works fill ten volumes, but most of his writing had so restricted a theme or definite an application that we may disregard it now. His inaugural address (1801) ushered in a new era for our national existence, but in the main, its tenets are the reaffirmation of views he had already embodied in our greatest political document, *The Declaration of Independence*, for the final form of which he was chiefly responsible.

This remarkable state paper shows the two chief qualities of Jefferson's power, his knowledge of the general principles of justice, and his grasp of minute details. It does not rest its case upon mere general statements. While these are used in the beginning and the conclusion, they are supported by the long catalogue of abuses which the colonists pledge themselves to terminate. These concrete details, vital to the readers in those days when the struggle to form a new nation was a part of daily living, have small power over us now. But the great principles of human liberty that the Declaration embodies are of the innermost structure of our nation. The evils which threatened freedom in that day have given way to new foes. We shall never outgrow the Declaration of Independence; we shall forever need to make its doctrines a part of our faith, while we substitute for its stern arraignment of tyranny the names of whatever new tyrannies may spring up to endanger our liberties. Jefferson's ideas seem closer to ours than those of many of the Revolutionary authors, because in his mind were deeply rooted the ideas of real equality and consistent democracy, both of which have gained in popular acceptance during the years between.

This brief account of the political writings that marked those times that tried men's souls may close with the great name of Washington. Some of his letters, such as the one which he wrote on accepting the command of the American forces; his addresses, like the affecting farewell to the army and the famous "Farewell to the American People"; and his state papers, such as the inaugural addresses, show not only the greatness of Washington's character and the simplicity and dignity of his mind, but also his thought about America and her destinies. In this way Washing-

ton links the first period, FOUNDING THE NATION, with our second division, DEFINING THE NATION, for in the state papers and the "Farewell Address" he left counsels and interpretations that will be treasured as long as the nation shall last.

Literature of Fancy and Imagination. The predominant interest of the early colonial period, we have observed, was in the pioneer work of establishing homes and making a living in the new country. So far as this found written expression, it was in the form of chronicles, histories, and diaries. With the later colonial period, the chief intellectual interest, represented for the most part in New England, was in matters of theology as applied to the government of public and private life. This interest resulted in sermons and learned treatises such as those of the Mathers and of Jonathan Edwards. In eighteenth-century America there was increasing public attention to politics and to the other practical arts of life. The result was such work as that of Franklin and of the orators and statesmen already cited in this story. In all this long period, from the settlement of Jamestown to the inauguration of the first president of the new nation, there was little imaginative literature. Poetry, prose story, drama—these forms had to wait upon the establishment of settled conditions.

During the latter part of the century, however, the period of Revolution and the founding of constitutional government, we witness the faint beginnings of creative literature in America. Some account of these beginnings must now be given.

American verse slowly grew out of the rimed theology of the *Bay Psalm Book* and the *Day of Doom*, producing some patriotic lyrics much esteemed in their own day, some verse satires, and at length a small sheaf of Nature lyrics worthy of a modest place in our permanent literature. Three Yale men, connected with Hartford, Connecticut, and with Yale College, represent the patriotic verse, united with a few more ambitious attempts. John Trumbull (1750-1831) wrote "McFingal," a mock-heroic poem published in 1776. The poem takes its name from that of its chief character, a Tory magistrate who is opposed by one Honorius, champion of the people, perhaps a portrait of John Adams. It is really a political tract in verse, intended to unite American feeling against England and against the friends of England in the colonies. Joel Barlow (1754-1812) wrote a "Vision of Columbus" that he afterwards expanded into an epic called *The Columbiad*, in which the great explorer, taken from prison to a hill, sees a vision of the future greatness of America. Barlow also wrote an agreeable poem in three cantos, called "Hasty Pudding," in which he says that he will avoid the sources of inspiration used by former poets in order to celebrate a more humble theme:

> I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
> My morning incense, and my evening meal—
> The sweets of Hasty Pudding.
>
> * * *
>
> Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song
> Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue
> Could these mild morsels in my numbers chime,
> And, as they roll in substance, roll in rime,
> No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
> Should shun the music or prejudice thy fame;
> But, rising grateful to the accustomed ear,
> All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!

This he traces to its Indian ancestry, maintains its superiority to all other foods, tells how it should be prepared, and then goes into the subject of the planting and cultivation of the corn from which it is made, finally describing the bowl and even the spoon to be used in the eating. Timothy Dwight (1752-1817), the third of the "Hartford Wits," became president of Yale as well as a prolific poet. His most ambitious work is *The Conquest of Canaan*, an epic in eleven books, dedicated to General Washington, which ponderously turned Old Testament narratives into the epic form then popular. He also wrote, when a chaplain in Washington's army at West Point, a patriotic poem called "Columbia," the first stanza of which we quote:

> Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise.
> The queen of the world and the child of the skies!
> Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
> While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.

Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time;
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime.
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name;
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

Philip Freneau (1752-1832). The only real poet of Revolutionary times was Philip Freneau, whose life was a succession of interesting adventures. He was a schoolteacher, a sailor, a sea-captain, a war prisoner, a West Indian adventurer, an editor, and a poet. College-bred at Princeton, he aided American independence by satire after satire on the British cause. Bitter as was the feeling under these political attacks, there is a deal of excellent humor and boisterous fun scattered through them, but their interest is historical rather than literary.

Freneau's poetic ability was keen and sensitive. Although he drew upon the mass of English poetry, he made much of its spirit his own. English literary workers of this period were finding in the ordinary life and world close to them the subjects of their poetry. Freneau adopted this same plan. Impressed by the tropical wildness of the West Indies, he put the luxuriant foliage and brilliant colors into his verse. He also wrote many lyrics about life and Nature in the region near New York. For the first time the American Indian was treated in beautiful verse. Simple flowers were described in sensitive, natural poetry. Soldiers killed in battle were commemorated worthily.

Appreciation of Freneau's ability has increased since his death. Most of the excellent qualities we associate with the poetry of later, more renowned authors are perceptible in his much earlier poems. He loved the lowly aspects of Nature. He felt sympathy for the beautiful things about him. He could communicate his feelings to others through the medium of unaffected verse.

Other Prose and Verse of the Imagination. A few poems by Freneau are about the only examples of early American poetry that deserve to live, despite the great amount of versifying that had gone on in America since the days of the *Bay Psalm Book*. Much that was interesting in its own time is now forgotten with the passing of the life that gave it birth. We remember Joseph Hopkinson's "Hail, Columbia" because it is one of our small collection of patriotic songs, but few people now read a poem written by his father, Francis Hopkinson, although it was read by everybody in those stirring times. This poem, "The Battle of the Kegs," was inspired by an incident that occurred during General Howe's occupation of Philadelphia in 1777. Many ballads were produced during the Revolution; almost all of them are now forgotten except the fine "Hale in the Bush," written by an unknown author, to celebrate the heroism of Nathan Hale. You remember how it begins, and its stirring, patriotic close:

The breezes went steadily through the tall pines
A-saying, "Oh! hu-ush!" a-saying, "Oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

* * *

The faith of a martyr the tragedy showed,
As he trod the last stage, as he trod the last stage.
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage.

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants to you their allegiance they owe—
No fears for the brave, no fears for the brave!"

The closing years of the eighteenth century also saw many attempts at the writing of drama and fiction. When we remember that the English novel was just beginning to take modern form in the mother country, and that except for Goldsmith and Sheridan few English dramatists were producing work that has retained interest for us today, it is not surprising that the attempts of Americans to produce these two forms of literature failed of any very marked success. Perhaps the only American dramatist of the period worthy of mention here is Thomas Godfrey (1736-1763), a Philadelphian who spent his last years in North Carolina. Godfrey was a business man, not a professional author, but he left a number of lyrics, and a

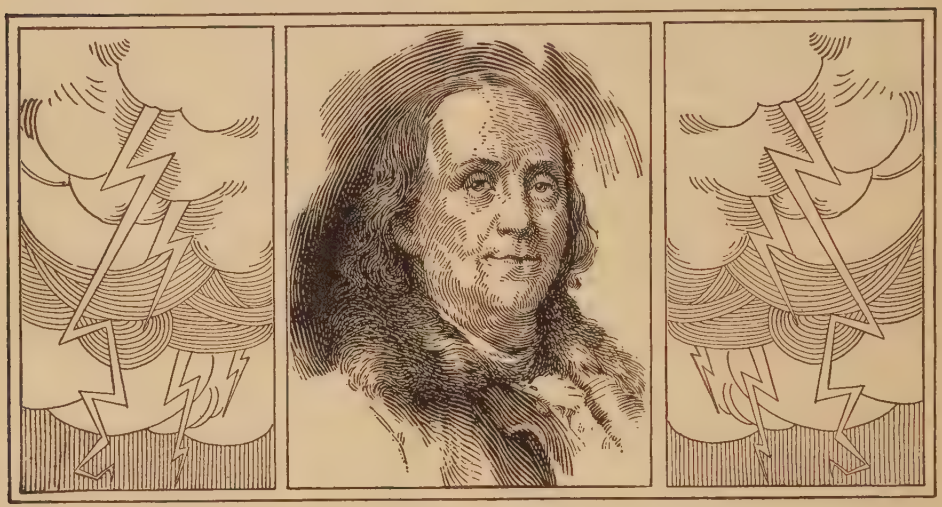
tragedy in blank verse, *The Prince of Parthia*. This is a very melodramatic play indeed, not strikingly original in plot or verse, but it contains some good lines, and it has historical interest as our first poetic tragedy. The case of fiction is somewhat better. Many writers tried their hands at story and novel, and one of these early novelists deserves more than passing mention.

Charles Brockden Brown (1771-1810) was a Philadelphia Quaker. A weak constitution, habits of solitude, love of reading, and romantic musings, disposed him to attempt to follow literature. His fondness for the mysterious reminds us of Hawthorne; his use of horror reminds us of Poe. At first Brown drew the tone of his creations from English fiction. Then he determined to deal frankly with native American subjects in the events of "Indian hostility and the perils of the Western wilderness." Of his six novels, written rapidly and published in close succession, the titles of only two are worth knowing, *Wieland* and *Edgar Huntley*. To illustrate the romantic unusualness and exaggeration of his plots a few details will suffice. In one book a man is killed by some mysterious force resembling spontaneous combustion. Unreal voices cause another to commit murder. The sub-title of one novel is *Memoirs of a Sleep Walker*. Scenes of agony and terror are provided in others by the writer's use of his own experiences and observations during a plague of yellow fever in Philadelphia.

Edgar Huntley is the first novel produced in this nation dealing with the primeval forest and its dusky inhabitants. While its incidents are overwrought, there are many passages in which genuinely interesting material is adequately treated. Few persons today read Brown's novels, yet most of us would find at least one a decided novelty. Readers of the Indian stories of James Fenimore Cooper should know the earlier author who first recognized the romantic value of these savages as material for fiction.

Summary of Founding the Nation. So ends our outline of the first period in the story of American Literature. This period covers nearly two centuries of time, a period almost double that of the entire history of the nation since the inauguration of the first president. It mentions only a few of the many writers who might be brought into the story. Almost all these writers were men of action, men whose chief interests in life were not at all literary. They had little time for writing. What they wrote was designed either to keep a record of what they and their fellows were doing, or to instruct their fellows in godly living, or to encourage them in times of political crisis and to inspire them to entrust their lives and their fortunes to the great experiment. They were not thinking of writing what later generations would delight to read, but only of their present needs. They had no leisure for the arts of life, nor for following the fortunes of imaginary characters through drama and romance. But the qualities of sincerity, forthright directness of purpose, and the desire to move men to action, are all qualities essential to the production of great literature. To these only beauty needed to be joined: beauty of expression, care in the choice of words, the perception of beauty in life. Some faint promises of this beauty we discern now and then, in paragraphs by Jonathan Edwards or in the lyrics of Philip Freneau. In the attempts of dramatists like Godfrey and of early novelists like Brockden Brown, we see an effort to realize a world of imaginary action, the complement of the world of real action. This was to create a literature of delight to readers not to be gained through the mere recounting of facts or through arguments in behalf of democratic government.

SELECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE PERIOD



EXTRACTS FROM
FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I. How Franklin Trained His Mind

[These extracts show some of the ingenious methods Franklin used for self-improvement.]

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with *The Pilgrim's Progress*, my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's *Historical Collections;* they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, forty or fifty in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's *Lives* there was, in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of Defoe's, called *An Essay on Projects*, and another of Dr. Mather's called *Essays to Do Good*, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his business in Boston. I liked

9. **chapmen's books**, books carried about for sale by peddlers.

18. **Plutarch**, a famous Greek biographer of the first century A. D. 22. **Defoe**, Daniel (1661–1731), author of *Robinson Crusoe*. 23. **Dr. Mather**, Cotton (1663–1728), American theologian and writer (see page 421).

it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces; my brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called "The Lighthouse Tragedy," and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters; the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard), the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub Street ballad style; and when they were printed, he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting one another, which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, is productive of disgusts and perhaps enmities where you may have occasion for friendship. I had caught it by reading my father's books of dispute about religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinburgh.

A question was once, somehow or other, started between Collins and me, of the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study. He was of opinion that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps a little for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, had a ready plenty of words; and sometimes, as I thought, bore me down more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we

8. **indenture**, a mutual agreement in writing. 11. **journeyman**, one who has learned a trade. 41. **Teach**, Edward, a notorious English pirate, captured in 1721. 48. **Grub Street**, a former London street, on which minor authors resided.

parted without settling the point, and were not to see one another again for some time, I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered, and I replied. Three or four letters of a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the discussion, he took occasion to talk to me about the manner of my writing; observed that, though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which I owed to the printing-house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method, and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks, and thence grew more attentive to the manner in writing, and determined to endeavor at improvement.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rime, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work, or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays.

* * *

I should have mentioned before, that, in the autumn of the preceding year, I had formed most of my ingenious acquaintance into a club of mutual improvement, which we called the Junto; we met on Friday evenings. The rules that I drew up required that every member, in his turn, should produce one or more queries on any point of Morals, Politics, or Natural Philosophy, to be discussed by the company; and once in three months produce and read an essay of his own writing, on any subject he pleased. Our debates were to be under the

14. pointing, punctuating. **24. Spectator**, a daily London journal of the eighteenth century, conducted by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele. It was devoted mainly to social satire.

direction of a president, and to be conducted in the sincere spirit of inquiry after truth, without fondness for dispute, or desire of victory; and, to prevent warmth, all expressions of positiveness in opinions, or direct contradiction, were after some time made contraband, and prohibited under small pecuniary penalties. . . . The club was the best school of philosophy, morality, and politics that then existed in the province; for our queries, which were read the week preceding their discussion, put us upon reading with attention upon the several subjects, that we might speak more to the purpose; and here, too, we acquired better habits of conversation, everything being studied in our rules which might prevent our disgusting each other.

II. Franklin as a Good Citizen

[These selections show some of Franklin's public-spirited activities.]

At the time I established myself in Pennsylvania, there was not a good bookseller's shop in any of the colonies to the southward of Boston. In New York and Philadelphia the printers were indeed stationers; they sold only paper, etc., almanacs, ballads, and a few common schoolbooks. Those who loved reading were obliged to send for their books from England; the members of the Junto had each a few. We had left the alehouse, where we first met, and hired a room to hold our club in. I proposed that we should all of us bring our books to that room, where they would not only be ready to consult in our conferences, but become a common benefit, each of us being at liberty to borrow such as he wished to read at home. This was accordingly done, and for some time contented us.

Finding the advantage of this little collection, I proposed to render the benefit from books more common, by commencing a public subscription library. I drew a sketch of the plan and rules that would be necessary, and got a skillful conveyancer, Mr. Charles Brockden, to put the whole in form of articles of agreement to be subscribed, by which each subscriber engaged to pay a certain sum down for the first purchase of books, and an annual contribution for increasing them. So few were the readers at that time in Philadelphia, and the majority of us so poor, that I was not able, with great industry, to find more than fifty persons, mostly young tradesmen, willing to pay down for this purpose forty shillings each, and ten shillings per annum. On this little fund we began. The books were imported; the library was opened one day in the week for lending to the subscribers, on their promissory notes to pay double the value if not duly returned. The institution soon manifested its utility, was imitated by other towns, and in other provinces. The libraries were augmented by donations; reading became fashionable; and our people, having no public amusements to divert their attention from study, became better acquainted with books, and in a few years were observed by strangers to be better instructed and more intelligent than people of the same rank generally are in other countries.

* * *

I began now to turn my thoughts a little to public affairs, beginning, however, with small matters. The city watch was one of the first things that I conceived to want regulation. It was managed by the constables of the respective wards in turn; the constable warned a number of housekeepers to attend him for the night. Those who chose never to attend paid him six shillings a year to be excused, which

was supposed to be for hiring substitutes, but was, in reality, much more than was necessary for that purpose, and made the constableship a place of profit; and the constable, for a little drink, often got such ragamuffins about him, as a watch, that respectable housekeepers did not choose to mix with. Walking the rounds, too, was often neglected, and most of the nights spent in tippling. I thereupon wrote a paper to be read in Junto, representing these irregularities, but insisting more particularly on the inequality of this six-shilling tax of the constables, respecting the circumstances of those who paid it, since a poor widow housekeeper, all whose property to be guarded by the watch did not perhaps exceed the value of fifty pounds, paid as much as the wealthiest merchant, who had thousands of pounds' worth of goods in his stores.

On the whole, I proposed as a more effectual watch the hiring of proper men to serve constantly in that business; and, as a more equitable way of supporting the charge, the levying a tax that should be proportioned to the property. This idea, being approved by the Junto, was communicated to the other clubs, but as arising in each of them; and though the plan was not immediately carried into execution, yet, by preparing the minds of people for the change, it paved the way for the law obtained a few years after, when the members of our clubs were grown into more influence.

* * *

In order of time I should have mentioned before that having, in 1742, invented an open stove for the better warming of rooms, and at the same time saving fuel, as the fresh air admitted was warmed in entering, I made a present of the model to Mr. Robert Grace, one of my early friends, who, having an iron-furnace, found the casting of the plates for these stoves a profitable thing, as they were growing in demand. To promote that demand, I wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled, "*An Account of the new-invented Pennsylvania Fireplaces: wherein their construction and manner of operation is particularly explained; their advantages above every other method of warming rooms demonstrated; and all objections that have been raised against the use of them answered and obviated,*" etc. This pamphlet had a good effect. Governor Thomas was so pleased with the construction of this stove, as described in it, that he offered to give me a patent for the sole vending of them for a term of years; but I declined it from a principle which has ever weighed with me on such occasions, viz., *That, as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours; and this we should do freely and generously.*

An ironmonger in London, however, assuming a good deal of my pamphlet, and working it up into his own, and making some small changes in the machine, which rather hurt its operation, got a patent for it there, and made, as I was told, a little fortune by it. And this is not the only instance of patents taken out for my inventions by others, though not always with the same success, which I never contested, as having no desire of profiting by patents myself, and hating disputes. The use of these fireplaces in very many houses, of this and the neighboring colonies, has been, and is a great saving of wood to the inhabitants.

Peace being concluded, and the association business therefore at an end, I turned my thoughts again to

92. **Peace**, etc., of 1748, following a war between England on the one side and France and Spain on the other.

the affair of establishing an academy. The first step I took was to associate in the design a number of active friends, of whom the Junto furnished a good part; the next was to write and publish a pamphlet, entitled *Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania.* This I distributed among the principal inhabitants gratis; and as soon as I could suppose their minds a little prepared by the perusal of it, I set on foot a subscription for opening and supporting an academy; it was to be paid in quotas yearly for five years. By so dividing it, I judged the subscription might be larger, and I believe it was so, amounting to no less, if I remember right, than five thousand pounds.

In the introduction to these proposals, I stated their publication, not as an act of mine, but of some *public-spirited gentlemen,* avoiding as much as I could, according to my usual rule, the presenting myself to the public as the author of any scheme for their benefit.

The subscribers, to carry the project into immediate execution, chose out of their number twenty-four trustees, and appointed Mr. Francis, then attorney-general, and myself to draw up constitutions for the government of the academy; which being done and signed, a house was hired, masters engaged, and the schools opened, I think, in the same year, 1749.

The scholars increasing fast, the house was soon found too small, and we were looking out for a piece of ground, properly situated, with intention to build, when Providence threw into our way a large house ready built, which, with a few alterations, might well serve our purpose.

* * *

The trustees of the academy, after a while, were incorporated by a charter from the governor; their funds were increased by contributions in Britain and grants of land from the proprietaries, to which the Assembly has since made considerable addition; and thus was established the present University of Philadelphia. I have been continued one of its trustees from the beginning, now near forty years, and have had the very great pleasure of seeing a number of the youth who have received their education in it, distinguished by their improved abilities, serviceable in public stations, and ornaments to their country.

When I disengaged myself, as above mentioned, from private business, I flattered myself that, by the sufficient, though moderate, fortune I had acquired, I had secured leisure during the rest of my life for philosophical studies and amusements. I purchased all Dr. Spence's apparatus, who had come from England to lecture here, and I proceeded in my electrical experiments with great alacrity; but the public, now considering me as a man of leisure, laid hold of me for their purposes, every part of our civil government, and almost at the same time, imposing some duty upon me. The governor put me into the commission of the peace; the corporation of the city chose me of the common council, and soon after an alderman; and the citizens at large chose me a burgess to represent them in Assembly. This latter station was the more agreeable to me, as I was at length tired with sitting there to hear debates, in which, as clerk, I could take no part, and which were often so unentertaining that I was induced to amuse myself with making magic squares or circles, or anything to avoid weariness; and I conceived my becoming a member would enlarge my power of doing good. I would not, however, insinuate that my ambition was not flattered by all

these promotions; it certainly was; for, considering my low beginning, they were great things to me; and they were still more pleasing, as being so many spontaneous testimonies of the public good opinion, and by me entirely unsolicited.

* * *

Our city, though laid out with a beautiful regularity, the streets large, straight, and crossing each other at right angles, had the disgrace of suffering those streets to remain long unpaved, and in wet weather the wheels of heavy carriages plowed them into a quagmire, so that it was difficult to cross them; and in dry weather the dust was offensive. I had lived near what was called the Jersey Market, and saw with pain the inhabitants wading in mud while purchasing their provisions. A strip of ground down the middle of that market was at length paved with brick, so that, being once in the market, they had firm footing, but were often over shoes in dirt to get there. By talking and writing on the subject, I was at length instrumental in getting the street paved with stone between the market and the bricked foot-pavement that was on each side next the houses. This, for some time, gave an easy access to the market dry-shod; but, the rest of the street not being paved, whenever a carriage came out of the mud upon this pavement, it shook off and left its dirt upon it, and it was soon covered with mire, which was not removed, the city as yet having no scavengers.

After some inquiry I found a poor, industrious man, who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean, by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off the dirt from before all the neighbors' doors, for the sum of sixpence per month, to be paid by each house. I then wrote and printed a paper setting forth the advantages to the neighborhood that might be obtained by this small expense; the greater ease in keeping our houses clean, so much dirt not being brought in by people's feet; the benefit to the shops by more custom, etc., etc., as buyers could more easily get at them; and by not having, in windy weather, the dust blown in upon their goods, etc., etc. I sent one of these papers to each house, and in a day or two went round to see who would subscribe an agreement to pay these sixpences; it was unanimously signed, and for a time well executed. All the inhabitants of the city were delighted with the cleanliness of the pavement that surrounded the market, it being a convenience to all, and this raised a general desire to have all the streets paved, and made the people more willing to submit to a tax for that purpose.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN FRANKLIN AND THE GOUT

Midnight, October 22, 1780

Franklin. Eh! Oh! Eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

Gout. Many things; you have ate and drank too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

Franklin. Who is it that accuses me?

Gout. It is I, even I, the Gout.

Franklin. What! my enemy in person?

Gout. No, not your enemy.

Franklin. I repeat it; my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name; you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world, that knows

74. **ate, drank.** These forms were not incorrect in Franklin's day.

me, will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

Gout. The world may think as it pleases; it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man who takes a reasonable degree of exercise would be too much for another who never takes any.

Franklin. I take—Eh! Oh!—as much exercise—Eh!—as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account, it would seem, Madam Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

Gout. Not a jot; your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active. You ought to walk or ride; or, if the weather prevents that, play at billiards. But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself with books, pamphlets, or newspapers, which commonly are not worth the reading. Yet you eat an inordinate breakfast, four dishes of tea with cream, and one or two buttered toasts, with slices of hung beef, which I fancy are not things the most easily digested. Immediately afterwards you sit down to write at your desk, or converse with persons who apply to you on business. Thus the time passes till one, without any kind of bodily exercise. But all this I could pardon in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition. But what is your practice after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends with whom you have dined would be the choice of men of sense; yours is to be fixed down to chess, where you are found engaged for two or three hours! This is your perpetual recreation, which is the least eligible of any for a sedentary man, because, instead of accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps to retard the circulation and obstruct internal secretions. Rapt in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution. What can be expected from such a course of living but a body replete with stagnant humors, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the Gout, did not occasionally bring you relief by agitating those humors, and so purifying or dissipating them? If it was in some nook or alley in Paris, deprived of walks, that you played awhile at chess after dinner, this might be excusable; but the same taste prevails with you in Passy, Auteuil, Montmartre, or Sanoy, places where there are the finest gardens and walks, a pure air, beautiful women, and most agreeable and instructive conversation; all which you might enjoy by frequenting the walks. But these are rejected for this abominable game of chess. Fie, then, Mr. Franklin! But amidst my instructions, I had almost forgot to administer my wholesome corrections; so take that twinge—and that.

Franklin. Oh! Eh! Oh! Ohhh! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches; but pray, madam, a truce with your corrections!

Gout. No, sir, no—I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your good—therefore—

Franklin. Oh! Ehhh!—It is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often, going out to dine and returning in my carriage.

72. **Passy**, etc., places in which Franklin lived or visited during his stay in France.

Gout. That, of all imaginable exercises, is the most slight and insignificant, if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs. By observing the degree of heat obtained by different kinds of motion, we may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus, for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all over; ride on horseback, the same effect will scarcely be perceived by four hours' round trotting; but if you loll in a carriage, such as you have mentioned, you may travel all day, and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by a fire. Flatter yourself then no longer that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence has appointed few to roll in carriages, while He has given to all a pair of legs, which are machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable. Be grateful, then, and make a proper use of yours. Would you know how they forward the circulation of your fluids, in the very action of transporting you from place to place, observe when you walk that all your weight is alternately thrown from one leg to the other; this occasions a great pressure on the vessels of the foot, and repels their contents; when relieved, by the weight being thrown on the other foot, the vessels of the first are allowed to replenish, and by a return of this weight, this repulsion again succeeds; thus accelerating the circulation of the blood. The heat produced in any given time depends on the degree of this acceleration; the fluids are shaken, the humors attenuated, the secretions facilitated, and all goes well; the cheeks are ruddy, and health is established. Behold your fair friend at Auteuil, a lady who received from bounteous Nature more really useful science than half a dozen such pretenders to philosophy as you have been able to extract from all your books. When she honors you with a visit, it is on foot. She walks all hours of the day, and leaves indolence, and its concomitant maladies, to be endured by her horses. In this see at once the preservative of her health and personal charms. But when you go to Auteuil, you must have your carriage, though it is no further from Passy to Auteuil than from Auteuil to Passy.

Franklin. Your reasonings grow very tiresome.

Gout. I stand corrected. I will be silent and continue my office; take that, and that.

Franklin. Oh! Ohh! Talk on, I pray you!

Gout. No, no; I have a good number of twinges for you tonight, and you may be sure of some more tomorrow.

Franklin. What, with such a fever! I shall go distracted. Oh! Eh! Can no one bear it for me?

Gout. Ask that of your horses; they have served you faithfully.

Franklin. How can you so cruelly sport with my torments?

Gout. Sport! I am very serious. I have here a list of offenses against your own health distinctly written, and can justify every stroke inflicted on you.

Franklin. Read it then.

Gout. It is too long a detail; but I will briefly mention some particulars.

Franklin. Proceed. I am all attention.

Gout. Do you remember how often you have promised yourself, the following morning, a walk in the grove of Boulogne, in the garden de la

48. **fair friend**, Madam Helvetius.

Muette, or in your own garden, and have violated your promise, alleging at one time it was too cold, at another too warm, too windy, too moist, or what else you pleased; when in truth it was too nothing but your insuperable love of ease?

Franklin. That I confess may have happened occasionally, probably ten times in a year.

Gout. Your confession is very far short of the truth; the gross amount is one hundred and ninety-nine times.

Franklin. Is it possible?

Gout. So possible that it is fact; you may rely on the accuracy of my statement. You know M. Brillon's gardens, and what fine walks they contain; you know the handsome flight of a hundred steps, which lead from the terrace above to the lawn below. You have been in the practice of visiting this amiable family twice a week, after dinner, and it is a maxim of your own that "a man may take as much exercise in walking a mile up and down stairs, as in ten on level ground." What an opportunity was here for you to have had exercise in both these ways! Did you embrace it, and how often?

Franklin. I cannot immediately answer that question.

Gout. I will do it for you; not once.

Franklin. Not once?

Gout. Even so. During the summer you went there at six o'clock. You found the charming lady with her lovely children and friends eager to walk with you, and entertain you with their agreeable conversation; and what has been your choice? Why, to sit on the terrace, satisfying yourself with the fine prospect, and passing your eye over the beauties of the garden below, without taking one step to descend and walk about in them. On the contrary, you call for tea and the chess-board; and lo! you are occupied in your seat till nine o'clock, and that besides two hours' play after dinner; and then, instead of walking home, which would have bestirred you a little, you step into your carriage. How absurd to suppose that all this carelessness can be reconcilable with health, without my interposition!

Franklin. I am convinced now of the justness of Poor Richard's remark, that "Our debts and our sins are always greater than we think for."

Gout. So it is. You philosophers are sages in your maxims, and fools in your conduct.

Franklin. But do you charge among my crimes that I return in a carriage from Mr. Brillon's?

Gout. Certainly; for, having been seated all the while, you cannot object the fatigue of the day, and cannot want therefore the relief of a carriage.

Franklin. What then would you have me do with my carriage?

Gout. Burn it if you choose; you would at least get heat out of it once this way; or, if you dislike that proposal, here's another for you; observe the poor peasants, who work in the vineyards and grounds about the villages of Passy, Auteuil, Chaillot, etc.; you may find every day, among these deserving creatures, four or five old men and women, bent and perhaps crippled by weight of years, and too long and too great labor. After a most fatiguing day, these people have to trudge a mile or two to their smoky huts. Order your coachman to set them down. This is an act that will be good for your soul; and, at the same time, after your visit to the Brillons', if you return on foot, that will be good for your body.

Franklin. Ah! how tiresome you are!

Gout. Well, then, to my office;

59. **Poor Richard**, Franklin's pen name in his publication, *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

it should not be forgotten that I am your physician. There.

Franklin. Ohhh! what a devil of a physician!

Gout. How ungrateful you are to say so! Is it not I who, in the character of your physician, have saved you from the palsy, dropsy, and apoplexy—one or other of which would have done for you long ago but for me.

Franklin. I submit, and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future; for, in my mind, one had better die than be cured so dolefully. Permit me just to hint that I have also not been unfriendly to *you.* I never feed physician or quack of any kind, to enter the list against you; if then you do not leave me to my repose, it may be said you are ungrateful, too.

Gout. I can scarcely acknowledge that as any objection. As to quacks, I despise them; they may kill you, indeed, but cannot injure me. And, as to regular physicians, they are at last convinced that the gout, in such a subject as you are, is no disease, but a remedy; and wherefore cure a remedy?—but to our business—there.

Franklin. Oh! oh!—for Heaven's sake leave me! and I promise faithfully never more to play at chess, but to take exercise daily, and live temperately.

Gout. I know you too well. You promise fair; but, after a few months of good health, you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten like the forms of last year's clouds. Let us then finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your *real friend.*

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THOMAS JEFFERSON

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide

new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government.

The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

[Here is given a list of the wrongs that have been suffered by the colonies at the hands of the British Government.]

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare: That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

* * *

7. present King, George III (1760-1820).

From THE FAREWELL TO THE ARMY

GEORGE WASHINGTON

It is not the meaning nor within the compass of this address to detail the hardships peculiarly incident to our service, or to describe the distresses which in several instances have resulted from the extremes of hunger and nakedness, combined with the rigors of an inclement season; nor is it necessary to dwell on the dark side of our past affairs. Every American officer and soldier must now console himself for any unpleasant circumstances which may have occurred, by a recollection of the uncommon scenes of which he has been called to act no inglorious part, and the astonishing events of which he has been a witness; events which have seldom, if ever before, taken place on the stage of human action, nor can they probably ever happen again. For who has before seen a disciplined army formed at once from such raw materials? Who, that was not a witness, could imagine that the most violent local prejudices would cease so soon; and that men, who came from the different parts of the continent, strongly disposed by the habits of education to despise and quarrel with each other, would instantly become but one patriotic band of brothers? Or who, that was not on the spot, can trace the steps by which such a wonderful revolution has been effected, and such a glorious period put to all our warlike toils?

It is universally acknowledged that the enlarged prospects of happiness, opened by the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, almost exceed the power of description. And shall not the brave men, who have contributed so essentially to these

inestimable acquisitions, retiring victorious from the field of war to the field of agriculture, participate in all the blessings which have been obtained? In such a republic, who will exclude them from the rights of citizens, and the fruits of their labor? In such a country, so happily circumstanced, the pursuits of commerce and the cultivation of the soil will unfold to industry the certain road to competence. To those hardy soldiers who are actuated by the spirit of adventure, the fisheries will afford ample and profitable employment, and the extensive and fertile regions of the West will yield a most happy asylum to those who, fond of domestic enjoyment, are seeking for personal independence. . . .

Everyone may rest assured that much, very much, of the future happiness of the officers and men will depend upon the wise and manly conduct which shall be adopted by them when they are mingled with the great body of the community. And although the General has so frequently given it as his opinion in the most public and explicit manner that, unless the principles of the federal government were properly supported, and the powers of the Union increased, the honor, dignity, and justice of the nation would be lost forever; yet he cannot help repeating on this occasion so interesting a sentiment, and leaving it as his last injunction to every officer and every soldier who may view the subject in the same serious point of light, to add his best endeavors to those of his worthy fellow-citizens toward effecting these great and valuable purposes. . . .

To the various branches of the army the General takes this last solemn opportunity of professing his inviolable attachment and friendship. He wishes more than bare professions were in his power; that he were really able to be useful to them all in future life. He flatters himself, however, that they will do him the justice to believe that whatever could with propriety be attempted by him has been done.

And being now to conclude these his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer in their behalf his recommendations to their grateful country, and his prayers to the God of armies. May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of Heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under the Divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others. With these wishes and his benediction, the commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene to him will be closed forever.

THE VALUE OF THE UNION

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

A firm Union will be of the utmost moment to the peace and liberty of the states, as a barrier against domestic faction and insurrection.

It is impossible to read the history of the petty republics of Greece and Italy without feeling sensations of horror and disgust at the distractions with which they were continually agitated, and at the rapid succession of revolutions, by which they were kept perpetually vibrating between the extremes of tyranny and anarchy. If they exhibit occasional calms, these only serve as short-lived contrasts to the furious storms that are to succeed. If now and then intervals of felicity

open themselves to view, we behold them with a mixture of regret, arising from the reflection that the pleasing scenes before us are soon to be overwhelmed by the tempestuous waves of sedition and party rage. If momentary rays of glory break forth from the gloom, while they dazzle us with a transient and fleeting brilliancy, they at the same time admonish us to lament that the vices of government should pervert the direction, and tarnish the luster of those bright talents and exalted endowments, for which the favored soils that produced them have been so justly celebrated.

From the disorders that disfigure the annals of those republics, the advocates of despotism have drawn arguments, not only against the forms of republican government, but against the very principles of civil liberty. They have decried all free governments, as inconsistent with the order of society, and have indulged themselves in malicious exultation over its friends and partisans. Happily for mankind, stupendous fabrics reared on the basis of liberty, which have flourished for ages, have in a few glorious instances refuted their gloomy sophisms. And, I trust, America will be the broad and solid foundation of other edifices not less magnificent, which will be equally permanent monuments of their error.

But it is not to be denied that the portraits they have sketched of republican government were too just copies of the originals from which they were taken. If it had been found impracticable to have devised models of a more perfect structure, the enlightened friends of liberty would have been obliged to abandon the cause of that species of government as indefensible. The science of politics, however, like most other sciences, has received great improvement. The efficacy of various principles is now well understood, which were either not known at all, or imperfectly known, to the ancients. The regular distribution of power into distinct departments—the introduction of legislative balances and checks—the institution of courts composed of judges holding their offices during good behavior—the representation of the people in the legislature, by deputies of their own election—these are either wholly new discoveries, or have made their principal progress toward perfection in modern times. They are means, and powerful means, by which the excellencies of republican government may be retained, and its imperfections lessened or avoided. To this catalogue of circumstances that tend to the amelioration of popular systems of civil government, I shall venture, however novel it may appear to some, to add one more, on a principle which has been made the foundation of an objection to the new Constitution: I mean the *enlargement* of the *orbit* within which such systems are to revolve, either in respect to the dimensions of a single state, or to the consolidation of several smaller states into one great confederacy. The latter is that which immediately concerns the object under consideration. It will, however, be of use to examine the principle in its application to a single state, which shall be attended to in another place.

The utility of a confederacy, as well to suppress faction and to guard the internal tranquillity of states as to increase their external force and security, is in reality not a new idea. It has been practiced upon in different countries and ages, and has received the sanction of the most approved writers on the subject of politics. . . .

A distinction more subtle than accurate has been raised between a

confederacy and a *consolidation* of the states. The essential characteristic of the first is said to be the restriction of its authority to the members in their collective capacities, without reaching to the individuals of whom they are composed. It is contended that the national council ought to have no concern with any object of internal administration. An exact equality of suffrage between the members has also been insisted upon as a leading feature of a Confederate Government. These positions are, in the main, arbitrary; they are supported neither by principle nor precedent. It has indeed happened that governments of this kind have generally operated in the manner which the distinction taken notice of supposes to be inherent in their nature; but there have been in most of them extensive exceptions to the practice, which serve to prove, as far as example will go, that there is no absolute rule on the subject. And it will be clearly shown, in the course of this investigation, that, as far as the principle contended for has prevailed, it has been the cause of incurable disorder and imbecility in the government.

The definition of a *Confederate Republic* seems simply to be "an assemblage of societies," or an association of two or more states into one state. The extent, modifications, and objects of the Federal authority are mere matters of discretion. So long as the separate organization of the members be not abolished—so long as it exists by a constitutional necessity for local purposes, though it should be in perfect subordination to the general authority of the Union—it would still be, in fact and in theory, an association of states, or a confederacy. The proposed Constitution, so far from implying an abolition of the state governments, makes them constituent parts of the national sovereignty, by allowing them a direct representation in the Senate, and leaves in their possession certain exclusive and very important portions of the sovereign power. This fully corresponds, in every rational import of the terms, with the idea of a Federal Government. . . .

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE AMERICANS

UNDER GENERAL GREENE, IN SOUTH CAROLINA, WHO FELL IN THE ACTION OF SEPTEMBER 8, 1781

PHILIP FRENEAU

At Eutaw Springs the valiant died;
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er—
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

If in this wreck of ruin they
Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
O smite your gentle breast, and say,
"The friends of freedom slumber here!"

Thou, who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
Sigh for the shepherds sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear;
'Tis not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear.

They saw their injured country's woe,
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear—but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering genius, Greene,
The Britons they compelled to fly;
None distant viewed the fatal plain,
None grieved in such a cause to die—

1. Eutaw Springs, a battle in South Carolina, 1781.

But, like the Parthians famed of old,
Who, flying, still their arrows threw,
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace our patriot band;
Though far from Nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
A brighter sunshine of their own.

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND

PHILIP FRENEAU

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands—
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that knows no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit—
Observe the swelling turf, and say
"They do not lie, but here they sit."

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half of wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen,
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer, a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

TO A KATYDID

PHILIP FRENEAU

In a branch of willow hid
Sings the evening Katydid;
From the lofty locust bough
Feeding on a drop of dew,
In her suit of green arrayed
Hear her singing in the shade,
"Katydid, Katydid, Katydid!"

While upon a leaf you tread,
Or repose your little head,
On your sheet of shadows laid,
All the day you nothing said;
Half the night your cheery tongue
Reveled out its little song,
Nothing else but "Katydid."

From your lodgings on the leaf
Did you utter joy or grief?
Did you only mean to say,
"I have had my summer's day,
And am passing, soon, away
To the grave of Katydid"—
Poor, unhappy Katydid!

But you would have uttered more
Had you known of Nature's power—
From the world when you retreat,
And a leaf's your winding sheet,
Long before your spirit fled,
Who can tell but Nature said,
"Live again, my Katydid!
Live and chatter, Katydid."

1. **Parthians**, a people of ancient Persia known for their peculiar method of fighting. In apparent flight, they turned round on their horses and shot back at their pursuers.

Tell me, what did Katy do?
Did she mean to trouble you?
Why was Katy not forbid
To trouble little Katydid?
Wrong indeed at you to fling,
Hurting no one while you sing
"Katydid! Katydid! Katydid!"

Why continue to complain?
Katy tells me, she again
Will not give you plague or pain—
Katy says you may be hid,
Katy will not go to bed
While you sing us "Katydid!
Katydid! Katydid! Katydid!"

But while singing, you forgot
To tell us what did Katy not;
Katy did not think of cold,
Flocks retiring to the fold,
Winter, with his wrinkles old,
Winter, that yourself foretold
When you gave us "Katydid."

Stay securely in your nest;
Katy, now, will do her best,
All she can to make you blest;
But you want no human aid—
Nature, when she formed you, said,
"Independent you are made,
My dear little Katydid;
Soon yourself must disappear
With the verdure of the year"—
And to go, we know not where,
With your song of "Katydid."

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

PHILIP FRENEAU

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet;
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Franklin

From *The Autobiography.* 1. In the first selection, Franklin tells how he learned to write. Be prepared to point out to the class the steps in this training and what he learned from each. What advice did his father give? What advantage did he gain from his study of the *Spectator*? The Junto was one of the earliest literary societies formed in America; how was it conducted? What excellent idea about the purpose of such discussions does Franklin express?

2. In what ways did the Junto become a means for general community service? Note the combination of idealism with practical service that Franklin's public life shows. Does the story of the Junto suggest any ways in which your literary society may increase its service to its members and to the community?

3. On page 424 you read that Franklin had "keen, practical common-sense." How does his reason for not patenting his stove (page 434) accord with this?

Dialogue with the Gout. What was Franklin's purpose in writing this dialogue? What other method might he have taken? Why is his method effective?

Jefferson

What have you learned from this selection about the following topics: (a) the rights of man; (b) the sources of government; (c) the powers and duties of government?

Washington

1. What is the subject of the first paragraph? Why does Washington not mention the victories won by the army? What "astonishing events" did he have in mind?

2. The second paragraph points out the occupations open to the soldiers; why did Washington do this? To what more serious subject does this paragraph lead? The years intervening between the end of the War and the adoption of the Constitution are sometimes called "The Critical Period"; does Washington show that he anticipated some of the dangers of this period?

Hamilton

In connection with this selection from *The Federalist*, read again what is said on page 426 about *The Federalist*, and about the dangers that confronted America in "The Critical Period" (page 448). The selection may be divided into two parts; find names for these parts, and determine where the first part ends and the second begins. On what general proposition does the author base the entire argument?

Freneau

To the Memory of the Brave Americans. Find in a history some details of General Greene's campaign in the South in 1781. This poem shows how Freneau was moved by the story of Eutaw Springs. The poem is an elegy—not a ballad. Show why this is so. What difference in treatment would have been necessary if the poet had planned to write a ballad?

The Indian Burying Ground. What conception of the after-life did the Indians hold? Explain "Not so," in line 5. Explain lines 31-32. Two lines in this poem have been very much admired; see if you can determine which they are.

To a Katydid. Do you find any humor in this poem? What thought of sadness is also present?

The Wild Honeysuckle. 1. This poem may be compared with other poems about flowers that you know. Do any of these express also the idea of the passing of life and beauty? Is this thought found in Freneau's other poems?

2. Commit to memory several lines or a stanza from this poem, or from one of the other poems by Freneau. Find illustrations in this group of poems of the characteristics of Freneau mentioned in the sketch of him given in the first part of this chapter (page 428).

Theme Topics. 1. Make a report on "Franklin as a Good Citizen," or "Franklin as a Humorist," using the selections in the text, and others if possible. 2. Write in dialogue form an argument in favor of some sport you like, or in favor of participation in a literary society, or on some other subject in which you may be interested. Before you write, study the methods by which Franklin made his dialogue interesting, and use some of these methods yourself. 3. Make a report on some ways in which debating in your school might be improved. 4. Relate some incident of the World War which might inspire a poet of the present time as Freneau was inspired by an incident of the Revolution.

Library Reading. A mass of material for reading in our colonial literature is to be found in Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature.* The histories of American literature by M. C. Tyler and by C. F. Richardson contain many biographical details and also liberal extracts from the writings of early authors. A convenient and interesting collection of the writings, with biographical notes, is to be found in the three small volumes entitled *Colonial Prose and Poetry*, edited by W. P. Trent. Most of the authors mentioned in the text are represented in Newcomer and Andrews' *Three Centuries of American Literature.* For the historical background any good histories of the period may be used. Of particular interest are the several volumes written by John Fiske; these are themselves literature, not mere chronicles, and they tell a fascinating story in simple language.

If the pupil has not done so earlier, this should be the time for a complete reading of Franklin's *Autobiography*, and extracts from *Poor Richard's Almanac.*

CHAPTER TWO

DEFINING THE NATION

With the inauguration of Washington, in 1789, the first phase in the history of our nation was complete, although the thirteenth colony did not ratify the covenant until 1790. The interval between the end of the war with England and the actual institution of the new government has been called "The Critical Period," because although the colonies were free and had a form of government (the Articles of Confederation) it was many times doubtful whether a truly national organization could be secured. Jealousies among the states, the conflicting claims of some of the large states to the immense territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, a widespread disbelief in popular government—these were some of the difficulties in the way of changing a loose confederation into a united nation. Even after the Ordinance of 1787 had settled the territorial question, and the ratification of the Constitution and the election of the first president had set up the new government, much remained to be done.

The population in 1800 was a little over five millions. Nine-tenths of the people lived east of the Alleghanies, and most of these lived not far from the sea-coast. Even the land east of the mountains was sparsely settled. Communication was difficult. Three days were required for the journey from Boston to New York, and if the traveler wished to go on to Philadelphia, then the largest city in the country, two more days were required. The westward movement across the mountains to the Ohio Valley began in 1787. In 1803 the vast Louisiana Territory was added to the national domain, and the great stage of the American continent, still dark except for glimmers of light from a few pioneer settlements, was gradually emerging into view, ready for the millions of actors who were to come, and for the great story of American progress that was to be presented.

The half century that followed the drafting of the Constitution in 1787 may be called the period of DEFINING THE NATION. The sources of authority; the great territory which the nation was to occupy, with the problems of communication and government involved in such a stupendous development; the relations of the United States to foreign powers, such as France and England, with the new and complex problems that resulted; the rise of party government and the conflicting claims of sectional and state feeling—these are a few of the many problems the settlement of which gave maturity to the nation and clear-cut definition of its meaning and destiny. Such papers as *The Federalist* and the messages and addresses of Washington which have already been cited helped define the nation. Such orations as those delivered by Webster at Bunker Hill in 1825 and at the Washington Centennial in 1832 were also significant definitions of the meaning of America.

Most of these matters belong mainly to our political and social history, and you will study them, in greater detail, in some other book. What is important here is for you to think of them as steps in a great process that was going on in many forms, and as a means for understanding the significance of the new literature that was born with the new nation. Our immediate problem, here, is to see how this literature helped *to define the nation.*

In the colonial and revolutionary periods, as we have seen, conditions were not favorable to the writing of pure literature. The institution of the settled government, the increasing confidence that the great experiment would succeed, brought about a change. The lives of the famous writers whose work we are to study in this chapter do not fall entirely within the half century from 1787 to 1837, but most of their distinctive work was written in that period.

They were the first to give us a truly national literature; to make the influence of this literature felt across the sea; and to write about America's past, about the legends and traditions of America, and about the romantic beauty of American scenes in such a way as to help their readers realize the nation as something more than a novel form of government.

How this was done the following pages will help you to see. Leisure to cultivate and enjoy the arts, to establish intellectual contacts with the older civilizations of Europe, to interpret life in terms neither theological nor political but in terms of beauty, was now at hand. But these arts, these intellectual contacts, this interpretation, had to be American, not imitations of Europe. It was a long process, this securing of intellectual independence. One cannot set a date for its completion, as one learns the date of the Declaration of Independence, but Emerson's address, "The American Scholar," delivered in 1837, set forth the duty of self-reliance in thinking, the necessity for America to produce her own philosophy, her own scholarship, her own literature, and the invitation to press on to new discoveries and inventions as the pioneers were pushing the frontiers of our territory daily farther west. Thus we should become a nation of men.

Let us now trace the operation of these impulses in the work of a group of writers of whom the greatest were Irving, Cooper, and Bryant.

WASHINGTON IRVING
(1783-1859)

In 1820 a celebrated Englishman asked, "Who reads an American book?" A few years later such an ironical question would have been impossible, because American literature had impressed not only England but continental Europe as well. Sir Walter Scott was glad to recommend the manuscripts of Washington Irving to publishers, and French and Russians were reveling in the American Indian romances of James Fenimore Cooper.

Irving was born in New York in 1783. Named for the patriot soldier, he was shown by his nurse to the great man, who gravely stroked his head. Irving picked up about as much as most boys do in school until he was sixteen. Delicate health prevented his attending college, and the resultant leisure allowed him to wander about the fascinating district of the lower Hudson River, to cultivate all sorts of water-front acquaintances, to patronize the theater in spite of parental disapproval, and to explore the romantic scenery of the Highlands near New York. Law, which he studied, bored him. He associated himself with his brothers in their inherited cutlery business. So tangled did the affairs of the firm become by the War of 1812 that he went to England to try to straighten them out. He remained abroad for seventeen years.

Before this he had made successful ventures into the world of literature. A fondness for "the good old days and the good old things" marks these early efforts. He signed some of his earliest papers "Jonathan Oldstyle" and imitated in them and in others, qualities of famous English essayists of exactly a century before.

Irving's fund of humor had an element of practical joking in it which he utilized in launching his first real book. In 1809 a newspaper printed an account of the disappearance of one Diedrich Knickerbocker from his boarding house. Later the landlord printed an advertisement to the effect that unless the lodger returned by a certain date to pay his bill, a manuscript he had left behind would be printed to cover his arrears. The book then appeared—*The History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker*. It purports to be a veracious account of the Dutch control of New Amsterdam from the time of Hendrick Hudson to the capture by the English under the Duke of York in 1664.

Upon the slenderest thread of history Irving strings the most delightful humor, exaggerating the petty virtues and faults of the peculiar settlers until the result is laughable caricature. In reality, it is not history, but burlesque romance, written in the style of the famous *Don Quixote*. It is one of the masterpieces of American humor.

The next period of Irving's productiveness is no less native American in all qualities, although he wrote in England. Three books of a single kind belong to this period: *The Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and *Tales of a Traveler*.

In the first, Irving drew upon both English and American life for his themes. The old-world atmosphere of his surroundings entranced him. Such titles as "Little Britain," "Christmas Eve," "Westminster Abbey," still charm readers. Much more significant are legends that he attached to the Hudson River Country—"Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," two compositions which for originality of conception and quaintness of treatment have never been surpassed. He deeply loved the romantic scenery of Westchester, the Hudson Highlands, and the Catskills. This region of surpassing natural beauty seemed to him to match the region of the Rhine, the quiet English countryside, and the romantic beauty of the English lakes. But about these regions in the old world hung an atmosphere of tradition that the newer America could not supply. Even in city life he felt the same lack. London he saw was rich in the tradition of centuries; New York lacked tradition. So in such legends as those of Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane he took a slender thread of local story, enriched it by drawing on his wide knowledge of European legend and folklore, and gave the region he loved a tradition to match its natural beauty, just as in his story of the Dutch founding of New York he had given vitality and interest to the old chronicles by imagining such delightful stories that they became as true as tradition itself.

The immediate success of *The Sketch Book* on both sides of the Atlantic encouraged Irving to follow at once with *Bracebridge Hall*, in which the same double interest is maintained. The third, *Tales of a Traveler*, is divided into four sections, each containing a group of stories linked by common themes or by a party of story tellers. The French, English, and Italian parts are followed by one dealing with old New York —Irving was still drawing upon his lucrative mine. Readers who compare diligently will be conscious in the last book of a drop below the high level of the first. At this time, fortunately, a new influence aroused Irving's creative power to embody the romantic past of Spain, where he went in 1826.

If you have read the introductory remarks to *Quentin Durward* you know that Spain has at all times provided the essentials of romance. Invited to translate some documents for the American embassy, Irving became fascinated by the past history and the colorfulness of the land. In several volumes, three of which are especially important, he treated Spanish subjects from the past or the life about him. *The Life of Columbus*, while not a severely accurate historical study, is a carefully verified, attractively written, serviceable biography. *The Conquest of Granada* recounts the struggle of the Spaniards against the Moors, who, having surged across from northern Africa, almost succeeded in conquering the entire peninsula of Spain. The deeds of valor, the gorgeous costumes, the pomp, the processions, the knights, were the kind of details which elicited what would have proved the best writing of the author, had he told the story in his own person. But he too ingeniously put his narrative into the form of a chronicle written by an old monk. This substitution of a fictitious author worked very well in *The History of New York*, but in the present instance weakened the effect of reality in the book. Spanish influence on Irving produced a signal success in *The Alhambra*, named after the Moorish palace, which remains for all time the mark of the oriental invasion of western Europe. Love of the locality and residence within the palace walls steeped Irving in the legends, the history, the picturesqueness of the place. Linked by common material, the descriptions, sketches, and tales produce impressions of similarity in variety. Often

explained as a Spanish Sketch Book, the collection is almost the equal of the earlier volume.

After Irving returned to the United States in 1832 he was acknowledged as the most eminent literary figure of the nation. Between this year and his death in 1859 he wrote a great deal, but we need cite here only two of these books—his *Life of Goldsmith* and his *Life of Washington*. For the subject of the first of these Irving had a sympathetic understanding. It has already been noted that one of the early literary influences upon him was the English literature of the eighteenth century. His nature was not unlike Goldsmith's; his quiet humor, his broad sympathy, his well-regulated simplicity, are reflections of kindred traits of the Irishman who retained his originality in spite of English regularity all about him. Those who read this short biography will always remember the delightful subject and his delineator.

In addition to showing the qualities of the first American which fitted him to lead the colonies through revolution to safety, the *Life of Washington* is almost a history of the War for Independence. The reader of today finds it rather long, for it stretches to eight volumes. In it are vivid pictures of the behavior of Washington amid the circumstances of the war and stirring accounts of the changing events of the struggle. Irving completed the last volume of this great biography on his seventy-sixth birthday, and the printed book was placed in his hands a short time before his death. It was a fitting close for a life as truly valuable to his country as that of any Revolutionary patriot. For Irving first showed to Europe that the new nation was destined to produce a worthy national literature as well as a unique system of government. He also revealed to his countrymen the charm and culture of the older European civilization.

A certain unity, born of intense patriotism, runs through all his works. The history of New York and the legends of *The Sketch Book* sprang from his desire to give this new country a body of story and legend like the famous traditions of Europe. His writings about Spain, and the life of Columbus, sprang from his interest in the discovery of the New World. His biography of Washington was a vivid story of the founding of the nation. All these writings possessed a beauty and charm previously unknown in American Literature. They helped to *define* America to Europeans. They also helped to define America to Irving's countrymen by showing them the value and interest of our native legends, by treating some of our colonial beginnings for their imaginative quality, by joining romantic charm to the history of the relations of Spain to the New World, and, finally, by giving us a biography of the greatest American as the center of the struggle that won our independence.

SELECTIONS FROM IRVING

KNICKERBOCKER HISTORY

BOOK III, CHAPTER III

How the Town of New Amsterdam arose out of mud, and came to be marvelously polished and polite—together with a picture of the manners of our great-great-grandfathers.

* * *

Manifold are the tastes and dispositions of the enlightened *literati* who turn over the pages of history. Some there be whose hearts are brimful of the yeast of courage, and whose bosoms do work and swell and foam with untried valor, like a barrel of new cider or a trainband captain fresh from under the hands of his tailor. This doughty class of readers can be satisfied with nothing but bloody battles and horrible encounters; they must be continually storming forts, sacking cities, springing mines, march-

ing up to the muzzles of cannon, charging bayonet through every page, and reveling in gunpowder and carnage. Others, who are of a less martial but equally ardent imagination, and who, withal, are a little given to the marvelous, will dwell with wondrous satisfaction on descriptions of prodigies, unheard-of events, hairbreadth escapes, hardy adventures, and all those astonishing narrations which just amble along the boundary-line of possibility. A third class, who, not to speak slightly of them, are of a lighter turn, and skim over the records of past times as they do over the edifying pages of a novel, merely for relaxation and innocent amusement, do singularly delight in treasons, executions, Sabine rapes, Tarquin outrages, conflagrations, murders, and all the other catalogue of hideous crimes, which, like cayenne in cookery, do give a pungency and flavor to the dull detail of history. While a fourth class, of more philosophic habits, do diligently pore over the musty chronicles of time, to investigate the operations of the human kind and watch the gradual changes in men and manners effected by the progress of knowledge, the vicissitudes of events, or the influence of situation.

If the three first classes find but little wherewithal to solace themselves in the tranquil reign of Wouter Van Twiller, I entreat them to exert their patience for a while, and bear with the tedious picture of happiness, prosperity, and peace which my duty as a faithful historian obliges me to draw; and I promise them that as soon as I can possibly alight upon anything horrible, uncommon, or impossible, it shall go hard but I will make it afford them entertainment. This being premised, I turn with great complacency to the fourth class of my readers, who are men, or, if possible, women, after my own heart; grave, philosophical, and investigating, fond of analyzing characters, of taking a start from first causes, and so hunting a nation down through all the mazes of innovation and improvement. Such will naturally be anxious to witness the first development of the newly-hatched colony and the primitive manners and customs prevalent among its inhabitants during the halcyon reign of Van Twiller, or the Doubter.

I will not grieve their patience, however, by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New Amsterdam. Their own imaginations will doubtless present to them the good burghers, like so many painstaking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labors; they will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log hut to the stately Dutch mansion with brick front, glazed windows, and tiled roof; from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage-garden; and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous burgomaster. In a word, they will picture to themselves the steady, silent, and undeviating march of prosperity incident to a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry.

The sage council, as has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city—the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar

20. **Sabine rapes.** The men of early Rome, desiring wives, invited a neighboring people, the Sabines, to a celebration of games. While the guests were engaged in watching the contests, a number of their maidens were carried off by the Roman youths. **Tarquin outrages.** According to Roman legend, the royal family of the Tarquins was expelled from Rome on account of the misdeeds of one of its members.

65. **New Amsterdam,** the former name of New York City, under the Dutch.

charge, and as they went to and from pasture established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses—which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor, the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways that every man could have a wind to his mind; the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy and the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, New Year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal that it was ofttimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water, insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids; but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, what is a worse, a willful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor was the *sanctum sanctorum* where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves and rhomboids with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace—the window-shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most gen-

72. **sanctum sanctorum**, "holy of holies."

erally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled round the fire one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white—nay, even the very cat and dog—enjoyed a community of privilege and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the *goede vrouw* on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hairbreadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But, though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes—or *noblesse*—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock and went away about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish well stored with slices of fat pork fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company, being seated round the genial board and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or *olykoeks*—a delicious kind of cake at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic

18. **goede vrouw**, good wife.

49. **noblesse**, nobility. 79. **delft**, pottery made in Delft, Holland. 88. **macaronies**, dandies.

old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth —an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting; no gambling of old ladies nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones; no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets; nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *Yah, Mynheer*, or *Yah, ya, Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them, behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated, wherein sundry passages of Scriptures were piously portrayed: Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages—that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had provided them—excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present; if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

8. **Communipaw**, etc., names still preserved in Greater New York. 36. **Tobit**, a character in one of the books of the Apochrypha. 37. **Haman**, a Persian courtier of the fifth century B. C., who was hanged on the gallows. See *Esther* iii–vii.

CHAPTER IX

How the Fort Goed Hoop was fearfully beleaguered—how the renowned Wouter fell into a profound doubt, and how he finally evaporated.

I have already noticed, in a former chapter of my history, that the territories of the Nieuw Nederlandts extended on the east, quite to the Varsche, or fresh, or Connecticut River. Here, at an early period, had been established a frontier post on the bank of the river, and called Fort Goed Hoop, not far from the site of the present fair city of Hartford. It was placed under the command of Jacobus Van Curlet, or Curlis, as some historians will have it—a doughty soldier, of that stomachful class famous for eating all they kill. He was long in the body and short in the limb, as though a tall man's body had been mounted on a little man's legs. He made up for this turnspit construction by striding to such an extent that you would have sworn he had on the seven-leagued boots of Jack the Giant-killer; and so high did he tread on parade that his soldiers were sometimes alarmed lest he should trample himself under foot.

But notwithstanding the erection of

this fort and the appointment of this ugly little man of war as commander, the Yankees continued the interlopings hinted at in my last chapter, and at length had the audacity to *squat* themselves down within the jurisdiction of Fort Goed Hoop.

The long-bodied Van Curlet protested with great spirit against these unwarrantable encroachments, couching his protest in Low Dutch, by way of inspiring more terror, and forthwith dispatched a copy of the protest to the governor at New Amsterdam, together with a long and bitter account of the aggressions of the enemy. This done, he ordered his men, one and all, to be of good cheer, shut the gate of the fort, smoked three pipes, went to bed, and awaited the result with a resolute and intrepid tranquillity that greatly animated his adherents, and no doubt struck sore dismay and affright into the hearts of the enemy.

Now it came to pass that about this time the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, full of years and honors, and council-dinners, had reached that period of life and faculty which, according to the great Gulliver, entitles a man to admission into the ancient order of Struldbrugs. He employed his time in smoking his Turkish pipe, amid an assemblage of sages, equally enlightened and nearly as venerable as himself, and who, for their silence, their gravity, their wisdom, and their cautious averseness to coming to any conclusion in business, are only to be equaled by certain profound corporations which I have known in my time. Upon reading the protest of the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet, therefore, His Excellency fell straightway into one of the deepest doubts that ever he was known to encounter; his capacious head gradually drooped on his chest, he closed his eyes, and inclined his ear to one side, as if listening with great attention to the discussion that was going on in his belly—and which all who knew him declared to be the huge court-house or council-chamber of his thoughts, forming to his head what the House of Representatives does to the Senate. An inarticulate sound, very much resembling a snore, occasionally escaped him; but the nature of this internal cogitation was never known, as he never opened his lips on the subject to man, woman, or child. In the meantime, the protest of Van Curlet lay quietly on the table, where it served to light the pipes of the venerable sages assembled in council; and in the great smoke which they raised, the gallant Jacobus, his protest, and his mighty Fort Goed Hoop were soon as completely beclouded and forgotten as is a question of emergency swallowed up in the speeches and resolutions of a modern session of Congress.

There are certain emergencies when your profound legislators and sage deliberative councils are mightily in the way of a nation, and when an ounce of harebrained decision is worth a pound of sage doubt and cautious discussion. Such, at least, was the case at present; for, while the renowned Wouter Van Twiller was daily battling with his doubts, and his resolution growing weaker and weaker in the contest, the enemy pushed farther and farther into his territories, and assumed a most formidable appearance in the neighborhood of Fort Goed Hoop. Here they founded the mighty town of Pyquag, or, as it has since been called, Weathersfield, a place which, if we may credit the assertions of that worthy historian, John Josselyn, Gent., "hath been infamous by reason of the witches therein." And so daring did these men of Pyquag become that they extended those plantations of onions, for which their

town is illustrious, under the very noses of the garrison of Fort Goed Hoop, insomuch that the honest Dutchmen could not look toward that quarter without tears in their eyes.

This crying injustice was regarded with proper indignation by the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet. He absolutely trembled with the violence of his choler and the exacerbations of his valor, which were the more turbulent in their workings from the length of the body in which they were agitated. He forthwith proceeded to strengthen his redoubts, heighten his breastworks, deepen his fosse, and fortify his position with a double row of abatis; after which he dispatched a fresh courier with accounts of his perilous situation.

The courier chosen to bear the despatches was a fat, oily, little man, as being less liable to be worn out, or to lose leather on the journey; and to insure his speed, he was mounted on the fleetest wagon-horse in the garrison, remarkable for length of limb, largeness of bone, and hardness of trot, and so tall that the little messenger was obliged to climb on his back by means of his tail and crupper. Such extraordinary speed did he make that he arrived at Fort Amsterdam in a little less than a month, though the distance was full two hundred pipes, or about one hundred and twenty miles.

With an appearance of great hurry and business, and smoking a short traveling-pipe, he proceeded on a long swing-trot through the muddy lanes of the metropolis, demolishing whole batches of dirt-pies which the little Dutch children were making in the road; and for which kind of pastry the children of this city have ever been famous. On arriving at the governor's house, he climbed down from his steed, roused the gray-headed door-keeper, old Skaats, who, like his lineal descendant and faithful representative, the venerable crier of our court, was nodding at his post, rattled at the door of the council-chamber, and startled the members as they were dozing over a plan for establishing a public market.

At that very moment a gentle grunt, or rather a deep-drawn snore, was heard from the chair of the governor; a whiff of smoke was at the same instant observed to escape from his lips, and a light cloud to ascend from the bowl of his pipe. The council, of course, supposed him engaged in deep sleep, for the good of the community, and according to custom in all such cases established, every man bawled out silence, when, of a sudden, the door flew open, and the little courier straddled into the apartment, cased to the middle in a pair of Hessian boots, which he had got into for the sake of expedition. In his right hand he held forth the ominous dispatches, and with his left he grasped firmly the waistband of his galligaskins, which had unfortunately given way in the exertion of descending from his horse. He stumped resolutely up to the governor, and with more hurry than perspicuity delivered his message. But fortunately his ill tidings came too late to ruffle the tranquillity of this most tranquil of rulers. His venerable Excellency had just breathed and smoked his last —his lungs and his pipe having been exhausted together, and his peaceful soul having escaped in the last whiff that curled from his tobacco pipe. In a word, the renowned Walter the Doubter, who had so often slumbered with his contemporaries, now slept with his fathers, and Wilhelmus Kieft governed in his stead.

73. Hessian, German.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON

VOLUME III, CHAPTER XXVII

Winter had now set in with all its severity. The troops, worn down by long and hard service, had need of repose. Poorly clad, also, and almost destitute of blankets, they required a warmer shelter than mere tents against the inclemencies of the season. The nearest towns which would afford winter-quarters were Lancaster, York, and Carlisle; but should the army retire to any one of these, a large and fertile district would be exposed to be foraged by the foe, and its inhabitants, perhaps, to be dragooned into submission.

Much anxiety was felt by the Pennsylvania Legislature on the subject, who were desirous that the army should remain in the field. General Reed, in a letter to the president of that body, writes: "A line of winter-quarters had been proposed and supported by some of his [Washington's] principal officers; but I believe I may assure you he will not come into it, but take post as near the enemy, and cover as much of the country as the nakedness and wretched condition of some part of the army will admit. To keep the field entirely is impracticable, and so you would think if you saw the plight we were in. You will soon know the plan, and as it has been adopted principally upon the opinions of the gentlemen of this state, I hope it will give satisfaction to you and the gentlemen around you. If it is not doing what we would, it is doing what we can; and I must say the general has shown a truly feeling and patriotic respect for us on this occasion, in which you would agree with me, if you knew all the circumstances."

The plan adopted by Washington, after holding a council of war, and weighing the discordant opinions of his officers, was to hut the army for the winter at Valley Forge, in Chester County, on the west side of the Schuylkill, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. Here he would be able to keep a vigilant eye on that city, and at the same time protect a great extent of country.

Sad and dreary was the march to Valley Forge; uncheered by the recollection of any recent triumph, as was the march to winter-quarters in the preceding year. Hungry and cold were the poor fellows who had so long been keeping the field; for provisions were scant, clothing worn out, and so badly off were they for shoes that the footsteps of many might be tracked in blood. Yet at this very time, we are told, "hogsheads of shoes, stockings, and clothing were lying at different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for want of teams, or of money to pay the teamsters."

Such were the consequences of the derangement of the commissariat.

Arrived at Valley Forge on the seventeenth, the troops had still to brave the wintry weather in their tents, until they could cut down trees and construct huts for their accommodation. Those who were on the sick list had to seek temporary shelter wherever it could be found among the farmers of the neighborhood. According to the regulations in the orderly book, each hut was to be fourteen feet by sixteen, with walls of logs filled in with clay, six feet and a half high; the fireplaces were of logs plastered; and logs split into rude planks or slabs furnished the roofing. A hut was allotted to twelve non-commissioned officers and soldiers. A general officer had a hut to himself. The same was allowed to the staff of each brigade and regiment, and the field-officer of each regiment; and a hut to the commissioned officers of

each company. The huts of the soldiery fronted on streets. Those of the officers formed a line in the rear, and the encampment gradually assumed the look of a rude military village.

Scarce had the troops been two days employed in these labors, when, before daybreak on the twenty-second, word was brought that a body of the enemy had made a sortie toward Chester, apparently on a foraging expedition. Washington issued orders to Generals Huntington and Varnum to hold their troops in readiness to march against them. Their replies bespeak the forlorn state of the army. "Fighting will be far preferable to starving," writes Huntington. "My brigade are out of provisions, nor can the commissary obtain any meat. I have used every argument my imagination can invent to make the soldiers easy, but I despair of being able to do it much longer."

"It's a very pleasing circumstance to the division under my command," writes Varnum, "that there is a probability of their marching; three days successively we have been destitute of bread. Two days we have been entirely without meat. The men must be supplied, or they cannot be commanded."

In fact, a dangerous mutiny had broken out among the famishing troops in the preceding night, which their officers had had great difficulty in quelling.

Washington instantly wrote to the President of Congress on the subject. "I do not know from what cause this alarming deficiency, or rather total failure, of supplies arises; but unless more vigorous exertions and better regulations take place in that line (the commissaries' department) immediately, the army must dissolve. I have done all in my power by remonstrating, by writing, by ordering the commissaries on this head, from time to time; but without any good effect, or obtaining more than a present scanty relief. Owing to this, the march of the army has been delayed on more than one interesting occasion in the course of the present campaign; and had a body of the enemy crossed the Schuylkill this morning, as I had reason to expect, the divisions which I ordered to be in readiness to march and meet them could not have moved."

Scarce had Washington dispatched this letter, when he learned that the Legislature of Pennsylvania had addressed a remonstrance to Congress against his going into winter-quarters, instead of keeping in the open field. This letter, received in his forlorn situation, surrounded by an unhoused, scantily clad, half-starved army, shivering in the midst of December's snow and cold, put an end to his forbearance, and drew from him another letter to the President of Congress, dated on the twenty-third, which we shall largely quote; not only for its manly and truthful eloquence, but for the exposition it gives of the difficulties of his situation, mainly caused by unwise and intermeddling legislation.

And first as to the commissariat:

"Though I had been tender, heretofore," writes he, "of giving any opinion, or lodging complaints, as the change in that department took place contrary to my judgment, and the consequences thereof were predicted; yet, finding that the inactivity of the army, whether for want of provisions, clothes, or other essentials, is charged to my account, not only by the common vulgar but by those in power, it is time to speak plain in exculpation of myself. With truth, then, I can declare that no man, in my opinion, ever had his measures more impeded

than I have by every department of the army.

"Since the month of July we have had no assistance from the quartermaster-general; and to want of assistance from this department the commissary-general charges great part of his deficiency. To this I am to add, that notwithstanding it is a standing order, and often repeated, that the troops shall always have two days' provisions by them, that they might be ready at any sudden call; yet an opportunity has scarcely ever offered of taking an advantage of the enemy that it has not been either totally obstructed, or greatly impeded on this account. . . . As a proof of the little benefit received from a clothier-general, and as a further proof of the inability of an army, under the circumstances of this, to perform the common duties of soldiers (besides a number of men confined to hospitals for want of shoes, and others in farmers' houses on the same account), we have, by a field return this day made, no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men now in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot, and otherwise naked. By the same return, it appears that our whole strength in continental troops, including the Eastern brigades which have joined us since the surrender of General Burgoyne, exclusive of the Maryland troops sent to Wilmington, amounts to no more than eight thousand two hundred in camp fit for duty; notwithstanding which, and that since the 4th instant, our numbers fit for duty, from the hardships and exposures they have undergone, particularly on account of blankets (numbers have been obliged, and still are, to sit up all night by fires instead of taking comfortable rest in a natural and common way), have decreased near two thousand men.

"We find gentlemen, without knowing whether the army was really going into winter-quarters or not (for I am sure no resolution of mine could warrant the remonstrance), reprobating the measure as much as if they thought the soldiers were made of stocks or stones, and equally insensible of frost and snow; and moreover, as if they conceived it easily practicable for an inferior army, under the disadvantages I described ours to be—which are by no means exaggerated—to confine a superior one, in all respects well appointed and provided for a winter's campaign, within the city of Philadelphia, and to cover from depredation and waste the States of Pennsylvania and Jersey. But what makes this matter still more extraordinary in my eye, is that these very gentlemen, who were well apprised of the nakedness of the troops from ocular demonstration, who thought their own soldiers worse clad than others, and who advised me near a month ago to postpone the execution of a plan I was about to adopt, in consequence of a resolve in Congress for seizing clothes, under strong assurances that an ample supply would be collected in ten days, agreeably to a decree of the state (not one article of which, by the by, is yet come to hand), should think a winter's campaign, and the covering of those states from the invasion of an enemy, so easy and practicable a business. I can assure those gentlemen that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel abundantly for

85. surrender, on October 17, 1777.

them, and from my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve nor prevent.

"It is for these reasons, therefore, that I have dwelt upon the subject; and it adds not a little to my other difficulties and distress to find that much more is expected from me than is possible to be performed, and that upon the ground of safety and policy I am obliged to conceal the true state of the army from public view, and thereby expose myself to detraction and calumny."

In the present exigency, to save his camp from desolation and to relieve his starving soldiery, he was compelled to exercise the authority recently given him by Congress, to forage the country round, seize supplies wherever he could find them, and pay for them in money or in certificates redeemable by Congress. He exercised these powers with great reluctance; rurally inclined himself, he had a strong sympathy with the cultivators of the soil and ever regarded the yeomanry with a paternal eye. He was apprehensive, moreover, of irritating the jealousy of military sway, prevalent throughout the country, and of corrupting the morals of the army. "Such procedures," writes he to the President of Congress, "may give a momentary relief; but, if repeated, will prove of the most pernicious consequence. Beside spreading disaffection, jealousy, and fear among the people, they never fail, even in the most veteran troops, under the most rigid and exact discipline, to raise in the soldiery a disposition to licentiousness, to plunder and robbery, difficult to suppress afterwards, and which has proved not only ruinous to the inhabitants, but in many instances to armies themselves. I regret the occasion that compelled us to the measure the other day, and shall consider it the greatest of our misfortunes if we should be under the necessity of practicing it again."

How truly, in all these trying scenes of his military career, does the patriot rise above the soldier!

With these noble and high-spirited appeals to Congress, we close Washington's operations for 1777; one of the most arduous and eventful years of his military life, and one of the most trying to his character and fortunes. He began it with an empty army chest, and a force dwindled down to four thousand half-disciplined men. Throughout the year he had to contend, not merely with the enemy, but with the parsimony and meddlesome interference of Congress. In his most critical times that body had left him without funds and without reinforcements. It had made some promotions contrary to his advice, and contrary to military usage, thereby wronging and disgusting some of his bravest officers. It had changed the commissariat in the very midst of a campaign, and thereby thrown the whole service into confusion.

Among so many cross-purposes and discouragements, it was a difficult task for Washington to "keep the life and soul of the army together." Yet he had done so. Marvelous indeed was the manner in which he had soothed the discontents of his aggrieved officers, and reconciled them to an ill-requiting service; and still more marvelous the manner in which he had breathed his own spirit of patience and perseverance in his yeoman soldiery during their sultry marchings and countermarchings through the Jerseys, under all kinds of privations, with no visible object of pursuit to stimulate their ardor, hunting, as it were, the rumored apparitions of an unseen fleet.

All this time, too, while endeavoring to ascertain and counteract the opera-

tions of Lord Howe upon the ocean, and his brother upon the land, he was directing and aiding military measures against Burgoyne in the North. Three games were in a manner going on under his supervision. The operations of the commander-in-chief are not always most obvious to the public eye; victories may be planned in his tent, of which subordinate generals get the credit; and most of the moves which ended in giving a triumphant check to Burgoyne may be traced to Washington's shifting camp in the Jerseys.

It has been an irksome task in some of the preceding chapters to notice the undercurrent of intrigue and management by which some part of this year's campaign was disgraced; yet even-handed justice requires that such machinations should be exposed. We have shown how successful they were in displacing the noble-hearted Schuyler from the head of the Northern department; the same machinations were now at work to undermine the commander-in-chief, and elevate the putative hero of Saratoga on his ruins. He was painfully aware of them; yet in no part of the war did he more thoroughly evince that magnanimity which was his grand characteristic than in the last scenes of this campaign, where he rose above the tauntings of the press, the sneerings of the cabal, the murmurs of the public, the suggestions of some of his friends, and the throbbing impulses of his own courageous heart, and adhered to that Fabian policy which he considered essential to the safety of the cause. To dare is often the impulse of selfish ambition or harebrained valor; to forbear is at times the proof of real greatness.

28. **putative hero**, Benedict Arnold. 36. **cabal**, political opponents in Congress. 40. **Fabian**, after the manner of the Roman general, Fabius, who foiled his opponents by avoiding decisive contests, at the same time harassing the enemy in many ways.

CHRISTMAS

But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good, gray, old head and beard left? Well, I will have that, seeing I cannot have more of him.

Hue and Cry after Christmas.

Nothing in England exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination than the lingerings of the holiday customs and rural games of former times. They recall the pictures my fancy used to draw in the May morning of life, when as yet I only knew the world through books, and believed it to be all that poets had painted it; and they bring with them the flavor of those honest days of yore, in which, perhaps, with equal fallacy, I am apt to think the world was more homebred, social, and joyous than at present. I regret to say that they are daily growing more and more faint, being gradually worn away by time, but still more obliterated by modern fashion. They resemble those picturesque morsels of Gothic architecture, which we see crumbling in various parts of the country, partly dilapidated by the waste of ages, and partly lost in the additions and alterations of these later days.

Poetry, however, clings with cherishing fondness about the rural game and holiday revel, from which it has derived so many of its themes—as the ivy winds its rich foliage about the Gothic arch and moldering tower, gratefully repaying their support by clasping together their tottering remains, and, as it were, embalming them in verdure.

Of all the old festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of

hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good-will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of Nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute, but exquisite, delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when Nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short, gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasure of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart; and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of loving-kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance in a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fireside? And as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security, with which we look round upon the com-

9. **Advent**, the four weeks preceding Christmas.

fortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

The English, from the great prevalence of rural habit throughout every class of society, have always been fond of those festivals and holidays which agreeably interrupt the stillness of country life; and they were, in former days, particularly observant of the religious and social rites of Christmas. It is inspiring to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humors, the burlesque pageants, the complete abandonment to mirth and good-fellowship, with which this festival was celebrated. It seemed to throw open every door, and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and the peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls of castles and manor-houses resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and their ample boards groaned under the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season with green decorations of bay and holly—the cheerful fire glanced its rays through the lattice, inviting the passengers to raise the latch, and join the gossip knot huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told Christmas tales.

One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holiday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of these embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic, surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and, like the sherris sack of old Falstaff, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of spirit and lustihood, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously—times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners. The world has become more worldly. There is more of dissipation, and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader, but a shallower, stream; and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong, local peculiarities, its homebred feelings, its honest fireside delights. The traditionary customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly wassailings, have passed away with the baronial castles and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlor, but are unfitted to the light showy saloons and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa.

Shorn, however, as it is, of its ancient and festive honors, Christmas is still a period of delightful excitement in England. It is gratifying to see that home feeling completely aroused which holds so powerful a place in every English bosom. The preparations making on every side for the social board that is again to unite friends and kindred; the presents of good cheer passing and repassing, those tokens of regard, and quickeners of kind feelings; the evergreens distributed about houses and churches, emblems of peace and gladness; all these have the most pleasing effect in producing fond associations and kindling benevolent sympathies. Even the

46. **sherris sack**, sherry, whose virtues were extolled by Falstaff in Shakespeare's *Henry IV*.

sound of the Waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the mid-watches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour, "when deep sleep falleth upon man," I have listened with a hushed delight, and, connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and good-will to mankind.

How delightfully the imagination, when wrought upon by these moral influences, turns everything to melody and beauty! The very crowing of the cock, heard sometimes in the profound repose of the country, "telling the night-watches to his feathery dames," was thought by the common people to announce the approach of this sacred festival.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome—then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart.

The scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years; and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, reanimates the drooping spirit, as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.

Stranger and sojourner as I am in the land—though for me no social hearth may blaze, no hospitable roof throw open its doors, nor the warm grasp of friendship welcome me at the threshold—yet I feel the influence of the season beaming into my soul from the happy looks of those around me. Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas.

1. **Waits**, singers of Christmas serenades or carols. 6. **when deep sleep**, etc. See *Job* iv, 13. 18. **telling**, etc., slightly altered from line 347 of Milton's *Comus*. 23. **Some say**, etc., from *Hamlet*, I, i, 158 ff.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

From *Knickerbocker's History of New York.*

1. The first paragraph describes amusingly various types of readers. How does Irving make these various types so real to you that you can draw sketches of them if you have a little skill with the pencil?

2. In the paragraphs that follow try to determine, first, what *facts*, such as a serious historian would use, are the basis of Irving's account; and, second, what words or phrases give to these facts the peculiar humor and exaggeration characteristic of the book. Mark several

good instances under each of these headings to serve as a basis for class discussion.

3. The first paragraph in the selection from Chapter IX illustrates once more Irving's power of sketching a character in words so picturesque as to tempt you to try to draw a portrait. You might try it with this description of Van Curlet on parade.

4. Study the means by which Irving turns sober history into humorous narrative in the story of the doubts of Wouter Van Twiller.

From *The Life of Washington.* Study carefully the structure of this chapter, observing the following points: 1. The principal topics treated in the chapter. 2. Irving's use of "original sources"; that is, he did not depend on what other historians had said, but used letters and documents belonging to the period. 3. The way in which he made his biography of Washington also a history of the War. 4. The difficulties under which Washington labored. This point is important, because we are apt to think of the Revolution as a succession of brilliant campaigns. But the British troops were not the only enemies. The heroism of Washington and his men was more severely tested by such experiences as are described in this chapter than by the great victories on the field of battle. 5. The interpretation that the historian gives to the facts. Some of the characteristics of good historical writing may be observed from your study of these five topics.

Christmas: In this selection find illustrations of Irving's interest in old customs and old legends. What have you learned from your reading of the life of Irving given in this chapter, about his desire to perpetuate old legends and customs and to supply America with traditions worthy of observance?

Theme Topics. 1. Select some unusual person you know and describe him with humorous exaggeration in Irving's manner. 2. Write an account of a community Christmas tree or some other Christmas festivity you have attended. 3. Compare the methods of financing the World War (liberty bonds, thrift stamps, etc.) with the means of raising funds for the Revolution.

Previously Read. In *Literature and Life, Book One:* "The Specter Bridegroom."

Library Reading. Increase your knowledge of Irving by reading in the library all of, or other selections from, *The Knickerbocker History, Life of Washington,* and *Tales of a Traveler;* you will also enjoy reading *The Alhambra,* the material for which Irving gathered while in Spain as Ambassador from the United States. Be prepared to make a report on the sketch or story that you liked best from what you read.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER
(1789-1851)

One day in 1820 James Fenimore Cooper put down an English novel which he had been reading and remarked in disgust, "I could write a better novel than that myself." "Why don't you, then?" was the quite natural query of his wife. Although he was thirty years old, lacked literary training, and had no definite theories or aims, he began immediately a career of writing which extended for some thirty years and made him in three fields the most prominent American story craftsman.

Although Cooper, unlike Irving, displayed no literary promise in his youth, he had, by this time, gone through enough experiences to furnish him with material, and needed only to develop skill in expression. Born in New Jersey in 1789, he had been taken when a boy to Cooperstown, a frontier settlement in New York, founded by his father. Pranks at Yale—he entered before he was fourteen—caused his dismissal. A year's apprenticeship as a sailor led to a brief career as a naval midshipman, but his marriage in 1811 made a change in his plans. His home was surrounded by districts in which events had recently produced material for good tales. Not many years before his arrival a terrifying massacre by Indians had occurred. Stories of outpost fighting during the War for Independence had their settings near his home. All about were the forests only slightly thinned by the toil of the slowly advancing whites. Redskins were familiar figures.

The novel which Cooper rated so low was a story of English society. The one he wrote to surpass it dealt with the same

material. Weak though his creation proved to be, the book was read on both sides of the Atlantic. In England several critics declared it to be the work of an Englishwoman! Notice that American though he was, Cooper at first shared the belief that native themes were too commonplace for serious literary treatment. Friends with better judgment urged him to deal with our own land. He acceded and produced part of a manuscript relating a story previously told him of a secret agent during the Revolutionary War. This man, from the same county in which Cooper was then living, had aided the American cause. Cooper delayed writing the second volume until he learned how the first was received, but to relieve his publisher's mind of the fear that the story would be too long he wrote the concluding chapter and had it set in type with the pages numbered so that he might not exceed that limit. Then he planned the intervening chapters to link with both fixed portions. This book was *The Spy*.

In three distinct ways Cooper contributed original material to our literature. He wrote our first historical romances; he produced our first good stories of the sea; he showed what romance lay in the meeting of whites and Indians in the advance of the mastering race.

Of the historical tales the best is *The Spy*, with its accounts of less known aspects of the Revolutionary War, such as local events which bore a direct relation to the main current, and yet gave the writer greater freedom than if he were confined to well-known characters and their deeds. So realistic is the picture of Harvey Birch that many persons believe him to be an actual historical character. One of the most original devices in the story is the presence of Washington himself in disguise, and with no mention of his real identity.

One day a discussion arose as to the accuracy of details of sea life in Sir Walter Scott's romance, *The Pirate*. Cooper maintained (the writer's name had not been disclosed) that the author was a landsman. He decided to show the world how a sailor could depict life on a ship. Combining history and fiction he made Paul Jones the center of his plot in *The Pilot*. A second good story of the sea is *Red Rover*. Boys and girls will find in these books fascinating accounts of life on the ocean. Since Cooper's time countless books have told stories of adventures upon the great deep, but few have surpassed in popularity these early tales.

Quite as original and perhaps more famous throughout the world is Cooper's third contribution to American letters—the romance of the westward march of the pioneers. The five books of this series—*The Leather-Stocking Tales*—should be among the earliest reading of every young American. Cooper produced them in an unusual order. The one he wrote first, *The Pioneers, or The Sources of the Susquehanna* (1823), is the fourth of the series in time. To appreciate the development of the chief character, Nathaniel Bumppo, otherwise called Natty, Hawkeye, La Longue Carabine, and Leatherstocking, one should read the volumes not as they were published, but as they follow in sequence of time. Thus arranged, they stand:

1. *The Deerslayer: or The First War Path* (1841).
2. *The Last of the Mohicans: a Narrative of 1757* (1826).
3. *The Pathfinder: or The Inland Sea* (1840).
4. *The Pioneers: or The Sources of the Susquehanna* (1823).
5. *The Prairie: a Tale* (1827).

These five books show the romance of pioneering days. From the time young Bumppo appears as the youthful hunter until as an old man he travels westward to die amid the open stretches of the prairie his deeds are the thread of the plots. As Cooper viewed his incidents and characters romantically he followed the methods of Sir Walter Scott, and though the American's books do not cover so wide a range, and do not often rise so high, they must be accorded as significant a place in our literature as the romances of the Scotchman are given in that of England. Practically every criticism applied to Scott's books may be repeated of Cooper's. Many people hold that Cooper depicted Indians such as never existed. They are too good to be true. Some of this objection is jus-

tified. Perhaps we shall have to accept Cooper's Indians as a notable illustration of what romance does to reality.

Readers are swept along by the rapid, exciting incidents, the hairbreadth escapes, the last-minute rescues, the supernatural daring, the helpless innocence, the racking suspense. These very attractions sometimes hide another aspect of the books just as worthy of attention—the descriptions of the impressive outdoors. The bigness, the mystery, the beauty of Nature Cooper felt and reproduced.

Cooper was a good story teller. Enthusiastic himself over his fresh material, he carried his readers along with him in his rapid compositions. This enthusiasm and this rapidity produced another defect in his work. Painstaking effort to secure beauty or distinction of style he never, apparently, considered. Like Scott, he wrote hastily. As a result, Cooper's analysis of character is never very deep or complex. His women are merely figures in a book. His men are creatures of single or simple traits.

Yet with all allowances considered, Cooper remains the originator in American literature of three distinct influences—the historical romance, the tale of the sea, and the story of pioneer lives. Irving sought to secure a deeper conception of the meaning of the nation by relating its life to the romance and beauty of old Europe; Cooper sought to define it by showing the romance of the forest, of the Indian, of the explorer or settler who was slowly pushing back the frontier, and of the little known expanse of ocean that separated all this romantic life from the older romance of the knights of chivalry and the dwellers in village and countryside in England and the continent.

THE KNICKERBOCKER GROUP

After 1800, the increasing importance of New York as a commercial city made it a center of education and culture as well. Great newspapers were established and these helped to attract ambitious writers from other places and to stimulate interest at home. Visits of educated foreigners, and the social life, free from the New England seriousness, also contributed influences which encouraged the development of writing on lighter themes. Poems of fancy, witty sketches of manners, satires on politics, in short, the sort of writing that belongs to a generation removed from the hardships of the pioneer and the seriousness of patriots engaged in a life-and-death struggle for liberty, now became frequent in and near New York. A little group of writers that flourished there in the first part of the nineteenth century has been called the Knickerbocker Group, the name coming from Irving's humorous history, which everybody chuckled over and which gave the name Knickerbocker to almost everything relating to New York. To this group Irving of course belonged. The leading members, besides Irving, were two young poets, Joseph Rodman Drake and Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Much of this early national literature resulted from some form of challenge. Americans were becoming conscious of the need to pay attention to art and literature as well as to politics, in order to claim kinship with European civilization. Cooper very probably would never have been a writer at all if he had not set out to rival English writers; Irving's early work sprang from a similar impulse.

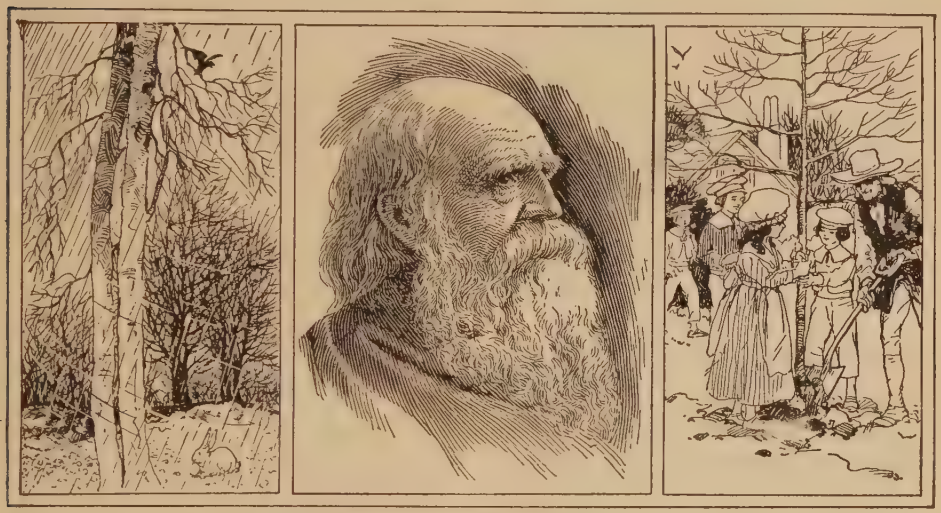
One more illustration of the effect of this spirit of challenge may now be given. Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820) was a physician and druggist who is remembered for his patriotic poem called "The American Flag" and for "The Culprit Fay." The latter poem resulted from a conversation with Cooper and Fitz-Greene Halleck in which the assertion was made that American rivers could furnish no such themes for verse as those of Scotland and England. Drake wrote the poem to prove that the Hudson, the river to which Irving contributed so much tradition, was as good a source of inspiration as the world could

supply. As a result, American literature was enriched by this charming poem about a fairy who presumed to love a mortal and was compelled to do penance. The plot is not wholly original, but the music of the verse and the way in which the scenes on the American river are described abundantly justify Drake's acceptance of the challenge.

Fitz-Greene Halleck (1790-1867) wrote some lines in memory of Drake, who died almost at the beginning of his career, in which is one stanza that has become famous:

> Green be the turf above thee,
> Friend of my better days;
> None knew thee but to love thee,
> Nor named thee but to praise.

Halleck also wrote a poem long famous as a school declamation, "Marco Bozzaris."



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
(1794-1872)

America's first really great poet, William Cullen Bryant, was born in western Massachusetts, and grew up under Puritan surroundings, which molded his character and colored his poetry during all of his long life. He heard the Bible read through; he listened to sonorous prayers; he wandered among the quiet but beautiful hills near his boyhood home; he knew the frugality of a struggling family which imparts seriousness of purpose to its children. He prayed that he might be blessed with poetic power and produce poems which would endure. English authors made deep impressions upon his young mind, so that when he wrote he naturally reflected some of their traits.

Of higher education he had little—less than a year in college, followed by reading law. More important for his literary output was his sympathetic communion with the quiet world of Nature around him. Since law and irregular literary activity failed to satisfy him, he moved to New York, where for over fifty years he was editor of the influential *Evening Post*.

When he was thirteen his first verses were published. When he was eighteen he wrote his greatest poem, although some of its best lines were later additions. "Thanatopsis" seemed beyond the capabilities of any youth; some persons declared that no American could have composed it. This "vision of death," as its title means,

is a synopsis of practically all Bryant's poetry. Quiet seriousness, the calming influence of the external forms of Nature, relation of man to the world's eternal span, no promise of future life, death as a usual event, mark this single poem and nearly everything else he wrote. Of the animation, the brightness, the fever, the thrill, the glorious triumph of life, Bryant said nothing. Great mountains, crashing storms, heaving oceans, attracted him not at all.

Bryant's second greatest poem aptly shows all the traits mentioned above. Walking "forlorn and desolate" along the hills one December afternoon, he saw a single bird flying across the sunset glow. Thoughts inspired by the sight he expressed that evening in "To a Waterfowl." Melancholy in tone as this poem is, the comforting thought at the end is a direct consequence of the earlier stanzas.

In one short poem Bryant rises to sprightly daintiness—"Robert of Lincoln" —in which the bobolink is charmingly described and imitated. "The Yellow Violet," "A Forest Hymn," "To the Fringed Gentian," "The Death of the Flowers" further reflect the best qualities of Bryant's art. He loved the simple, artless beauties of the lowly works of Nature. Evening, autumn, and winter furnished him with material as well.

The exacting demands of a busy editorial career left little time for writing poetry as Bryant wrote it. He was not a believer in instantaneous inspiration; he wrote, carefully revised, amplified, until he had perfected his lines. The result was a small bulk of original work.

In 1866 the poet began to translate Homer into blank verse. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were issued in 1871. These translations are generally accepted as among the greatest in the long list of modern versions of the ancient Greek epics.

Bryant's long life of literary activity itself gives him influence as a major American poet. Born during the administration of the first president, his death came at a time when many of the vexed questions on the nature of the constitution had been settled and when the nation had grown to be one of the most powerful on earth. His most significant poetry appeared during the first third of the century, and the main characteristics of all his work were fixed in that period, but he was a powerful and influential writer on matters of government, and his later poetry confirmed and deepened his hold on readers. Much of this we are apt to forget. To many people of today, he is the poet of a single poem, "Thanatopsis." Often a poem gains a permanent place when even the name of its author is forgotten, or well-nigh forgotten. Everyone knows "The Old Oaken Bucket," but many do not know that it was written by Samuel Woodworth in 1817. Again, everyone knows "Home, Sweet Home"; many know that it was written by John Howard Payne; very few know that Payne lived during the first half of the nineteenth century, that he was a famous actor and dramatist, that his *Brutus* was for many years more popular than Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, and that the lyric that we all know and love was a song in another drama by this author, a drama that is now utterly forgotten. "Thanatopsis" has become as fixed in our list of what may be called "household poems" as "The Old Oaken Bucket" or Payne's famous lyric, but we should remember that Bryant's place in our literature does not depend on it alone.

The most definite impression given by his poetry springs from his interest in Nature. He belongs to the great company of modern poets, like Burns and Wordsworth in England, for example, and Whittier and Emerson in America, who found inspiration in the beauty of Nature, and truth in the contemplation of all her varied phenomena. Burns sang of the bond of sympathy that he found in the life of the field-mouse and of the mountain daisy. Wordsworth spoke of the sympathy which revealed, through the flower, thoughts about the meaning of life—

> Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
> Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

And Coleridge, as you recall from your reading of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," held that

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

To this company of lovers and interpreters of Nature Bryant belongs. In "Green River" he speaks of the relief that he feels when he escapes from his work in the city to contemplate the "image of that calm life" that Nature reveals. In another poem he wishes that he might leave the mad struggle for place and wealth that drives men in the city, and might find refreshment in the autumn woods. True religion is to be found there—

The groves were God's first temples.

Much of this emotion he shares, therefore, with the great Nature poets of other lands and times. But he also feels the power of the American landscape, the prairies—

The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name,

and he sees in vision the time when these gardens of the plains shall be filled with human life; he hears

The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshipers.

In all his poetry, therefore, not alone in "Thanatopsis" or in patriotic pieces like "O Mother of a Mighty Race" or the "Song of Marion's Men," not alone even in the solemn music of the poem on "The Antiquity of Freedom," Bryant helped to *define* America.

SELECTIONS FROM BRYANT

AUTUMN WOODS

Ere, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet south-west, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny-colored foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But, 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,

Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad!

Ah! 'twere a lot too blessed
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to Guilt
Her pale tormentor, Misery. Hence, these shades
Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while below
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the wingéd plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll a causey rude
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

GREEN RIVER

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink;

80. causey, causeway.

And they, whose meadows it murmurs through.
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters—its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill,
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond stone.
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild-bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shun'st to glide,
Beautiful stream! by the village side;
But windest away from haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely—save when, by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides;
Or the simpler comes, with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look;
Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee.
Still—save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river cherry and seedy reed,
And thy own wild music gushing out
With mellow murmur and fairy shout,
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveler singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely and lovely stream,
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.

JUNE

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mold,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,

13. **plane-tree**, sycamore. 14. **mines**, undermines.
33. **simpler**, one who collects medicinal plants.

And be the damp mold gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Bethrothéd lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

A FOREST HYMN

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here—Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees

In music; Thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship—Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Molder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of earth's charms; upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his archenemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulcher,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in Thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. O God! when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of Thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM

Here are old trees, tall oaks and gnarléd pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds,
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailéd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven;
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands;
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age—
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine around thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day

Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the lifeblood of her brave;
Gushed, warm with hope and valor yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When those who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

Since many poems by Bryant and other authors discussed in this and following chapters are lyrics, it will be well for you to keep in mind some of the characteristics of this form of poetry. The lyric is a short poem of song-like quality, expressing a single emotion, or mood. It differs from the ballad, which is also a song, in that it does not tell a story; whatever narrative elements are introduced are subordinate to the expression of emotion, such as joy, sorrow, indignation, love, or reflections on some of the mysteries or experiences of life. The lyric often embodies a bit of Nature description, together with the poet's reflections upon the scene that he describes. Sometimes it is filled with serious thought; at other times it is a trifle light as air. Its perfection depends upon its singing quality and on its form. It must sing itself, or suggest song. It must also be carefully written. Since it is a song, it is commonly written in stanzas, not in blank verse; these stanzas are of the greatest variety. Study Bryant's poems, first, to determine which are lyrics, and, second, to observe in his lyrics illustrations of the qualities named above. Thus you will be prepared to compare him with other writers of lyric poetry such as Poe and Lanier, later in the story.

Autumn Woods. 1. The stanza should be studied. How many stresses, or accents, do you find in each line? What is the effect of the long lines in the middle of the stanza as compared with the first and fourth lines?

2. What does the poet observe as he walks through the autumn woods? Which stanzas describe what he sees, and which express his mood? What is the value of the last stanza? State the theme of the entire poem in a sentence.

Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood. Note that this poem is written in blank verse; is it a lyric in form? In substance? In what ways does it remind you of "Autumn Woods"?

Green River. Observe that this poem, like many others that Bryant wrote, is made up of a description of some rural or woodland scene followed by an expression of his feeling about life. To what does the last stanza of this poem refer?

June. Compare this poem with the description of a June day in Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal." What two moods alternate in Bryant's poem? What, seemingly, does he most regret when he thinks of his death? Is he right in supposing that his only part in the beauty and joy of Nature "Is that his grave is green"? What other share has he in *our* appreciation of this beauty and joy?

A Forest Hymn. What is the verse-form? What is the theme, where is it stated, and how does it dominate the first part of the poem? Find the parts of the poem that tell of the temple; the signs of the presence of God; the effect of the temple and of this presence on the poet; the varying signs of the power of God as shown in Nature.

The Antiquity of Freedom. Notice that in "Autumn Woods" and elsewhere Bryant speaks of the calm and beauty of Nature as contrasted with the confusion of the city; in "June" he thinks of the continuance of the seasons and of human life after his own death; in "A Forest Hymn" he looks on Nature as a revelation of God and of the woods as temples. In this poem what new theme is introduced? Why should the poet think of Freedom as associated with the forest? Is his portrait of Freedom the usual one? In what way does the poem help to define the nation? Does Bryant think of our freedom as forever guaranteed by the Declaration of Independence? What does he have in mind?

The Battlefield. Observe that this poem, like the others you have been reading, originates in the poet's contemplation of some natural scene. You should commit to memory one stanza. Which one is it?

Theme Topics. 1. How Bryant has increased my enjoyment of life. 2. A discussion of some present-day Nature poem read recently. 3. Prepare arguments to support you in the following statement: "Bryant would (or would not) have made a good naturalist."

Previously Read. In *Literature and Life, Book One,* "Thanatopsis"; and "Ulysses Among the Phæacians," from Bryant's translation of the *Odyssey.*

Library Reading. Increase your knowledge of Bryant's work by reading in the library the following poems. Even if you have already read some of them, you will find it interesting to reread them in the light of your present study of Bryant's place among the American poets. Be prepared to make a report on the poem or poems you liked best in the list: "The Yellow Violet," "The Death of the Flowers," "A Winter Piece," "Hymn to Death," "The Evening Wind," "Our Country's Call," "My Autumn Walk," "The Death of Lincoln," "March," "The Gladness of Nature," "The Green Mountain Boys," "The Tides," "The Return of the Birds."

CHAPTER THREE

INTERPRETING THE NATION

By 1840 the population of the United States had grown to seventeen millions; ten years later it was twenty-three millions. Immigrants were pouring into the country (for example, 114,000 in 1845; 235,000 in 1847) to assist in the enormous industrial enterprises of the great cities, in the building of railroads and canals for better communication, and in the conquest of the vast agricultural regions of the West. Railroads multiplied. Wealth increased fourfold in twenty years. After 1837, largely through the work of Horace Mann, free public education became as characteristic of the American idea as the form of the government itself. Lyceums, with declamations and debates among their own members and with lecture courses that secured the services of men like Emerson, stimulated thought and discussion even in remote villages. Country boys worked on farms in summer, taught short terms of school in winter, and "boarded round," in order to save money to pay for four years' training in some little college. The marvelous material prosperity of America increased no whit faster than this intellectual hunger which penetrated the remotest western hamlets.

Emerson's "The American Scholar" of 1837, therefore, was no merely academic address. It found instant echo not only in the hearts and minds of the Harvard assembly which first heard it, but throughout the country. It was an interpretation of the finer ideals that were expressive of an awakened intellectual life. "Free should the scholar be," he declared, "free and grave." From the mind of the past, from the world of Nature, in the midst of action, he was to get his food. Books and libraries, the new public schools and the innumerable small colleges, lyceums and lecture courses, these supplied the contact with the mind of the past. Horace Mann was a missionary of educational gospel. "Be ashamed to die," he said to an eager class of graduates, "until you have won some victory for humanity." Like Mann, Garfield was president of a little mid-western college, his life there a romance, his pupils followers of the Grail of learning. The boy Lincoln trudged for miles to borrow a book. These are cases exceptional only because of the renown won in after years by the men in whose lives they were incidents. They could be duplicated, they were duplicated, a thousand times.

Thus we approach a new period, that of interpretation. Politically, as you know, it was a question of interpreting the relation between the central government and the states. Ethically, it was an interpretation of the meaning of slavery, of whether the nation could continue to exist part slave and part free. Great orators like Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison; great constitutional lawyers like Calhoun, Clay, Webster; statesmen like Lincoln, all had a share in this interpretation of the nation, but they were only the visible representatives of a powerful leaven of thought that was at work. Before some of these questions of interpretation could be settled, a great and terrible war had to be fought. In an address at Gettysburg delivered during the course of that war, Lincoln interpreted anew the meaning of the nation. His address was a new chapter in what might be called the American Charter of Liberties, and it should follow the chapters in which are found first the Mayflower Compact, second, the Declaration of Independence, and third, the Constitution.

All this, once more, is but the background, the setting, for our story. The province of literature is to interpret. It

is the record of the thoughts and ideals of men. It is the expression of the human spirit as it looks forth on all the varying scenes of life. This life is at one time the toil of the pioneer; at another the struggle on the battlefield; at another the eager quest for wealth, for building of industries, for reducing vast prairies to cultivation, for exploring the recesses of the earth. If a great people become divided on some of the fundamental issues of government, literature contributes its interpretation. If men are on fire with the passion for learning, literature answers to their need.

So in this time of testing, of material growth, of intellectual expansion, poets and thinkers and tellers of tales were born. A great creative impulse, strongest at first in New England, later in the South, still later in the West, spread throughout the land. Books, poems, tales, penetrated from one section to another. The elder writers, Irving, Cooper, Bryant, were still writing when Emerson's "The American Scholar" was written. They represented the region in and near New York. In the South, Poe was educated and spent part of his short life, the creator of pure art in rhythmical language, the forerunner of a small but brilliant group in which Lanier was to achieve a place second only to that of Poe. The West was still in the pioneer stage; it found no authentic voice until about 1870. The center of the new creative activity was in New England, where a group of writers, of whom Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell were the leaders, gave, year after year, proofs that at last a national literature was born.

These men were *interpreters* of the nation. What each contributed you are now to learn. Following them, the chapter will include an account of a group of historians and a group of orators and statesmen who helped in this interpretation. The contribution of the South will follow, carrying the story from Poe, early in the century, to Lanier and his fellows who belong to the period immediately following the war. And out of all the conflict of aims and purposes, the interpretations of various phases of American thought about literature and life, there comes, at the end of the era and as the prophet of the new frontiers that were to open before a reunited nation, a poet who sees all the masses of democracy, the "torrents of men," who hears America singing a song of occupations, and who conceives of America as a step in a great process of evolution, with victories yet to be won.

LITERATURE IN NEW ENGLAND

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(1803-1882)

In a sense, Emerson continued into the nineteenth century certain elements in American thought that had been expressed in the writings of colonial divines and especially in those of Jonathan Edwards. Like these ancestors of his, he was continually meditating on the relation of the soul to God. He differed from them, it is true, in that he was impatient of formal creed or manner of worship. He tried the ministry, but gave it up because he was not happy in it. The first thing to remember about his work is his doctrine that through meditation the soul may come into the presence of the divine and can seize upon truth through intuition, not through reason, and not through memorizing what previous generations have held to be truth.

This aspect of Emerson's thought is called "transcendental." The word is a hard one, and its full meaning cannot be grasped at once. But you can get the essential idea contained in it if you re-

member that it means beyond or above the senses, that is, that it deals with a knowledge felt to be true though it cannot be proved by actual experience. In the early part of the nineteenth century a wave of this philosophy swept through European literature and thought. In New England it was also felt. The writings and lectures of men like Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and others are filled with it. Clubs were formed for the discussion of it. It was the most forceful intellectual influence of the time.

Somewhat nearer our everyday experience are certain applications of this philosophy to an interpretation of American life. Emerson is the greatest exponent of the doctrine of self-reliance, a doctrine that of course grew out of the experiences of colonial days, that found expression in the break with England and the institutions of this government, and that explains many of the achievements of America in business and politics. Emerson said, "America means opportunity." This opportunity, from one point of view, is the privilege of making one's own life. "Build therefore your own world," Emerson wrote. This America has proceeded to do, and the great expansion of the nation in wealth and power has been due in part to the self-reliance and the open door of opportunity that the man of ability has utilized.

This is only one phase of the meaning of the doctrine, however. Emerson encouraged people to think for themselves. "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string." In his essay on "Self-Reliance" he writes:

> Greatness appeals to the future. If I can be firm enough today to do right and scorn eyes, I must have done so much right before as to defend me now. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind.

And in "Heroism":

> I see not any road of perfect peace which a man can walk, but after the counsel of his own bosom. Let him quit too much association, let him go home much, and stablish himself in those courses he approves. The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honor, if need be, in the tumult, or on the scaffold.

In this way Emerson spoke to his countrymen through a long series of writings. The outward events of his life are few and unimportant. More than with most American authors, we need to know him through what he wrote and said, not through what he did. He was born in Boston, May 25, 1803; he spent almost all his life in or near that city; he died and was buried at Concord, twenty miles away. His college career at Harvard was finished in 1821; as a student he did not attract special attention; his chief interest was in reading, not in the tasks set by his teachers. After graduation he taught school, prepared for the ministry, and for a short time was in active service in a Boston church. At twenty-nine he resigned and for the rest of his life was a lecturer and writer. A journey to Europe in 1833 brought him the friendship of Thomas Carlyle, like Emerson a man of enormous zeal and intensity of spirit. For many years the two friends exchanged letters, and this correspondence is of great value and interest. Emerson found publishers in America for the works of Carlyle.

In 1836 Emerson published a slender volume called *Nature*. It had a small sale, and exerted little influence. In it he set forth some of the ideas that run through the entire body of his works. He also published the "Concord Hymn," one of the best of all our patriotic poems. The next year he delivered an address at Harvard called "The American Scholar." Holmes called it "our intellectual Declaration of Independence," because in it Emerson urged the young men who formed his audience to think for themselves, not to imitate European thought or literature, and not to conform with institution or opinion unless it stood the test of one's own idea of truth. The educated man, he said, is formed by three sources of training: the world of Nature; the world of action; the mind of the past.

Some acquaintance with natural science and with the teaching that the beauty of Nature can give; some contact with what men are doing, the everyday life of the world; some contact, through history and literature, with what the mind of man has thought out in the past—these are the formative influences on which a self-reliant career can be built.

In 1841 and 1844 two volumes of *Essays* appeared. These are his most widely known prose writings, and they contain practically all his philosophy. Later books, like *Representative Men* (1850), a collection of lectures on great men delivered in England, *Conduct of Life* (1860), and two collections of poems, repeated his fundamental ideas with new illustrations. He made three journeys to the Old World, but he held no office and sought no influence beyond that of his books and lectures. Matthew Arnold, a great English writer who knew Emerson's work thoroughly, said of him, "He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit."

In his own lifetime Emerson attracted attention chiefly because of his prose, but as time passes, more recognition has been accorded his poetry. In his verses are the same qualities of thought and expression as in his prose. Especially beautiful are the poems dealing with Nature, the exterior world about us. The lines are clear and memorable. They provoke more thought than feeling. The sight of a rhodora in the woods makes him wonder why so much beauty should apparently be wasted. Then comes the thought:

Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.

Emerson speaks of three classes of men: the Knower, the Doer, and the Sayer. The first of these is the scholar, who interprets for us what the mind of man has found to be true in the past, and finds in the laws of Nature sources of beauty and of service. The second is the man of action: the statesman, the business man, the builder of civilization. The third is the poet, who has direct insight into truth and beauty. Emerson quotes Spenser, the great English poet who lived in Shakespeare's time:

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit [dwell] in, and it more fairly dight [dress]
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Of these verses on the influence of a beautiful soul, a truth perceived by the poet, or Sayer, Emerson remarks:

Here we find ourselves, suddenly, not in the pleasant walks of critical speculation, but in a holy place, and should go very warily and reverently. We stand before the secret of the world.

And he goes on:

The poorest experience is rich enough for all the purposes of expressing thought. . . Day and night, house and garden, a few books, a few actions, serve us as well as would all trades and all spectacles. We are far from having exhausted the significance of the few symbols that we use. . . It does not need that a poem should be long. Every word was once a poem.

The poet, then, is the Sayer. This word is almost the same as *seer*, and includes it. For the poet *sees* truth, and *says* it, or names it, so that it becomes a guide for the Knower (the scholar), and the Doer (the man of action). These ideas you may test in your reading of Emerson's poetry. By these poems of his and by others that you have read, you should test, also, what he says in the paragraph quoted a moment ago. And finally, you should apply this conception of the Knower, the Doer, and the Sayer, to your thought about knowledge, action, and expression as elements in the life of the individual and of the "nation of men" that Emerson wished to see America become.

SELECTIONS FROM EMERSON

FRIENDSHIP

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled,
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again—
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red,
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Mauger all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eye-beams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry, and in common speech, the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt toward others are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering, are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love, to the lowest degree of good-will, they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend—and, forthwith, troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves on every hand with chosen words. See, in any house where virtue and self-respect abide, the palpitation

which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected and announced, and an uneasiness betwixt pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into their places, the old coat is exchanged for the new, and they must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont. We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects, into the conversation, it is all over. He has heard the first, the last, and best he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehension are old acquaintances. Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the dress, and the dinner—but the throbbing of the heart and the communications of the soul, no more.

What is so pleasant as these jets of affection which make a young world for me again? What so delicious as a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling? How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed; there is no winter and no night; all tragedies, all *ennuis* vanish—all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

* * *

——There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellowman by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who under a certain religious frenzy cast off this drapery, and omitting all compliment and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and

84. **fend**, ward off, resist.

all men agreed he was mad. But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to the like plain dealing, and what love of Nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility—requires to be humored; he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring any stipulation on my part. A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox in Nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in Nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being, in all its height, variety, and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of Nature.

The other element of friendship is tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed, and we so pure, that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune. . . . The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, poverty, and persecution.

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

THE PAST

The debt is paid,
The verdict said,
The Furies laid,
The plague is stayed,
All fortunes made;
Turn the key and bolt the door,
Sweet is death forevermore.
Nor haughty hope, nor swart chagrin,
Nor murdering hate, can enter in.
All is now secure and fast;
Not the gods can shake the Past;
Flies-to the adamantine door,
Bolted down forevermore.

None can reënter there—
No thief so politic,
No Satan with a royal trick
Steal in by window, chink, or hole,
To bind or unbind, add what lacked,
Insert a leaf, or forge a name,
New-face or finish what is packed,
Alter or mend eternal Fact.

Forbearance. 3. **pulse**, common vegetables, such as peas and beans. *The Past*. 3. **Furies laid**, avenging spirits quieted.

EACH AND ALL

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee, from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage—
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth"—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burs.
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

WOODNOTES I

1

For this present, hard
Is the fortune of the bard
Born out of time;
All his accomplishment
From Nature's utmost treasure spent
Booteth not him.
When the pine tosses its cones
To the song of its waterfall tones,
He speeds to the woodland walks,
To birds and trees he talks.
Caesar of his leafy Rome,
There the poet is at home.
He goes to the riverside—
Not hook nor line hath he;
He stands in the meadows wide—
Nor gun nor scythe to see.
With none has he to do,
And none seek him,
Nor men below,
Nor spirits dim.
Sure some god his eye enchants—
What he knows, nobody wants.
In the wood he travels glad,
Without better fortune had,
Melancholy without bad.
Planter of celestial plants,
What he knows, nobody wants—
What he knows, he hides, not vaunts.
Knowledge this man prizes best
Seems fantastic to the rest:
Pondering shadows, colors, clouds,
Grass-buds and caterpillars' shrouds,
Boughs on which the wild bees settle,
Tints that spot the violet's petal,
Why Nature loves the number five,
And why the star-form she repeats.
Lover of all things alive,
Wonderer at all he meets,
Wonderer chiefly at himself—
Who can tell him what he is,
Or how meet in human elf
Coming and past eternities?

2

And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true, who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart;
It seemed that Nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And tell its long-descended race.
It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,
As if by secret sight he knew
Where, in far fields, the orchis grew.
There are many events in the field
Which are not shown to common eyes,
But all her shows did Nature yield,
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods,
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn;
He found the tawny thrush's broods,
And the shy hawk did wait for him.
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was shown to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come.

3

In unplowed Maine he sought the lumberer's gang,
Where from a hundred lakes young rivers sprang;
He trod the unplanted forest floor, whereon
The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone;
Where feeds the moose, and walks the surly bear,
And up the tall mast runs the woodpecker.
He saw, beneath dim aisles, in odorous beds,
The slight Linnæa hang its twin-born heads,
And blessed the monument of the man of flowers,
Which breathes his sweet fame through the northern bowers.
He heard, when in the grove, at intervals,
With sudden roar the aged pine-tree falls—
One crash, the death-hymn of the perfect tree,
Declares the close of its green century.
Low lies the plant to whose creation went
Sweet influence from every element;
Whose living towers the years conspired to build,
Whose giddy top the morning loved to gild.
Through these green tents, by eldest Nature dressed,
He roamed, content alike with man and beast.
Where darkness found him, he lay glad at night;
There the red morning touched him with its light.
Three moons his great heart him a hermit made,
So long he roved at will the boundless shade.
The timid it concerns to ask their way,
And fear what foe in caves and swamps can stray,
To make no step until the event is known,
And ills to come as evils past bemoan.
Not so the wise; no coward watch he keeps
To spy what danger on his pathway creeps;
Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth—his hall the azure dome;
Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his road,
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

4

'Twas one of the charméd days
When the genius of God doth flow;
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow;
It may blow north, it still is warm;
Or south, it still is clear;
Or east, it smells like a clover-farm;
Or west, no thunder fear.
The musing peasant lowly great
Beside the forest water sate;
The rope-like pine-roots crosswise grown
Composed the network of his throne;

82. Linnæa, a plant taking its name from the Swedish botanist, Carolus Linnæus.

The wide lake, edged with sand and grass,
Was burnished to a floor of glass,
Painted with shadows green and proud
Of the tree and of the cloud.
He was the heart of all the scene;
On him the sun looked more serene;
To hill and cloud his face was known—
It seemed the likeness of their own;
They knew by secret sympathy
The public child of earth and sky.
"You ask," he said, "what guide
Me through trackless thickets led,
Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough and wide?
I found the waters' bed.
I traveled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry;
They led me through the thicket damp,
Through brake and fern, the beavers' camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,
And their resistless friendship showed.
The falling waters led me,
The foodful waters fed me,
And brought me to the lowest land,
Unerring to the ocean sand.
The moss upon the forest bark
Was pole-star when the night was dark;
The purple berries in the wood
Supplied me necessary food;
For Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'Twill be time enough to die;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Friendship. 1. In what way do the introductory verses give the theme of the essay? The first two paragraphs of the essay express Emerson's confidence in the underlying goodness and kindliness in human nature; how may this faith be related to attempts to solve some of the vexed problems of our industrial and social life?

2. In the third paragraph Emerson speaks of the effect of association with others upon our best powers. What illustrations does he give? Can you think of others?

3. The last two paragraphs of this selection point out the two elements that are necessary in friendship. Name them. With what Emerson says of the man who under the influence of religious emotion "spoke to the conscience of every person," compare Hawthorne's story, "The Ambitious Guest," whose earnestness and sincerity set all the family to talking on matters they had not thought of before. You might compare this also with Emerson's statement about the effect of the coming of a stranger upon conversation.

4. Can you think of other elements that enter into perfect friendship?

Forbearance. State the theme of this poem in your own language. In what way are the illustrations (hunting, the rose, eating, courage, silence) related to each other and to the theme? Why are these illustrations chosen? What ideal of life does the poem express?

The Past. State the theme in a sentence.

Each and All. 1. At first reading, this poem may seem difficult, partly because of Emerson's fondness for naming a series of apparently unrelated illustrations. As a matter of fact, the illustrations are closely related, and may be summarized in a sentence. The theme of this poem is in line 11. How are the lines about the peasant, the heifer, the sexton, related to each other and to this theme?

2. Following line 11, we have a different kind of illustration: Not only do our actions unconsciously influence others, but whatever beauty or joy life brings us depends not on the source of the joy itself but on other circumstances. What are these other circumstances?

3. The third part of the poem begins with line 37. What is its theme? In what sense are truth and beauty the same?

Woodnotes I. 1. This poem may be compared with Bryant's poems about the woods. What resemblances and what contrasts do you observe? In stanza 1 notice the sources of the poet's joy in Nature and the question that he asks. In stanza 2, the poet meets one who can answer the question. Why (stanza 3)? In stanza 4 find the answer to the poet's question.

2. Memorize the characterization of the wise man (lines 99-108). How do the lines about the "clear spirit" illustrate what is said in the biography of Emerson about his view of self-reliance? Can you relate this passage about timidity and self-reliance to the nation as well as to the individual?

Theme Topics. 1. How Emerson would have felt about some modern industrial problem. 2. An account of an imaginary visit of Emerson to Hull House (or some other social settlement in a large city), and his conversation with the head of the settlement. 3. Emerson as an essayist rather than a poet (compare his Nature poems with poems on similar subjects by Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow). 4. Some facts about Nature I have learned from Emerson.

Library Reading. Increase your knowledge of Emerson's work by reading in the library the following poems and prose essays. Perhaps Emerson is almost a new author to you, so you will find it all the more interesting to study him in connection with his place in American literature. Be prepared to make a report on some of the poems that appealed to you most, and make an abstract of one of the essays. *Poems:* "Good-by," "The River," "The Apology," "The Humble-bee," "A Fable," "The Informing Spirit," "Threnody," "The Seashore," "The Titmouse." *Prose essays*: "Friendship" (entire), and "Compensation."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU
(1817-1862)

Somewhat similar in ideas and ideals to Emerson, as he was friend and neighbor, yet quite different in his literary productions, was Henry David Thoreau. Thoreau was born in Concord, Massachusetts, and passed most of his life there, one of the group of literary men who made it their home and enriched it with the luster of their reputations. He had to turn his hands to any odd job in order to finish his university course. As his tastes were extremely simple for a young man, he did not have to work long at a stretch in order to provide the necessities of life for a considerable period.

Thoreau was a lover of Nature of a unique kind. He wished to live with her, not merely to watch her, but to have a share in all her moods, to grasp the full meaning of all changes and appearances. His almost microscopic eyes aided him in this. In addition to this passion for the out-door world, Thoreau was a student of early English literature. He also read Greek for pleasure. He was sincere and simple in his disposition; an attractive man in spite of seeming eccentricities. Men of sturdy peasant stock appealed to him. He loved their inherent common sense; their close relation to the forces of Nature which produced their livelihood.

During his entire life Thoreau kept a minutely accurate *Journal*, from which fourteen volumes of selections have been printed. Two books published during his lifetime have assured his place in our literature. With a brother he spent a week in a rowboat exploring two rivers, catching with his quick eye every detail of natural phenomena, noting it in a book, and amplifying it later; *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* (1849) is one of the rarely stimulating Nature books of our history. Even more original, and more generally read, is another volume of the same kind, *Walden* (1854). An idea of the contents of this book may be gathered from some of the chapter headings: Sounds, The Bean-field, Brute Neighbors, Higher Laws, Winter Animals, The Pond in Winter, Solitude.

Thoreau states thus his reasons for going out into the woods near Walden Pond:

> I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.

The book therefore contains three kinds of material: the story of a hermit-like existence lasting nearly two years; an account of his observations of Nature, very minute and set forth in an interesting manner; some observations on the meaning of life, philosophical passages which often remind us of Emerson. The first of these elements in the book is a story somewhat like that of Robinson Crusoe. He tells how he built his cabin, planted his little field of beans and potatoes, kept house; all the daily routine of work, swim-

ming, and recreation. It also contains his expense accounts, which show that his expenses for a year's living were around eight dollars. From this point of view *Walden* is a book devoted to the great out-of-doors, and possesses the fascination that all such books exert. The second strand of interest in the book, the records of his keen observation, cannot be illustrated here; it is fully as fascinating as the story of his pioneering. The third element, more philosophical, interests those who are fond of Emerson, and all those, too, who appreciate shrewd, epigrammatic summaries of the meaning of life, expressed by a man capable of thinking for himself and phrasing the results in concise, oftentimes memorable, language.

While Thoreau contributed no interpretation of American political principles, wrote no novels that picture American life, and seemingly had small influence on his contemporaries, yet he belongs in a very real sense among the interpreters whose lives and works we are considering in this chapter. In a time relatively late and in a region representative of an advanced civilization, he chose deliberately to front the facts of life as a pioneer. That he did this pioneering, lived this elemental life of simplicity and frugality, of "plain living and high thinking," within a stone's throw of the railroad and almost within sight of Harvard College, makes his experience interesting to us and fruitful to our thought. America has always been a country of pioneers, of men who repeat, generation after generation, the experience of the first colonists at Plymouth and on the James. Like the hero of old legend, we renew our strength through these repeated contacts with mother earth. Not aristocracy, or wealth, or high learning can take the place of this pioneer spirit, or drive it from our blood. Thoreau at Walden lived as the first settlers in the Ohio Valley, in the Dakotas, in Wyoming and Montana and Utah, on the Pacific coast, lived in successive generations. This pioneer instinct governed Thoreau's life and thought; he interprets it for us.

SELECTIONS FROM THOREAU

CHOOSING A FARM

At a certain season of our life we are accustomed to consider every spot as the possible site of a house. I have thus surveyed the country on every side within a dozen miles of where I live. In imagination I have bought all the farms in succession, for all were to be bought, and I knew their price. I walked over each farmer's premises, tasted his wild apples, discoursed on husbandry with him, took his farm at his price, at any price, mortgaging it to him in my mind; even put a higher price on it—took everything but a deed of it—took his word for his deed, for I dearly love to talk—cultivated it, and him, too, to some extent, I trust, and withdrew when I had enjoyed it long enough, leaving him to carry it on. This experience entitled me to be regarded as a sort of real-estate broker by my friends. Wherever I sat, there I might live, and the landscape radiated from me accordingly. What is a house but a *sedes*, a seat?—better if a country seat. I discovered many a site for a house not likely to be soon improved, which some might have thought too far from the village, but to my eyes the village was too far from it. Well, there I might live, I said; and there I did live, for an hour, a summer and a winter life; saw how I could let the years run off, buffet the winter through, and see the spring come in. The future inhabitants of this region, wherever they may place their houses, may be sure that they have been anticipated. An afternoon sufficed to

lay out the land into orchard, woodlot, and pasture, and to decide what fine oaks or pines should be left to stand before the door, and whence each blasted tree could be seen to the best advantage; and then I let it lie, fallow perchance, for a man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.

My imagination carried me so far that I even had the refusal of several farms—the refusal was all I wanted—but I never got my fingers burned by actual possession. The nearest that I came to actual possession was when I bought the Hollowell place, and had begun to sort my seeds, and collected materials with which to make a wheelbarrow to carry it on or off with; but before the owner gave me a deed of it, his wife—every man has such a wife—changed her mind and wished to keep it, and he offered me ten dollars to release him. Now, to speak the truth, I had but ten cents in the world, and it surpassed my arithmetic to tell if I was that man who had ten cents, or who had a farm, or ten dollars, or all together. However, I let him keep the ten dollars and the farm, too, for I had carried it far enough; or rather, to be generous, I sold him the farm for just what I gave for it, and, as he was not a rich man, made him a present of ten dollars, and still had my ten cents, and seeds, and materials for a wheelbarrow left. I found thus that I had been a rich man without any damage to my property. But I retained the landscape, and I have since annually carried off what it yielded without a wheelbarrow. With respect to landscapes,

> I am monarch of all I *survey*,
> My right there is none to dispute.

I have frequently seen a poet withdraw, having enjoyed the most valuable part of a farm, while the crusty farmer supposed that he had got a few wild apples only. Why, the owner does not know it for many years when a poet has put his farm in rime, the most admirable kind of invisible fence, has fairly impounded it, milked it, skimmed it, and got all the cream, and left the farmer only the skimmed milk.

The real attractions of the Hollowell farm, to me, were: its complete retirement, being about two miles from the village, half a mile from the nearest neighbor, and separated from the highway by a broad field; its bounding on the river, which the owner said protected it by its fogs from frosts in the spring, though that was nothing to me; the gray color and ruinous state of the house and barn, and the dilapidated fences, which put such an interval between me and the last occupant; the hollow and lichen-covered apple trees, gnawed by rabbits, showing what kind of neighbors I should have; but above all, the recollection I had of it from my earliest voyages up the river, when the house was concealed behind a dense grove of red maples, through which I heard the house-dog bark. I was in haste to buy it, before the proprietor finished getting out some rocks, cutting down the hollow apple trees, and grubbing up some young birches which had sprung up in the pasture, or, in short, had made any more of his improvements. To enjoy these advantages I was ready to carry it on; like Atlas, to take the world on my shoulders—I never heard what compensation he received for that—and do all those things which had no other motive or excuse but that I might pay for it and be unmolested in my possession of it; for I knew all the while that it would yield the most abundant crop of the kind I wanted if

44. **I am monarch**, etc., from Cowper's poem "Alexander Selkirk."

I could only afford to let it alone. But it turned out as I have said.

All that I could say, then, with respect to farming on a large scale (I have always cultivated a garden), was that I had had my seeds ready. Many think that seeds improve with age. I have no doubt that time discriminates between the good and the bad; and when at last I shall plant, I shall be less likely to be disappointed. But I would say to my fellows, once for all, As long as possible live free and uncommitted. It makes but little difference whether you are committed to a farm or the county jail. . . .

READING

With a little more deliberation in the choice of their pursuits, all men would perhaps become essentially students and observers, for certainly their nature and destiny are interesting to all alike. In accumulating property for ourselves or our posterity, in founding a family or a state, or acquiring fame even, we are mortal; but in dealing with truth we are immortal, and need fear no change nor accident. The oldest Egyptian or Hindoo philosopher raised a corner of the veil from the statue of the divinity; and still the trembling robe remains raised, and I gaze upon as fresh a glory as he did, since it was I in him that was then so bold, and it is he in me that now reviews the vision. No dust has settled on that robe; no time has elapsed since that divinity was revealed. That time which we really improve, or which is improvable, is neither past, present, nor future.

* * *

The heroic books, even if printed in the character of our mother tongue, will always be in a language dead to degenerate times; and we must laboriously seek the meaning of each word and line, conjecturing a larger sense than common use permits out of what wisdom and valor and generosity we have. The modern cheap and fertile press, with all its translations, has done little to bring us nearer to the heroic writers of antiquity. They seem as solitary, and the letter in which they are printed as rare and curious, as ever. It is worth the expense of youthful days and costly hours, if you learn only some words of an ancient language, which are raised out of the trivialness of the street, to be perpetual suggestions and provocations. It is not in vain that the farmer remembers and repeats the few Latin words which he has heard. Men sometimes speak as if the study of the classics would at length make way for more modern and practical studies; but the adventurous student will always study classics, in whatever language they may be written and however ancient they may be. For what are the classics but the noblest recorded thoughts of man? They are the only oracles which are not decayed, and there are such answers to the most modern inquiry in them as Delphi and Dodona never gave. We might as well omit to study Nature because she is old. To read well, that is, to read true books in a true spirit, is a noble exercise, and one that will task the reader more than any exercise which the customs of the day esteem. It requires a training such as the athletes underwent, the steady intention almost of the whole life to this object. Books must be read as deliberately and reservedly as they were written. It is not enough even to be able to speak the language of that nation by which they are written, for

77. **Delphi, Dodona**, the seats of two famous oracles of the same names, in Greece.

there is a memorable interval between the spoken and the written language, the language heard and the language read. The one is commonly transitory, a sound, a tongue, a dialect merely, almost brutish, and we learn it unconsciously, like the brutes, of our mothers. The other is the maturity and experience of that; if that is our mother tongue, this is our father tongue, a reserved and select expression, too significant to be heard by the ear, which we must be born again in order to speak.

* * *

However much we may admire the orator's occasional bursts of eloquence, the noblest written words are commonly as far behind or above the fleeting spoken language as the firmament with its stars is behind the clouds. *There* are the stars, and they who can may read them. The astronomers forever comment on and observe them. They are not exhalations like our daily colloquies and vaporous breath. What is called eloquence in the forum is commonly found to be rhetoric in the study. The orator yields to the inspiration of a transient occasion, and speaks to the mob before him, to those who can *hear* him; but the writer, whose more equable life is his occasion, and who would be distracted by the event and the crowd which inspire the orator, speaks to the intellect and heart of mankind, to all in any age who can *understand* him.

No wonder that Alexander carried the *Iliad* with him on his expeditions in a precious casket. A written word is the choicest of relics. It is something at once more intimate with us and more universal than any other work of art. It is the work of art nearest to life itself. . . . Books are the treasured wealth of the world and the fit inheritance of generations and nations. Books, the oldest and the best, stand naturally and rightfully on the shelves of every cottage. They have no cause of their own to plead, but while they enlighten and sustain the reader his common sense will not refuse them. Their authors are a natural and irresistible aristocracy in every society, and, more than kings or emperors, exert an influence on mankind. When the illiterate and perhaps scornful trader has earned by enterprise and industry his coveted leisure and independence, and is admitted to the circles of wealth and fashion, he turns inevitably at last to those still higher but yet inaccessible circles of intellect and genius, and is sensible only of the imperfection of his culture and the vanity and insufficiency of all his riches, and further proves his good sense by the pains which he takes to secure for his children that intellectual culture whose want he so keenly feels; and thus it is that he becomes the founder of a family. . . .

38. **Alexander**, the Great (356–323 B. C.)

SOLITUDE

This is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself. As I walk along the stony shore of the pond in my shirt sleeves, though it is cool as well as cloudy and windy, and I see nothing special to attract me, all the elements are unusually congenial to me. The bullfrogs trump to usher in the night, and the note of the whip-poorwill is borne on the rippling wind from over the water. Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath; yet, like the lake, my serenity is rippled but not ruffled. These small waves

raised by the evening wind are as remote from storm as the smooth reflecting surface. Though it is now dark, the wind still blows and roars in the wood, the waves still dash, and some creatures lull the rest with their notes. The repose is never complete. The wildest animals do not repose, but seek their prey now; the fox, and skunk, and rabbit now roam the fields and woods without fear. They are Nature's watchmen—links which connect the days of animated life.

When I return to my house I find that visitors have been there and left their cards, either a bunch of flowers, or a wreath of evergreen, or a name in pencil on a yellow walnut leaf or chip. They who come rarely to the woods take some little piece of the forest into their hands to play with by the way, which they leave, either intentionally or accidentally. One has peeled a willow wand, woven it into a ring, and dropped it on my table. I could always tell if visitors had called in my absence, either by the bended twigs or grass, or the print of their shoes, and generally of what sex or age or quality they were by some slight trace left, as a flower dropped, or a bunch of grass plucked and thrown away, even as far off as the railroad, half a mile distant, or by the lingering odor of a cigar or pipe. Nay, I was frequently notified of the passage of a traveler along the highway sixty rods off by the scent of his pipe.

There is commonly sufficient space about us. Our horizon is never quite at our elbows. The thick wood is not just at our door, nor the pond, but somewhat is always clearing, familiar and worn by us, appropriated and fenced in some way, and reclaimed from Nature. For what reason have I this vast range and circuit, some square miles of unfrequented forest, for my privacy, abandoned to me by men? My nearest neighbor is a mile distant, and no house is visible from any place but the hill tops within half a mile of my own. I have my horizon bounded by woods all to myself; a distant view of the railroad where it touches the pond on the one hand, and of the fence which skirts the woodland road on the other. But for the most part it is as solitary where I live as on the prairies. It is as much Asia or Africa as New England. I have, as it were, my own sun and moon and stars, and a little world all to myself. At night there was never a traveler passed my house, or knocked at my door, more than if I were the first or last man; unless it were in the spring, when at long intervals some came from the village to fish for pouts—they plainly fished much more in the Walden Pond of their own natures, and baited their hooks with darkness—but they soon retreated, usually with light baskets, and left "the world to darkness and to me," and the black kernel of the night was never profaned by any human neighborhood. I believe that men are generally still a little afraid of the dark, though the witches are all hung, and Christianity and candles have been introduced. . . .

74. **the world**, etc., from Gray's "Elegy."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Choosing a farm. This selection is taken from Chapter II of *Walden*. The other two selections are from Chapters III and V of the same book. "Choosing a Farm" illustrates what is said in the text about Thoreau's love of pioneering. It also illustrates the simplicity of the man, and the vein of quiet humor that runs through all his work.

Reading. As you read this selection you should recall the general Introduction to the volume. In what way does Thoreau's essay illustrate some of the material given in the

Introduction? Study, in this selection, Thoreau's ideas about the following: The immortality of truth; reading heroic books; uses of the classics; "Books must be read as deliberately and reservedly as they were written."

Solitude. Compare this selection with the characterization of Thoreau as a pioneer, on page 490.

Theme Topics. 1. Why you agree (or do not agree) with some of Thoreau's ideas listed under "Reading." 2. Thoreau would (or would not) have been in sympathy with the present-day movement for the preservation of our forests and wild flowers.

Library Reading. A convenient edition of *Walden* is in the Lake English Classics.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(1804-1864)

The only prose fictionist of the period equal to Edgar Allan Poe was Nathaniel Hawthorne. Born in Salem, he was descended from a long line of more or less distinguished forefathers, one of whom had been a stern judge involved in sentencing "Salem witches" to punishment. The father of Nathaniel was a sea captain, who died of fever in a distant port, leaving the four-year-old boy with no close companion, for Nathaniel's mother lived in almost total seclusion. Such a life developed the sensitiveness of the youth, his disposition to solitary meditation, his detachment from the busy world about him. Yet such details are marked indications of the peculiar greatness he displayed later when he wrote out of the fullness of his imagination. His years at Bowdoin College in Maine, from which he was graduated in 1825, brought him the friendship of Longfellow and of Franklin K. Pierce, afterwards president of the United States.

After his return from college, Hawthorne adopted no profession. For some twelve years he lived quietly at home in Salem, seeming to do nothing at all, as the townspeople thought, yet in reality passing through an apprenticeship in literature, all of which showed results later. Reading, writing, meditation, study, filled these years. Friends finally found for him a position in the custom house, where he dutifully and monotonously counted barrels and checked freight, until political change brought this work to an end.

Just at this time a group of men and women decided to begin the reform of life by setting up a model community at Brook Farm. Ideal living conditions were to be produced by common work and democratic association. Into this venture Hawthorne put his accumulated savings. He enthusiastically plunged into the farming and garden work, but a year of it made him decide that such toil was not for a man of his disposition. He withdrew from the colony, still with no life work.

He had before this written many sketches and tales, some of which had appeared in magazines. His desire to publish a book was satisfied in an unusual manner. A college friend, unknown to Hawthorne, guaranteed a publisher against financial loss if he would accept a collection of Hawthorne's short compositions. Under this fortunate arrangement there was offered to the reading public in 1836 a collection of legends and stories, original in everything but the bare plot. This volume was *Twice-Told Tales.*

The remaining facts of Hawthorne's biography are few in number. He was appointed surveyor of customs in Salem; later, by his friend Pierce, consul at Liverpool. After four years of this work, he remained in England and Italy three more years, then returned to the United States in 1860. Still a secluded man, he was little influenced by the stirring events of these years of war. In 1864, while journeying through the New England mountains, he retired one evening and peacefully died during the night.

The literary production of Hawthorne

stands with the highest included in American literature. All the books he wrote may be conveniently grouped in three divisions. For children he wrote three delightful volumes—*The Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, in which the old classic myths are retold exactly as they should be told for young persons, and *Grandfather's Chair*, in which are simple stories of New England history.

The second group includes his sketches and tales, of which good specimens are "Drowne's Wooden Image" and "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment"—both printed in this volume—"The Ambitious Guest," in Book One of this series, and such tales as "The Gray Champion," "The Great Stone Face," and "The Great Carbuncle."

The third group includes his long romances—*The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Blithedale Romance*, and *The Marble Faun*.

Hawthorne was in the habit of jotting down in notebooks themes for stories, situations for treatment, characters to be delineated, problems to be solved. Meditation permitted his imagination to illuminate all these hints and tentative beginnings until he was quite prepared to clothe his framework with beautiful language. In an early short story he refers to a woman who had to bear before the eyes of all townspeople the symbol of a sin she had committed. Years after this short story had been written he lost his political position in the Salem Custom House. His wife encouragingly said, "Oh, then you can write your book." This romance, *The Scarlet Letter*, an elaboration of the early short story, appeared in 1850. To the astonishment of its author, who had called himself "the most unpopular writer in America," and the amazement of its publisher, who had ordered only five thousand to be printed, the book was a great success.

The story concerns the effect of a sin upon four persons in early Boston. It is a tragedy of remorse and expiation. Mystery almost supernatural pervades the scenes of the chapters. Even at the end we are almost certain that the second offender has become branded in some occult manner with the symbol of his sin. Yet in no paragraph does Hawthorne definitely say that this is so. The volume is in a sense a protest against Puritan conditions, yet only a descendant of Puritans could have written it. In its pages, as in those of many of his tales and sketches, are vivified the characteristics of the early settlers and colonizers of the section. In them the past lives again as actually as any year of our own lives.

The supernatural elements already described as marking *The Scarlet Letter* are paralleled in *The House of the Seven Gables*. Around a house in Salem with seven gable ends Hawthorne wove a modern story of the results of an ancient curse. He imagined that two families had claimed a property. The influential settler is able to dispossess the poor carpenter, who, however, announces sternly that God will give the usurper blood to drink. The present-day descendants of this usurper have fallen on evil days. The curse is evidently still working against them.

Notice that *The Blithedale Romance* carries its description in its title. Out of his experience with the idealistic Brook Farm community Hawthorne retained the germs of a weird story. His characters suggested real persons involved in the utopian scheme, and though Hawthorne denied that any were portraits, it is probable that they do show the general natures and dispositions of the members of the group. The theme is the effect upon others of a professional reformer who in pursuit of one goal becomes unsympathetic toward all else in life.

Residence in Italy, the land of literary and artistic inspiration, led Hawthorne to the composition of his last romance, *The Marble Faun*. A faun was conceived by the pagan ancients as a creature of fields and woods, half sportive animal, half human being. In the Museum on the Capitoline Hill in Rome is a famous statue of a faun. Hawthorne imagines that such a creature could actually exist in modern Italy, fall in love with a modern girl, commit a crime, and by that act begin to develop a human conscience. The strangeness of such a character is

sharply contrasted with two Americans in the story. So careful was Hawthorne in reducing the plot to the logic of modern life that he refused to offer a satisfying conclusion to the complicated events. Yet a reader finds his chief pleasure in the strange problems involved in the mingling of the ancient and the modern, in the "atmosphere" of impending doom cast over the persons, and in the remarkable passages describing the indications of the grandeur that was Rome's in classic times, and the art that was Italy's in more modern days.

We may now ask what contribution Hawthorne has made to the interpretation of America. In the first place, his stories interpret for us the meaning of Puritan New England. This is not only because, in *Grandfather's Chair*, and in such tales as "Endicott and the Red Cross" or "The Gray Champion," or in romances like *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Scarlet Letter*, he retells history as story, but also because he *interprets* history. Moreover, he uses this interpretation of colonial New England as a means for comment on the tendencies of American life. "The Gray Champion" expresses the eternal spirit of liberty. He symbolizes, in picturesque form, the passion for freedom that in peaceful times we scarcely realize, but which in times of peril we know would once more incarnate itself in defense of the flag. In *The Scarlet Letter* Hawthorne shows the evil that comes when religion is only formal, a matter of ceremony or creed, not a living principle in the soul. The early Puritans were often intolerant, but they were sincere. When this passion for righteousness became only form, sin entered. In *The House of the Seven Gables* the same theme is treated in different terms. It is with a later generation, contemporary with Hawthorne himself, that he deals. Judge Pyncheon is wealthy, cruel, grasping. He has acquired power because of his skill in managing what Hawthorne calls "the external phenomena" of life, by which he means office, worldly honor, riches, property. But these fail to bring him the happiness that is found by the unworldly artist and the lovely country maiden. Here, as often, Hawthorne treats of the search for happiness, and tells where it may be found, and how it may be missed.

These themes, dealing with success and failure, sin and righteousness, happiness that is sound and wholesome as set over against that which seems real but is only an illusion, Hawthorne treats in many ways. The Ambitious Guest desired earthly fame merely for the sake of fame; his ambition was denied. Drowne, the wood-carver, found that in one experience of his life he attained the triumph of a great creative art; his life there reached a climax which all his later career, though prosperous and worthy, did not reach again. In "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," the author presents in story form his answer to the query as to whether eternal youth would be a blessing. In "The Great Carbuncle" various ideas of success are tested. Hawthorne interprets our great American ambition for success, shows us the good and the evil in it, and analyzes the thoughts and emotions of men and women, the secret places of the heart. Thus we may read his stories merely as stories, little journeys into the world of adventure; we may also read them in the manner pointed out in the general Introduction to this book, creatively, seeing in them not only a mirror of past life, but of American motives and ideals—even of our own motives and ideals.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

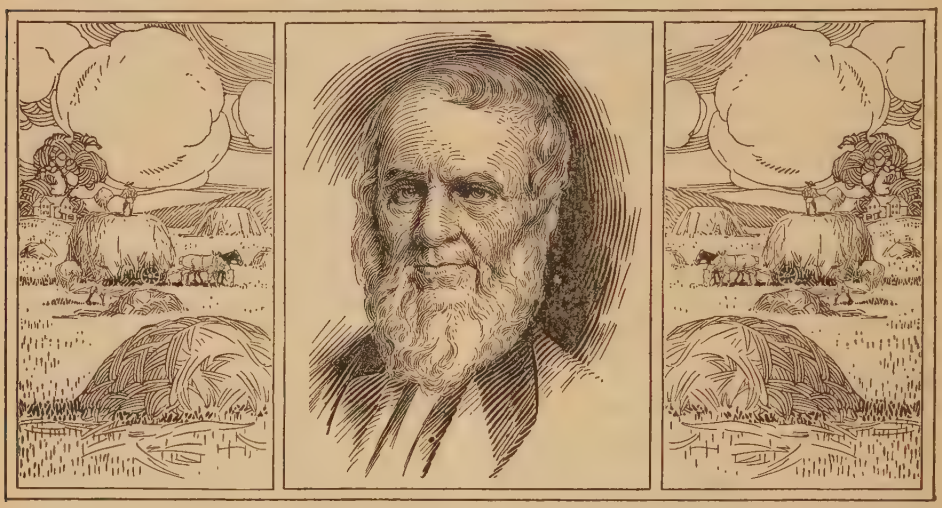
1. Selections from Hawthorne are found in Part Two of this book, and Notes and Questions have been supplied at that point. Here you should review the two stories and others previously read, in order to find in them illustrations of some of the characteristics of the author as explained in the biographical sketch.

2. Hawthorne's style should be compared with that of Irving. What is the difference between the *humor* of Irving and that of Haw-

thorne? Are the *persons* of Hawthorne as distinct as Irving's? How do the two writers differ in *language?* What resemblances are there between the two in love of the legendary and traditional?

Previously Read. In *Literature and Life, Book One,* "The Ambitious Guest."

Library Reading. Read several of the *Twice-Told Tales* and report on the most interesting.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

(1807-1892)

Whittier differed in many ways from the other writers belonging to the New England group. They were descended from Puritans; he came from early Quakers. They went to college; his schooling was meager. They were widely-read; he knew fewer books and followed a more restrained philosophy. They were fairly affluent; he was, for most of his life, a struggler with poverty. The inspiration of poetry in the life of a humble farm lad has been repeated several times. Usually the example of some earlier lowly singer fires the ambition of a later one. This was the case with Whittier, for when he learned how Robert Burns had written great poetry, he was filled with the desire to emulate the Scottish poet. Some of the poems that resulted from this ambition were published in newspapers. Later, Whittier himself became an editor; this brought him into contact with stirring events; he even considered engaging in politics. His hopes of active participation he willingly sacrificed to his conviction that slavery was a crime. He became an ardent abolitionist, and for some thirty years, in all kinds of tumult and even violence, he consistently attacked the supporters of slavery. To do this he wrote articles in prose and numerous occasional poems—aptly described as editorials in verse. Of course, much of this material now possesses only historical interest. Its purpose was accomplished, however, upon its publication. The bitter attacks upon Whittier—literary and physical—are proofs of its effect.

Whittier is more characteristically of New England in his poetry than any other of our poets. Many of the others sought models in distant lands, or borrowed form and material from far-away sources. Whittier wrote of what he had lived, what he had seen, what he had loved. His verse illustrates every quality of the man. It is homely in the best sense, truthful;

sincere, unassuming, simple in form, realistic in manner. Parts of it are almost photographic. He did not falsely color to produce romantic glamor. He did not overstate for emphasis. His sentiments are the manly ones of honest toilers of the soil. The virtues he praises are the rugged independence of husbandmen, the uprightness of direct dealers who know their God through their Bible. All of these traits are best exemplified in "Snow-Bound." There is beauty in the simplicity of this poem. There is bigness in the isolating storm. There is power of characterization in the portraits of the members of the family.

Aside from his poems in support of abolition Whittier's work falls into three classes: ballads, poems of Nature, and religious lyrics. To the first belong poems like "Lexington," "The Pipes at Lucknow," "Skipper Ireson's Ride." The poems of Nature are "Snow-Bound," "The Trailing Arbutus," and many others. His religious poetry includes some well-known hymns and other verse marked by deep though simple devotional feeling. "The Eternal Goodness" is an example of this expression of faith. Somewhat between ballad and poetry of Nature are "Telling the Bees," "In School-Days," "My Playmate," "The Barefoot Boy," and "Maud Muller." Most of these are reminiscent of boyhood experiences or were suggested by some happening in his later life. They show his gentle and affectionate disposition; they may be called "idyls," or little pictures of rural life. Whittier applies the name "idyl" also to his "Snow-Bound." But no classification can do justice to the great variety of theme and the equally great variety of his treatment of his subjects. He uses many unusual stanza forms. While his ear is not always accurate and he is sometimes guilty of errors in his use of language, the impression left by this great body of verse is that of admiration for its sincere and simple art. He has few literary allusions; he is not a bookish poet; he seldom rises to great passion or vivid imagination. But New England's life and scenery, in their softer and sweeter aspects, live in the verse of this singer of songs, and have become a cherished part of the inheritance of all America.

SELECTIONS FROM WHITTIER

PROEM

I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvelous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rime
Beat often Labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;

3. **Spenser**, Edmund (1552–1599), a famous English poet. 4. **Sidney**, Sir Philip (1554–1586), an English author. He wrote a pastoral romance entitled *Arcadia*.

A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

DEDICATION TO SONGS OF LABOR

I would the gift I offer here
Might graces from thy favor take,
And, seen through Friendship's atmosphere,
On softened lines and coloring, wear
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for thy sake.

Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain;
But what I have I give to thee—
The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's plain,
And paler flowers, the latter rain
Calls from the westering slope of life's autumnal lea.

Above the fallen groves of green
Where youth's enchanted forest stood,
Dry root and mosséd trunk between,
A sober after-growth is seen,
As springs the pine where falls the gay-leafed maple wood!

Yet birds will sing, and breezes play
Their leaf-harps in the somber tree;
And through the bleak and wintry day
It keeps its steady green alway—
So, even my after-thoughts may have a charm for thee.

Art's perfect forms no moral need,
And Beauty is its own excuse;
But for the dull and flowerless weed
Some healing virtue still must plead,
And the rough ore must find its honors in its use.

So haply these, my simple lays
Of homely toil, may serve to show
The orchard bloom and tasseled maize,
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,
The unsung beauty hid life's common things below.

Haply from them the toiler, bent
Above his forge or plow, may gain
A manlier spirit of content,
And feel that life is wisest spent
Where the strong working hand makes strong the working brain.

The doom which to the guilty pair
Without the walls of Eden came,
Transforming sinless ease to care
And rugged toil, no more shall bear
The burden of old crime, or mark of primal shame.

A blessing now—a curse no more;
Since He, whose name we breathe with awe,
The coarse mechanic vesture wore—
A poor man toiling with the poor,
In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law.

TELLING THE BEES

Here is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

32. **Milton**, John (1608–1674), a famous English poet.
33. **Marvell**, Andrew (1621–1678), a minor English poet.
Dedication. 22. See Emerson's "The Rhodora."

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed— To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her windowpane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened; the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead today;
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on—
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sleeping;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are creeping.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western windowpanes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rime—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human hack,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borak—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the mænads sang:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own townspeople on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horns bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim;
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

3. **Apuleius.** a Roman philosopher of the second century, who in one of his books tells the story of a young man who was turned into an ass and met many strange adventures. 4. **Calendar's horse of brass.** Whittier confuses two *Arabian Nights* stories. 6. **Al-Borak,** a winged animal, said to have carried Mohammed to the seventh heaven. 26. **Bacchus,** the god of wine.

35. **Chaleur Bay,** an inlet of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between Quebec and New Brunswick.

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

ICHABOD!

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not—the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and Heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled.
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Proem. 1. This poem was written to introduce the first general collection of Whittier's poems. The word *proem* means introduction.

2. What expression does Whittier give to his sense of the difficulties of writing poetry in the New England of his time? Compare this with what is said in the text about the slow development of literature in America. Why should Whittier feel this rigor and harshness more sensitively than Longfellow or Emerson? Besides this difficulty due to pioneer conditions, what personal hindrances does Whittier feel?

3. The last two stanzas of this poem give a statement of one of the great and original themes of American poetry. The poet says he cannot sing with the grace of Spenser, or with the mighty gift of Milton, or even with the grace and wit of Marvell, a minor poet who lived in England, in the seventeenth century, yet in Freedom he finds a theme that is his own. On this compare Bryant's poem about Freedom, in which the subject was treated by this poet in an original way, suited to America itself.

Dedication. Why is the name given to this collection of poems, "Songs of Labor," appropriate to Whittier's life and experience? Why is it American? In what way do these songs, judging from what you learn of them in this "Dedication," illustrate the chapter heading, "Interpreting the Nation"? Line 35 should be remembered because it is characteristic of Whittier and supplies a means for interpreting America. Compare Whitman's poem, "I Hear America Singing."

Telling the Bees. The poem is based on an old superstition that bees must be informed of a death in the family, to prevent the swarms from seeking a new home. You should read the poem aloud in order to allow the beauty and simplicity of the stanza to influence your feeling most completely. It is an idyl, a "little picture" of rural life, such as lyric poets have always delighted in. The "idyl," as a literary form, is marked by extreme simplicity in language and theme. It is either narrative or descriptive, or both. Often it is pastoral, that is, a poem about simple country life. The classical idyls of Theocritus, in Greek, and of Vergil, in Latin, have been imitated and admired by generations of readers.

In School-Days. This is also an idyl, though without the pastoral element found in "Telling the Bees." It is based on an incident in Whittier's boyhood.

Skipper Ireson's Ride. This poem is an example of Whittier's ballad poetry. As in the idyl, he does not imitate older poets in form, but he reproduces the spirit admirably. It is based, as every good ballad should be based, on a real incident. It may be compared with "Tam O' Shanter," also a poem about a ride.

Ichabod. This poem was written to express Whittier's indignation because of Webster's failure to maintain an uncompromising stand against slavery. It refers to the famous seventh of March speech in 1850. Observe the way in which the short lines give the feeling of repression, yet show powerfully the stern indignation of the poet.

Theme Topics. 1. Contrast, in as many ways as possible, your school-house with the one Whittier describes. 2. Show that the women of Marblehead were (or were not) justified in what they did. 3. Whittier's ideas about working-people.

Previously Read. *In Literature and Life, Book One,* "Lexington," "Seed-time and Harvest," and "Hampton Beach."

Library Reading. Increase your knowledge of Whittier's work by reading in the library the following poems. Even though you have read some of them, you will find it interesting to reread them in the light of your present study of Whittier's place in American literature. Select several that especially appeal to you and be prepared to make a report on them. "My Playmate," "Maud Muller," "The Eternal Goodness," "The Barefoot Boy," "Randolph of Roanoke," "Memories," "The Shoemakers," "The Angels of Buena Vista," "The Huskers," "Our State," "My Psalm," "Sunset on the Bear-camp," "The Last Eve of Summer."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
(1807-1882)

During his life Longfellow was the most popular, and perhaps even now is the most widely known of all the New England poets. Very likely this is due to the fact that the simplicity of his phrasing, the easy narrative quality of his material, the directness of his art, make his poems suitable for young readers, so that multitudes while they are still children learn his verses and retain them for the remainder of their lives.

John and Priscilla Alden—of the famous "Why don't you speak for yourself?"—were ancestors of the poet. He was born in Maine, and was graduated from college when he was eighteen, with the ambition to devote himself to literature, but agreed to engage in law as an income-producer. Fortunately he did not have to undergo legal training or practice, for his college, Bowdoin, in Maine, offered him a professorship of modern languages, provided he would spend several years abroad in preparation. Three years of European residence enabled him to master the French, Spanish, and Italian languages and their literatures.

As many another beginning author has done, Longfellow used his foreign observations and experiences of this and later years in prose works. *Outre Mer* is a series of travel sketches; *Hyperion* a prose romance. Success as a teacher at Bowdoin attracted the notice of the authorities at Harvard, where Longfellow held a similar professorship for eighteen years. In 1854 he resigned and for the rest of his life devoted himself entirely to literature.

Longfellow had begun to write poems when he was a mere lad, and saw one of his ballads in print when he was thirteen. Until the end of his long life he busily composed and published verses of all kinds and degrees of excellence. His interest in foreign literatures and his knowledge of

foreign languages led to a large amount of translation. In 1861 his wife dropped a piece of sealing wax upon her light dress, and died from her burns. To lessen his grief the poet began the translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, the greatest poem of the Middle Ages.

His fame and position in American letters are based upon his lyrics, his ballads, his long narrative poems. His first volume of verse, *Voices of the Night*, published in 1839, contains specimens of the first two kinds. His lyrics covered rather ordinary themes, expressed simply and directly, adorned with a lesson as plain as day, comforting, uplifting, but never probing very deeply the serious problems of life. "A Psalm of Life," "The Ladder of St. Augustine," and "The Rainy Day," are good illustrations of this statement. Longfellow succeeded better with narrative material. "Excelsior" combines the lesson-inculcating idea with narrative. Other poems are less moralizing, but are none the less likely to influence action or character. The best, however, have simply the delight of a good story well told—"The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Paul Revere's Ride," "King Robert of Sicily," "The Skeleton in Armor." The finest collection of his narrative poems is *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, published in 1863. Longfellow also wrote three of our best long tales in verse —*Evangeline* (1847), *Hiawatha* (1855), and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (1858).

Hawthorne had heard a story of two lovers who were separated on their wedding day, when the British deported the French inhabitants of Acadia. Longfellow was so impressed by the pathos of Evangeline's lifelong search for Gabriel that he asked Hawthorne for the privilege of using it in a narrative poem. He added to the dignity of his poem by choosing for his verse the hexameter of the Latin and Greek poets; the measure is peculiarly successful throughout. The peace and charm of the opening are soon disturbed by the poignancy of the separation and wandering. Only short passages of hope intervene before the final peace of meeting and death. This story of the undying strength of a woman's affection is our greatest idyl.

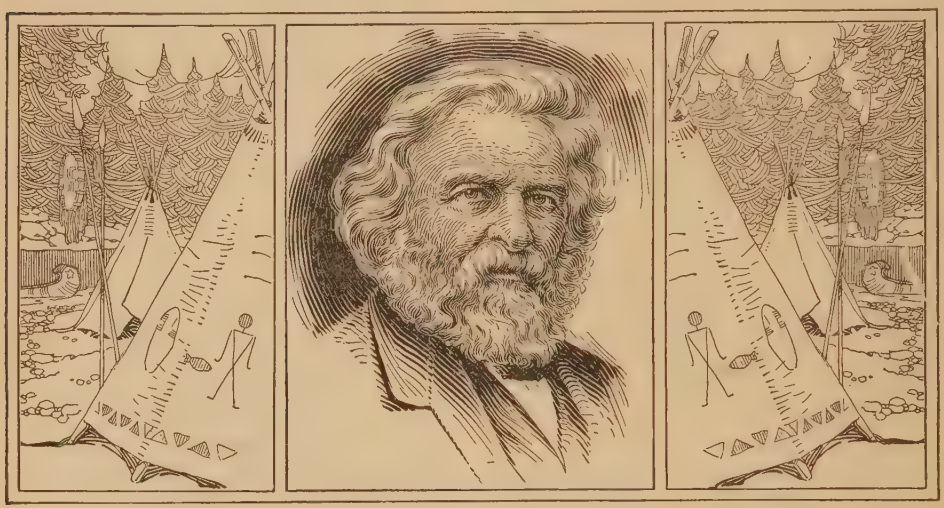
Indians have attracted many of our writers. Brown and Cooper had portrayed them in prose. Longfellow immortalized one Indian legend in verse. He did not attempt to depict real Indian life, nor did he throw a romantic glamor over real characters. His story was a legend of the Indians themselves. It had no date, no local habitation. He did not know Indians at first hand, and so he "read up" for his material. Confronted by the problem of finding some verse form so strange to readers that it would seem suitable for his characters, he reproduced the meter of the national epic of Finland, the *Kalevala*. Its four-accented, trochaic line was admirably suited to Longfellow's story. It moves rapidly, it is unusual, it may be broken at any place, it necessitates inversions and word sequences which are ingenious. Popular appreciation has approved his artistic combination of European form with American material, for readers will always admire the valiant Hiawatha, weep over the death of charming Minnehaha, suffer in the famine, and regret the enforced departure into the "dusk of evening."

Most delightful, because closest to our sympathies, is *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. This story was dear to Longfellow because it reproduced early New England history and also because it dealt with the beginning of his own family. There is humor in the character of the bluff old Captain Standish, for, knowing that if you wish a thing well done, you should do it yourself, he still sent young John Alden to woo Priscilla for him. In this tale there are more opportunities for variety, for interplay of character, for reaction to events. The stately hexameter heightens the sense of humor, because its stateliness is slightly incongruous in a poem of mere daily love-making by a proxy.

In the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* Longfellow imitated a device often used in all literatures for linking together a series of stories in verse. He pretends that a group of men, gathered at a wayside inn, pass the time in telling tales. The Landlord, the Student, the Sicilian, the Spanish Jew, the Theologian, the Musician, were easily recognized as friends of the author. Among these tales are some of the best narratives that Longfellow wrote. Every-

one knows "Paul Revere." Practically all the others are as interesting.

Readers sometimes complain of the too-elemental simplicity of Longfellow's poetry and of its moralizing over obvious lessons; they should not forget his achievements. He directed the attention of the reading public to the influence of European literature. He is the only American whose long narrative poems have attained wide popularity. He used native Indian legends. He clothed forbidding New England life with graceful poetry. He wrote excellent verse short stories. He produced great sonnets. He made poetry familiar to the great mass of Americans.



SELECTIONS FROM LONGFELLOW

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rimes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

21. **Orestes**, a character in *The Eumenides*, by Æschylus, who prays to Athena for righteous judgment.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

A mist was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the windowpanes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drumbeat from their stations
On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drumbeat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In somber harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar;
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

ENDYMION

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropped her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep,
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

24. **Cinque**, French word for *five*.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
  Are fraught with fear and pain,
  Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
  But some heart, though unknown,
  Responds unto his own—

Responds—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings,
  And whispers, in its song,
  "Where hast thou stayed so long?"

NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
  That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
  And my youth comes back to me.
    And a verse of a Lapland song
    Is haunting my memory still:
    "A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
  And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
  Of all my boyish dreams.
    And the burden of that old song,
    It murmurs and whispers still:
    "A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
  And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
  And the magic of the sea.
    And the voice of that wayward song
    Is singing and saying still:
    "A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
  And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drumbeat repeated o'er and o'er,
  And the bugle wild and shrill.
    And the music of that old song
    Throbs in my memory still:
    "A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
  How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
  Where they in battle died.
    And the sound of that mournful song
    Goes through me with a thrill:
    "A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
  The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
  In quiet neighborhoods.
    And the verse of that sweet old song,

My Lost Youth. 1. **beautiful town,** Portland, Maine, where Longfellow was born.

13. **Hesperides,** mythological islands on which grew the golden apples of the sunset. 37. **sea-fight.** This fight occurred off Portland, in 1813, between an American and an English brig.

It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

MEZZO CAMMIN

WRITTEN AT BOPPARD ON THE RHINE, AUGUST 25, 1842, JUST BEFORE LEAVING FOR HOME

Half of my life is gone, and I have let
The years slip from me and have not fulfilled
The aspiration of my youth, to build
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.
Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret
Of restless passions that would not be stilled,
But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet;
Though, halfway up the hill, I see the Past
Lying beneath me with its sounds and sights—
A city in the twilight dim and vast,
With smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming lights—
And hear above me on the autumnal blast
The cataract of Death far thundering from the heights.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal *Miserere*
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drum made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village:
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accurséd instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

The Arsenal. 7. **Miserere**, have mercy. The Latin Vulgate version of the Fifty-first Psalm begins with this word.

14. **Cimbric**. This is probably a reference to Jutland, the early home of the Cimbri, a Teutonic tribe. 17. **Florentine**, etc. The Florentines of the thirteenth century, in time of war, placed the great battle-bell close beside the battle standard. 19. **teocallis**, flat-topped pyramids for worship.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorréd!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED

As one who long hath fled with panting breath
Before his foe, bleeding and near to fall,
I turn and set my back against the wall,
And look thee in the face, triumphant Death.
I call for aid, and no one answereth;
I am alone with thee, who conquerest all;
Yet me thy threatening form doth not appall,
For thou art but a phantom and a wraith.
Wounded and weak, sword broken at the hilt,
With armor shattered, and without a shield,
I stand unmoved; do with me what thou wilt;
I can resist no more, but will not yield.
This is no tournament where cowards tilt;
The vanquished here is victor of the field.

CHILDREN

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

HAWTHORNE

MAY 23, 1864

How beautiful it was, that one bright day
In the long week of rain!
Though all its splendor could not chase away
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aërial looms,
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,
The historic river flowed;
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there.
The one low voice was mute;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream
Dimly my thought defines;
I only see—a dream within a dream—
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clue regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Hymn to the Night. What difference do you notice between this Nature poem and the Nature poems of Bryant and Whittier? What do you think of the imaginative quality of the Hymn?

The Warden of the Cinque Ports. This poem was written in honor of the Duke of Wellington, to whom the title "Warden of the Cinque Ports" had been given in 1829. The five ports are named in the third stanza; they were regarded as the keys to England's naval defense.

Endymion. For the story of Endymion, the beautiful youth who was loved by Diana, goddess of the moon, see a dictionary or an encyclopedia.

Nature. This poem is a sonnet, a form of poetry in which Longfellow excelled. Sonnets contain fourteen lines and are usually divided into two parts, the division coming at the end of the eighth line. The first division, called the *octave* (from a word meaning "eight") usually introduces a subject which is completed by the

sestet (six). Sonnets were written in great number in England after the form was introduced from Italy in the sixteenth century; Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, and many other poets wrote collections, or cycles of sonnets. It is a difficult kind of poetry to write, because the subject must be one that may be treated fully in fourteen lines. One rime-scheme you may figure out for yourself by a study of the example here given. "Nature" is an unusually beautiful sonnet. It is a simile, in which the octave represents the first half of the comparison and the sestet the last half.

My Lost Youth. This poem is interesting for its biographical details and also because it represents Longfellow's habit of finding inspiration in his reading of old books. The Lapland song, mentioned in line 6, was found by the poet in an old book of the seventeenth century, written in Latin. Point out other examples of the literary sources used by Longfellow. Where did Whittier and Bryant find much of their inspiration for poetry?

The Ladder of Saint Augustine. This poem gives further evidence of Longfellow's wide reading. In one of the sermons of this Father of the Church, who lived in the fourth century, is a Latin sentence of which the poet gives the substance in his first stanza. If you do not already know this poem you should commit to memory a part of it, at least.

Mezzo Cammin. 1. Once more we find traces of Longfellow's reading. The Lapland song was in an old Latin historical book; the source of "The Ladder of Saint Augustine" was in a Latin sermon of the fourth century; "Mezzo Cammin" comes from Dante's great poem, *The Divine Comedy*, written at the beginning of the fourteenth century. The words are Italian, and mean "the middle of the journey." Longfellow was thirty-five years old; he refers in line 7 to the death of his wife.

2. Note that this poem is a sonnet. Study it in the light of the note on "Nature" above. Are the two divisions (octave and sestet) observed? Is the rime-scheme the same as that of "Nature"?

The Arsenal at Springfield. The fundamental image is that of an *organ*, stated as a simile in line 2, and as a metaphor, applied to War, in line 46. Compare, for similar imaginative grandeur, the "Hymn to the Night." What kind of music does this organ make? Is the poem a good argument for disarmament? What ideas do you get from it of the history of war?

Victor and Vanquished. What kind of poem is this? Study its form and its expression of thought. You have already observed that many of Longfellow's poems are based on some image or figure of speech, that enables you to visualize the entire poem. What is the fundamental image here? Does the poem remind you of a line in Emerson's "Forbearance"?

Children. Longfellow is the poet of childhood; this poem is an illustration of his love for children.

Hawthorne. The date is that of Hawthorne's burial in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord. The graves of Thoreau and Emerson are near by, on the top of the ridge that extends through the cemetery. The reference in line 32 is to the fact that Hawthorne left two romances unfinished at his death.

The Reaper and the Flowers. This poem represents the group of household poems in which Longfellow expressed in simple form some of the fundamental human emotions.

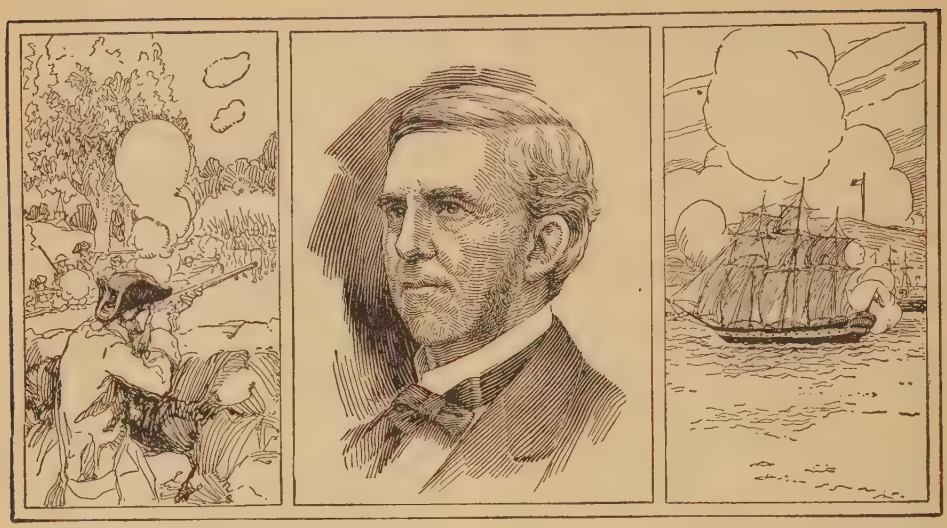
Summary of the Study of Longfellow. 1. Find in these selected poems illustrations of the characteristics of Longfellow's poetry named on pages 505-506.

2. In what ways do these poems show the increasing contact between America and the older civilization of Europe?

Theme Topics. 1. Discuss a Longfellow poem that has special significance today, e. g., "The Arsenal at Springfield" (world peace); "The Birds of Killingworth" (conservation); "The Village Blacksmith" (the dignity of labor). 2. Look up two or three sonnets by different writers, and compare them in form and content with Longfellow's sonnets.

Previously Read. In *Literature and Life, Book One*, "Seaweed" and "The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls."

Library Reading. Continue your study of Longfellow's work by reading in the library several of the following poems. Even if you have already read some of them, it will be profitable to reread them in the light of your present study of Longfellow's place in American literature. Be prepared to make a report on the poems you liked best in the list. "The Falcon of Ser Federigo," "King Robert of Sicily," "The Birds of Killingworth," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Belfry of Bruges," "The Bells of San Blas," "The Children's Hour," "The Beleagured City," "The Rainy Day," "The Bridge," "The Haunted Chamber," "Maidenhood," "The Cumberland," "Decoration Day," "Snow Flakes," "Robert Burns."



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
(1809-1894)

Because of his vein of humor and his aptitude for writing poems for special occasions, Oliver Wendell Holmes seems far removed from the careful seriousness of his New England ancestors. He came of a long line of highly educated men and women. Education was a matter of course. He was graduated from Harvard in the famous class of 1829, which he celebrated in a long series of poems. After graduation he studied medicine. Practice as a physician and later teaching as professor of anatomy in Harvard did not prevent him from producing a large number of poems and several volumes of prose.

His first publication was the result of strong personal indignation. A government order had been issued for the demolition of the old frigate *Constitution*, a gallant war vessel of the War of 1812. Holmes dashed off "Old Ironsides" and sent it to a Boston newspaper. After reading it, thousands protested to Washington against the proposed destruction. A short poem thus interrupted the machinery of government.

Except "Old Ironsides" and the equally famous "Chambered Nautilus," most of the poems of Holmes are humorous. In the years from 1851 to 1889 he read a poem at every yearly gathering of the members of his college class. Besides "The Boys," the best known is "Bill and Joe." The familiar figure of an old gentleman, quaintly dressed, upon the streets of Boston suggested "The Last Leaf," in which the humor raises a smile; but the gentle insistence upon the loneliness of the old man tempers it by a sense of pathos. More boisterous humor is in "The Deacon's Masterpiece," usually called "The One-Hoss Shay," which ripples and gurgles along like a series of chuckles and laughs. All young girls feel that "Aunt Tabitha" was written expressly to explain their feelings toward their elder relatives. Holmes did not disdain burlesque, as in "The Ballad of the Oysterman." The detachment and well-bred humor of the man who regards life as a rather pleasant journey is the chief characteristic of all these verses. A reader feels that the genial, whimsical nature of the writer speaks to him directly from the page, throwing a delicate play of fancy around what may become too serious or disturbing. The usual conclusion is that "things will come out right

in spite of anything." Holmes has no desire to reform or even radically to affect the world. Life holds for him the even tenor of its way. Books, friends, comfortable city life, congenial occupations, rambling conversations, a mild interest in nearly everything which occurs, make up a well-rounded life. Loving the association of people of culture, he became the versifier of the quiddities which such individuals deliver. This familiar verse is known, from the nation where social amenities produced most of it—France—as *vers de société*. Such verse must be delicate, polished, varied, artistic. The sense of brilliant finish considered by Holmes as a model led him to object mildly to Lowell about what he called the "rattlety-bang" verse of "The Vision of Sir Launfal." The chief disadvantage of such occasional verse is that when public interest in the event has dwindled, pleasure in the verse may die, at times even the understanding of it.

The fondness of Holmes for this sort of verse shows the influence of the masters of it in England and France. Its dependence upon the social ties of men and women confines it to the city. Holmes, more than any other New England writer, is restricted in his range. Most of the others dealt with the section as a whole; he concentrates on Boston. Yet his limitation is his originality.

The conversational charm of Holmes fitted him for his best work, a series of rambling essays appearing in *The Atlantic Monthly* during a period of several years, and later collected under the titles, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, and *Over the Teacups*. This last volume appeared when its author was over eighty. His mental alertness could not be dimmed by age. Under the guise of conversation at meals the recorder could let his fancy range at will. Caprice only was his guide. Under the wit there are layers of seriousness, food for thought, bits of critical and philosophical keenness.

SELECTIONS FROM HOLMES

MY AUNT

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins—
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track);
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!"

38. **pan**, the small receptacle for powder in the old flintlock musket.

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring.
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS

O for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a graybeard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with Learning's crown!
Tear out life's Wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my lifeblood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

"Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!"

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!"

"Why, yes"; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
"I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen—
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father, too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the grayhaired boys.

THE LIVING TEMPLE

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen;
Look in upon thy wondrous frame—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds;
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant Thy love divine
To make these mystic temples Thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust Thy mercy warms,
And mold it into heavenly forms!

From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

CHAPTER I

* * *

——You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage-stamps, do you—each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, "Know thyself," never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea

8. **Know thyself,** from Pope's *Essay on Man.*

often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

Sometimes, but rarely, one may be caught making the same speech twice over, and yet be held blameless. Thus, a certain lecturer, after performing in an inland city, where dwells a *littératrice* of note, was invited to meet her and others over the social teacup. She pleasantly referred to his many wanderings in his new occupation. "Yes," he replied, "I am like the Huma, the bird that never lights, being always in the cars, as he is always on the wing."—Years elapsed. The lecturer visited the same place once more for the same purpose. Another social cup after the lecture, and a second meeting with distinguished lady. "You are constantly going from place to place," she said.—"Yes," he answered, "I am like the Huma,"—and finished the sentence as before.

What horrors, when it flashed over him that he had made this fine speech, word for word, twice over! Yet it was not true, as the lady might perhaps have fairly inferred, that he had embellished his conversation with the Huma daily during that whole interval of years. On the contrary, he had never once thought of the odious fowl until the recurrence of precisely the same circumstances brought up precisely the same idea. He ought to have been proud of the accuracy of his mental adjustments. Given certain factors, and a sound brain should always evolve the same fixed product with the certainty of Babbage's calculating machine.

——What a satire, by the way, is that machine on the mere mathematician! A Frankenstein-monster, a thing without brains and without heart, too stupid to make a blunder; that turns out formulae like a corn-sheller, and never grows any wiser or better, though it grind a thousand bushels of them!

I have an immense respect for a man of talents *plus* "the mathematics." But the calculating power alone should seem to be the least human of qualities, and to have the smallest amount of reason in it; since a machine can be made to do the work of three or four calculators, and better than any one of them. Sometimes I have been troubled that I had not a deeper intuitive apprehension of the relations of numbers. But the triumph of the ciphering hand-organ has consoled me. I always fancy I can hear the wheels clicking in a calculator's brain. The power of dealing with numbers is a kind of "detached lever" arrangement which may be put into a mighty poor watch. I suppose it is about as common as the power of moving the ears voluntarily, which is a moderately rare endowment.

——Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise; but for this encouraging principle how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected! Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has had *all* his conceit taken

13. **littératrice**, literary woman. 46. **Babbage**, Charles (1792–1871), an English mathematician.

50. **Frankenstein-monster**, in Mrs. Shelley's romance *Frankenstein*, a creature made in the dissecting room of a scientist.

out of him, when he has lost *all* his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.

So you admire conceited people, do you? said the young lady who has come to the city to be finished off for—the duties of life.

I am afraid you do not study logic at your school, my dear. It does not follow that I wish to be pickled in brine because I like a salt-water plunge at Nahant. I say that conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a center is to a circle. But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve. An arc in the movement of a large intellect does not sensibly differ from a straight line. Even if it have the third vowel as its center, it does not soon betray it. The highest thought, that is, is the most seemingly impersonal; it does not obviously imply any individual center.

Audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always imposing. What resplendent beauty that must have been which could have authorized Phryne to "peel" in the way she did! What fine speeches are those two: "*Non omnis moriar*," and "I have taken all knowledge to be my province"! Even in common people, conceit has the virtue of making them cheerful; the man who thinks his wife, his baby, his house, his horse, his dog, and himself severally unequaled, is almost sure to be a good-humored person, though liable to be tedious at times.

——What are the great faults of conversation? Want of ideas, want of words, want of manners, are the principal ones, I suppose you think. I don't doubt it, but I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else—long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend. No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain *ultimata* of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation, and unless they have sense enough to trace the secondary questions depending upon these ultimate beliefs to their source. In short, just as a written constitution is essential to the best social order, so a code of finalities is a necessary condition of profitable talk between two persons. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.

——Do you mean to say the pun question is not clearly settled in your minds? Let me lay down the law upon the subject. Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and *verbicide*—that is, violent treatment of a word with fatal results to its legitimate meaning, which is its life—are alike forbidden. Manslaughter, which is the meaning of the one, is the same as man's laughter, which is the end of the other. A pun is *prima facie* an insult to the person you are talking with. It implies utter indifference to or sublime contempt for his remarks, no matter how serious. I speak of total depravity, and one says all that is written on the subject is deep raving. I have committed my self-respect by talking with such a person. I should like to commit him, but cannot, because he is a nuisance. Or I speak of geological convulsions, and he asks me what was the cosine of Noah's ark;

12. **Nahant**, a summer resort on Massachusetts Bay. 31. **Phryne**, a celebrated Athenian beauty of antiquity. 33. **Non omnis moriar**, I shall not wholly die, Horace, *Book III, Ode 30*. **I have**, etc., from Bacon's *Letters*.

81. **prima facie**, obviously. 93. **cosine**, in trigonometry, the measure of an *arc*.

also, whether the Deluge was not a deal huger than any modern inundation.

A pun does not commonly justify a blow in return. But if a blow were given for such cause, and death ensued, the jury would be judges both of the facts and of the pun, and might, if the latter were of an aggravated character, return a verdict of justifiable homicide. Thus, in a case lately decided before Miller, J. Doe presented Roe a subscription paper, and urged the claims of suffering humanity. Roe replied by asking, "When charity was like a top?" It was in evidence that Doe preserved a dignified silence. Roe then said, "When it begins to hum." Doe then—and not till then—struck Roe, and his head happening to strike a bound volume of the Monthly Rag-bag and Stolen Miscellany, intense mortification ensued, with a fatal result. The chief laid down his notions of the law to his brother justices, who unanimously replied, "Jest so." The chief rejoined that no man should jest so without being punished for it, and charged for the prisoner, who was acquitted, and the pun ordered to be burned by the sheriff. The bound volume was forfeited as a deodand, but not claimed.

People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little work may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism.

* * *

——What if, instead of talking this morning, I should read you a copy of verses, with critical remarks by the author? Any of the company can retire that like.

When Eve had led her lord away,
  And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
  Agreed with one another,

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
  And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
  Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
  Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day
  The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
  Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn,
  Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
  A tale of shame so crushing
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
  And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
  On all their light discovers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
  The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
  And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
  And so they wink forever.

What do *you* think of these verses, my friends?—Is that piece an impromptu? said my landlady's daughter. (Aet. 19+. Tender-eyed blonde. Long ringlets. Cameo pin. Gold pencil-case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordion. Reads Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says, "Yes?" when you tell her anything.) —*Oui et non, ma petite*—Yes and no,

33 deodand, anything given up as a penalty.

82-83. Tupper, Martin (1810–1889), an English poet; Sylvanus Cobb, Junior (1823–1887), American miscellaneous writer. They were both very popular in their day.

my child. Five of the seven verses were written off-hand; the other two took a week—that is, were hanging round the desk in a ragged, forlorn, unrimed condition as long as that. All poets will tell you just such stories. *C'est le dernier pas qui coute.* Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? They want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern-foremost, into their "native element," the great ocean of outdoors. Well, now, there are poems as hard to get rid of as these rural visitors. They come in glibly, use up all the serviceable rimes, *day, ray, beauty, duty, skies, eyes, other, brother, mountain, fountain,* and the like; and so they go on until you think it is time for the wind-up, and the wind-up won't come on any terms. So they lie about until you get sick of the sight of them, and end by thrusting some cold scrap of a final couplet upon them, and turning them out of doors. I suspect a good many "impromptus" could tell just such a story as the above.——Here turning to our landlady, I used an illustration which pleased the company much at the time, and has since been highly commended. "Madam," I said, "you can pour three gills and three quarters of honey from that pint jug, if it is full, in less than one minute; but, Madam, you could not empty that last quarter of a gill, though you were turned into a marble Hebe, and held the vessel upside down for a thousand years."

One gets tired to death of the old, old rimes, such as you see in that copy of verses—which I don't mean to abuse, or to praise either. I always feel as if I were a cobbler, putting new top-leathers to an old pair of boot-soles and bodies, when I am fitting sentiments to these venerable jingles.

. . . . . youth
. . . . . morning
. . . . . truth
. . . . . warning.

Nine-tenths of the "Juvenile Poems" written spring out of the above musical and suggestive coincidences. . . .

CHAPTER III

* * *

——But remember that talking is one of the fine arts—the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult—and that its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single harsh note. Therefore conversation which is suggestive rather than argumentative, which lets out the most of each talker's results of thought, is commonly the pleasantest and the most profitable. It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts, there are so many of them.

[The company looked as if they wanted an explanation.]

When John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension.

[Our landlady turned pale—no doubt she thought there was a screw loose in my intellects—and that involved the probable loss of a boarder.

7. **C'est**, etc., it is the last step which is most difficult.

48. **Hebe**, the cup-bearer of the gods.

A severe-looking person, who wears a Spanish cloak and a sad cheek, fluted by the passions of the melodrama, whom I understand to be the professional ruffian of the neighboring theater, alluded, with a certain lifting of the brow, drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and somewhat rasping *voce di petti*, to Falstaff's nine men in buckram. Everybody looked up. I believe the old gentleman opposite was afraid I should seize the carving-knife; at any rate, he slid it to one side, as it were carelessly.]

I think, I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin Franklin here, that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas.

Three Johns:
1. The real John; known only to his Maker.
2. John's ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him.
3. Thomas's ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

Three Thomases:
1. The real Thomas.
2. Thomas's ideal Thomas.
3. John's ideal Thomas.

Only one of the three Johns is taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform-balance; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-looking. But as the Higher Powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from the point of view of this ideal. Thomas, again, believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say; therefore he *is* so far as Thomas's attitude in the conversation is concerned, an artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases. It follows that, until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

[A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow, answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable, little known to boarding houses, was on its way to me *via* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the meantime he had eaten the peaches.] . . .

CHAPTER XI

* * *

——I think there is one habit—I said to our company a day or two afterwards—worse than of punning. It is the gradual substitution of cant or flash terms for words which truly characterize their objects. I have known several very genteel idiots whose whole vocabulary had deliquesced into some half dozen expressions. All things fell into one of two great categories—*fast* or *slow*. Man's chief end was to be a *brick*. When the great calamities of life overtook their friends, these last were spoken of as being *a good deal cut up*. Nine-tenths of human existence were

9. **voce di petti**, deep chest tones. **Falstaff's nine men in buckram**, from *1 Henry IV*, ii, 4.

summed up in the single word, *bore*. These expressions come to be the algebraic symbols of minds which have grown too weak or indolent to discriminate. They are the blank checks of intellectual bankruptcy—you may fill them up with what idea you like; it makes no difference, for there are no funds in the treasury upon which they are drawn. Colleges and good-for-nothing smoking-clubs are the places where these conversational fungi spring up most luxuriantly. Don't think I undervalue the proper use and application of a cant word or phrase. It adds piquancy to conversation, as a mushroom does to a sauce. But it is no better than a toadstool, odious to the sense and poisonous to the intellect, when it spawns itself all over the talk of men and youths capable of talking, as it sometimes does. As we hear flash phraseology, it is commonly the dishwater from the washings of English dandyism, school-boy or full-grown, wrung out of a three-volume novel which had sopped it up; or decanted from the pictured urn of Mr. Verdant Green, and diluted to suit the provincial climate.

——The young fellow called John spoke up sharply and said, it was "rum" to hear me "pitchin' into fellers" for "goin' it in the slang line," when I used all the flash words myself just when I pleased.

——I replied with my usual forbearance.—Certainly, to give up the algebraic symbol, because *a* or *b* is often a cover for ideal nihility, would be unwise. I have heard a child laboring to express a certain condition, involving a hitherto undescribed sensation (as it supposed), all of which could have been sufficiently explained by the participle—*bored*. I have seen a country clergyman, with a one-story intellect and a one-horse vocabulary, who has consumed his valuable time (and mine) freely, in developing an opinion of a brother-minister's discourse, which would have been abundantly characterized by a peach-down-lipped sophomore in the one word—*slow*. Let us discriminate, and be shy of absolute proscription. I am omniverbivorous by nature and training. Passing by such words as are poisonous, I can swallow most others, and chew such as I cannot swallow. . .

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Poems. 1. Make a study of the humor of Holmes, using as sources these poems and the poems previously read. Compare Holmes as a humorist with Irving and Hawthorne.

2. Is there a suggestion of pathos mingled with the humor in "The Last Leaf"?

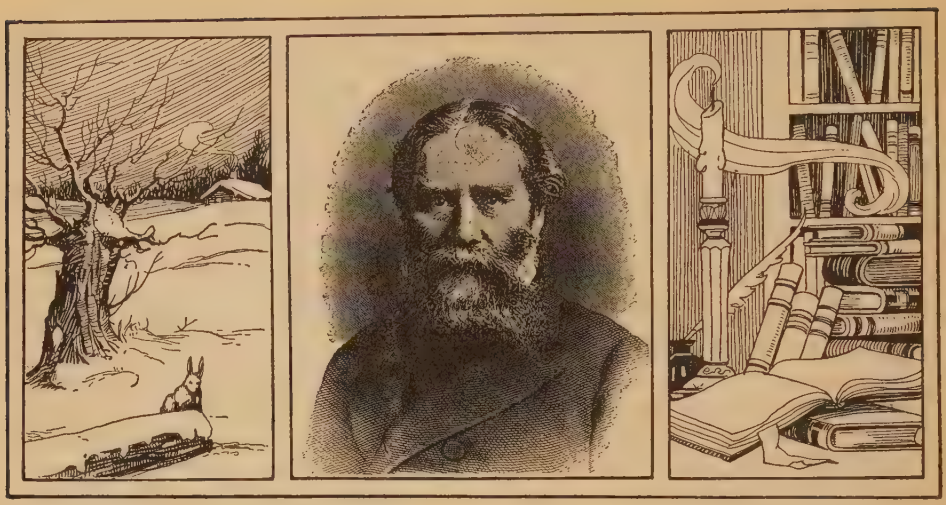
3. Holmes was a physician; which of these poems shows his interest in the human body?

Prose. 1. Find illustrations, in the selections from *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, of the conversational charm spoken about on page 515. What does the title of the book suggest?

2. What are the topics of conversation in the selections given here? Be prepared to discuss them in class. Do you imagine it would have been pleasant to sit at the breakfast-table when the Autocrat was discoursing? What other persons, besides the Autocrat, were present?

Theme Topic. Write an "Autocrat" paper on some fad or problem of the present day, being careful to preserve the genial attitude and conversational tone of Holmes.

Library Reading. Increase your knowledge of the work of Holmes by reading in the library the following poems, and selections from the prose writings indicated. Be prepared to make a report on the selection you liked best. *Poems.* "Aunt Tabitha," "Our Yankee Girls," "The Birthday of Daniel Webster," "The Boys," "Under the Violets," "All Here," "Bill and Joe," and "How the Old Horse Won the Bet." Holmes is almost equally well known for his prose, the following of which you will enjoy: Other selections from, or all of, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; The Professor at the Breakfast Table; The Poet at the Breakfast Table.*



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(1819-1891)

The life of Lowell is a vivid illustration of the changes that had taken place in New England since the days of Cotton Mather. At that early time, you will remember, life was narrow, intense, concentrated on theology, politics, and getting a living. There were few amusements, few books except books of devotion, few impulses to breadth of mind and culture. Lowell represents wide culture, travel, unbounded zest for life, many-sided achievement. The moral earnestness of his Puritan ancestors was in his blood; there was also Yankee wit and shrewd commonsense, a vein of rich humor, an adaptability to a wide variety of interests. He excelled in many forms of writing: verse narrative, the ode, the lyric, the verse satire; in the familiar essay, in criticism of literature, and in essays interpreting the spirit of American democracy, he was also the most charming of writers. But this literary activity, immense as it was, did not suffice for the expression of his astonishing vitality. Great in extent as were his works, one needs to come into some sort of contact with the man himself in order to appreciate his gifts. It is also necessary to take into account his public services. He was for twenty years a distinguished professor at Harvard. For four years he was editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, our first important literary review, and for many years he was a contributor to it. For a long time he served as one of the editors of *The North American Review*, our first magazine for the free expression of opinion. He was a diplomat: for three years he served as minister to Spain, and afterwards he became one of the most distinguished of American ambassadors to England.

This extraordinary and many-sided man was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819, of a family distinguished before and since his time for its contribution to New England. As a boy he became fond of Scott's tales and of Spenser's romantic poem, *The Faerie Queene*. This taste for reading never left him, and when a student at Harvard he spent more time in reading books that interested him than in the required studies.

After graduation he studied law, but he did not practice. He had some difficulty in choosing a career. His taste for literature was strong, but he did not have independent means, and writing was an uncertain calling. In 1840 he became engaged to Miss Maria White, who wrote poetry and took an interest in serious questions of the day. Under her influence Lowell himself became more serious; he published a

series of papers on the early English dramatists and, in 1841, his first collection of poems, *A Year's Life*. The title of course referred to the influence of his love upon him, and most of the poems refer in one way or another to his happiness.

At the end of 1844 Lowell married Miss White and after a few months spent in Philadelphia moved to Elmwood, the beautiful family home at Cambridge. During the next six years he produced a great deal of the work on which his fame rests. *A Fable for Critics* (1848) is a rimed review of American literature. It is called a "fable" because in it Apollo, god of poetry, is supposed to express his opinions upon the writers and books then being talked about in America. The title-page and the preface are rimed, though printed in prose form, and a spirit of rollicking humor runs through the entire poem. Lowell's comments on the various authors are extremely interesting, for he was writing about his own contemporaries. He pokes fun at himself among the rest.

In 1848 the first series of *The Biglow Papers* appeared. These are his best examples of verse satire, and are among the best of the kind ever written. The general theme is American politics, particularly the questions arising out of the annexation of Texas. In the second series, 1862-1866, he dealt with the Civil War. There are a few non-political poems, such as "The Courtin'," the charming recital of a rustic wooer's exasperation at his demure sweetheart. Somewhat like Diedrich Knickerbocker is the Reverend Homer Wilbur, supposed to be the editor of the poems. He supplies a learned introduction and many notes. The poems themselves were supposedly written, in the Yankee dialect, by Hosea Biglow, an illiterate but very patriotic American. Birdofredum Sawin, an adventurer, enters Mexico with the army and writes home details of his career.

In these quaint poems Lowell experimented with dialect verse, exercised his great ability as a humorist, and found it possible to say, in this unusual manner, things that expressed his deepest convictions.

In 1848 also appeared Lowell's best known poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal." This poem gives an episode that might have appeared in some old romance of King Arthur and his knights: Launfal is a name well known in these old stories, and the theme of the poem is the quest for the Grail. But Lowell makes two changes in the accepted manner of writing romance: he supplies long introductions to each part, in which he introduces beautiful descriptions of the seasons, and he makes the whole thing a "vision," not the account of a real adventure. Besides the beauty of its verse, the poem illustrates Lowell's deep moral earnestness, and it has become a universal favorite.

This period of extraordinary literary activity—we have named only the principal poems written during these years—was followed by the death of his wife, by his call to Harvard, and by his achievements as editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The North American Review*. Though he continued to write poetry at intervals, these years were marked by his increasing power as a writer of prose. His essays on the early English dramatists and on such great poets as Dante, Chaucer, and Keats, together with the essays on political subjects and a series of charming prose pieces on such themes as "My Garden Acquaintance," "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," and "A Good Word for Winter," all give evidence of his wide reading, his fine sense of literary values, and his humor. The essays are often like conversations, filled with the charm of his personality. In 1870 a volume of his collected essays was published under the title of *Among My Books*, and this was followed a year later by *My Study Windows*.

Of Lowell's later life there is little to be said here. In 1872 he went abroad for two years, returning to take a more active interest in politics. His diplomatic career extended over eight years (1877-1885), the time being divided between Spain and England. During this period he wrote little, but he was in demand as a speaker, and won great distinction for himself and for the country he represented. After his return he published several collections of his literary and political essays and one volume of poetry. At his death

in 1891 he was regarded as the most representative of American literary men. That claim is not so clear now, but he will always be remembered, with Irving, as a man who did much to make culture a thing of meaning to Americans, and as a man who won the respect of Europe for some fine American ideals expressed in his own rich personality as well as in literary form.

SELECTIONS FROM LOWELL

From THE BIGLOW PAPERS

[First Series]

A LETTER

FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW OF JAALAM TO THE HON. JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER, ENCLOSING A POEM OF HIS SON, MR. HOSEA BIGLOW.

Jaylem, june 1846

Mister Eddyter:—Our Hosea wuz down to Boston last week, and he see a cruetin Sarjunt a struttin round as popler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin and fifin arter him like all nater. the sarjunt he thout Hosea hed n't gut his i teeth cut, cos he looked a kindo's though he'd just com down, so he cal'lated to hook him in, but Hosy wood n't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck onto his hat and eenamost enuf brass a bobbin up and down on his shoulders and figureed onto his coat and trousis, let alone wut nater hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on.

wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fli-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee's gut the chollery or suthin anuther ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery ses i, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hosy he cum down stares full chizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur bein he haint aney grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson wuz dreffle tickled with 'em as i hoop you will Be, and said they wuz True grit.

Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em hisn now, cos the parson kind o' slicked off sum o' the last varses, but he told Hosee he didn't want to put his ore in to tetch to the Rest on 'em, bein they wuz verry well As thay wuz, and then Hosy ses he sed suthin a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum sech feller, but I guess Hosea kind o' didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I've lived here man and boy 76 year cum next tater diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kitting spryer 'n I be.

If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let folks know who hosy's father is, cos my ant Keziah used to say it's nater to be curus ses she, she ain't living though and he's a likely kind o' lad. . . .

Ezekiel Biglow

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

Guvener B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes—
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

45. **Simplex Mundishes**, simplex munditiis, "plain in thy neatness," from *Carmina*, by the Latin poet Horace.

My! aint it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him, o' course—
thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round (don't
you?)
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all
that;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man.
He's ben on all sides thet give places or
pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his
plan—
He's been true to *one* party and thet is
himself;
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally principle more'n an old
cud;
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs
fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an'
blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our
village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an'
wut aint,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war
an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark
of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded
idee.

The side of our country must ollers be
took,
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our
country.
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a
book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per
contry;*
An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts
lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee,
faw, fum;*
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ignorance, an' t' other half
rum;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it aint no sech thing; an', of
course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his
life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their
swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an'
a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on
'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everthin' down
in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these mat-
ters, I vow—
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise
fellers,
To start the world's team wen it gits in
a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers
out Gee!

* * *

[Second Series]

THE COURTIN'

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Toward the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back f'om Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dog-rose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em.
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upun it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin' "—
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin tomorrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
Says she, "Think likely, Mister":
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

From A FABLE FOR CRITICS

READER! *walk up at once (it will soon be too late) and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate*

A

FABLE FOR CRITICS:

OR, BETTER,

(I like, as a thing that the reader's first fancy may strike, an old-fashioned title-page, such as presents a tabular view of the volume's contents)

A GLANCE

AT A

FEW OF OUR LITERARY PROGENIES
(Mrs. Malaprop's word)

FROM

THE TUB OF DIOGENES;

A VOCAL AND MUSICAL MEDLEY,

THAT IS,

A SERIES OF JOKES

By A Wonderful Quiz,

who accompanies himself with a rub-a-dub-dub, full of spirit and grace, on the top of the tub.

SET FORTH IN OCTOBER, THE 31ST DAY,
IN THE YEAR '48, G. P. PUTNAM, BROADWAY

It being the commonest mode of procedure, I premise a few candid remarks

TO THE READER:

This trifle, begun to please only myself and my own private fancy, was laid on the shelf. But some friends, who had seen it, induced me, by dint of saying they liked it, to put it in print. That is, having come to that very conclusion, I consulted them when it could make no confusion. For (though in the gentlest of ways) they had hinted it was scarce worth the while, I should doubtless have printed it.

I began it, intending a Fable, a frail, slender thing, rime-ywinged, with a sting in its tail. But, by addings and alterings not previously planned—digressions chance-hatched, like birds' eggs in the sand—and dawdlings to suit every whimsy's demand (always freeing the bird which I held in my hand, for the two perched, perhaps out of reach, in the tree)—it grew by degrees to the size which you see. I was like the old woman that carried the calf, and my neighbors, like hers, no doubt, wonder and laugh, and when, my strained arms with their grown burden full, I call it my Fable, they call it a bull.

Having scrawled at full gallop (as far as that goes) in a style that is neither good verse nor bad prose, and being a person whom nobody knows, some people will say I am rather more free with my readers than it is becoming to be, that I seem to expect them to wait on my leisure in following wherever I wander at pleasure, that, in short, I take more than a young author's lawful ease, and laugh in a queer way so like Mephistopheles, that the public will doubt, as they grope through my rhythm, if in truth I am making fun *at* them or *with* them.

So the excellent public is hereby assured that the sale of my book is already secured. For there is not a poet throughout the whole land, but will purchase a copy or two out of hand, in the fond expectation of being

13. **Mrs. Malaprop**, a character in Sheridan's *The Rivals*, noted for her misuse of words. 15. **Diogenes**, an eccentric Greek philosopher of the fourth century B. C. who is said to have lived in a tub.

45. **Mephistopheles**, the evil spirit in Goethe's *Faust*.

amused in it, by seeing his betters cut up and abused in it. Now, I find, by a pretty exact calculation, there are something like ten thousand bards in the nation, of that special variety whom the review and magazine critics call *lofty* and *true*, and about thirty thousand (*this* tribe is increasing) of the kinds who are termed *full of promise* and *pleasing*. The public will see by a glance at this schedule that they cannot expect me to be oversedulous about courting *them*, since it seems I have got enough fuel made sure of for boiling my pot.

As for such of our poets as find not their names mentioned once in my pages, with praises or blames, let them *send in their cards*, without further *delay*, to my friend G. P. PUTNAM, Esquire, in Broadway, where a *list* will be kept with the strictest regard to the day and the hour of receiving the card. Then, taking them up as I chance to have time (that is, if their names can be twisted in rime), I will honestly give each his *proper position*, at the rate of *one author* to each *new edition*. Thus a PREMIUM is offered sufficiently *high* (as the magazines say when they tell their best lie) to induce bards to *club* their resources and buy the balance of every edition, until they have all of them fairly been run through the mill.

One word to such readers (judicious and wise) as read books with something behind the mere eyes, of whom in the country, perhaps, there are two, including myself, gentle reader, and you. All the characters sketched in this slight *jeu d'esprit*, though, it may be, they seem, here and there, rather free, and drawn from a Mephistophelian standpoint, are *meant* to be faithful, and that is the grand point, and none but an owl would feel sore at a rub from a jester who tells you, without any subterfuge, that he sits in Diogenes' tub.

43. **jeu d'esprit**, witticism.

FROM A FABLE FOR CRITICS

"There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on,
Whose prose is grand verse, while his verse, the Lord knows,
Is some of it pr—— No, 'tis not even prose;
I'm speaking of meters; some poems have welled
From those rare depths of soul that have ne'er been excelled;
They're not epics, but that doesn't matter a pin,
In creating, the only hard thing's to begin;
A grass-blade's no easier to make than an oak,
If you've once found the way, you've achieved the grand stroke;
In the worst of his poems are mines of rich matter,
But thrown in a heap with a crash and a clatter;
Now it is not one thing nor another alone
Makes a poem, but rather the general tone,
The something pervading, uniting the whole,
The before unconceived, unconceivable soul,
So that just in removing this trifle or that, you
Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the statue;
Roots, wood, bark, and leaves, singly perfect may be,
But, clapped hodge-podge together, they don't make a tree.

"But to come back to Emerson (whom by the way,
I believe we left waiting) his is, we may say,
A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange;

548. **Olympus**, the home of the gods. **Exchange**, the business world.

He seems, to my thinking (although I'm afraid
The comparison must, long ere this, have been made),
A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-by-jowl coexist;
All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;
For though he builds glorious temples, 'tis odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned people like me,
To meet such a primitive pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly respected
As parts of himself—just a little projected;
And who's willing to worship the stars and the sun,
A convert to—nothing but Emerson.
So perfect a balance there is in his head
That he talks of things sometimes as if they were dead;
Life, Nature, love, God, and affairs of that sort,
He looks at as merely ideas; in short,
As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet,
Of such vast extent that our earth's a mere dab in it;
Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her,
Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine parts pure lecturer;
You are filled with delight at his clear demonstration,
Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the occasion,
With the quiet precision of science he'll sort 'em,
But you can't help suspecting the whole a *post mortem*. . . .

"There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignified,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled o' nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation,
(There's no doubt that he stands in supreme iceolation),
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on—
He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on.
Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

"He is very nice reading in summer, but *inter*
Nos, we don't want *extra* freezing in winter;
Take him up in the depth of July, my advice is,
When you feel an Egyptian devotion to ices.
But, deduct all you can, there's enough that's right good in him,
He has a true soul for field, river, and wood in him;
And his heart, in the midst of brick walls, or where'er it is,
Glows, softens, and thrills with the tenderest charities— . . .

"There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart
Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart,
And reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect,
Underneath the bemummying wrappers of sect;

551. **Plotinus-Montaigne.** The former was an idealistic Greek philosopher, born in Egypt about 204 A. D.; the latter was a French philosopher of the sixteenth century, in whose work one may read a shrewd worldliness. He lived in what was the former duchy of Guienne and Gascony.

816. **Griswold,** Rufus Wilmot, who compiled two anthologies, *Poets and Poetry of America* (1842), and *Prose Writers of America* (1846). 818. **Parnassus,** a mountain ridge of Greece, supposed to be the haunt of Apollo and the nine Muses. 825. **inter nos,** between ourselves. 828. **ices.** The chief goddess of the Egyptians was *Isis*.

There was ne'er a man born who had more of the swing
Of the true lyric bard and all that kind of thing;
And his failures arise (though perhaps he don't know it)
From the very same cause that has made him a poet—
A fervor of mind which knows no separation
'Twixt simple excitement and pure inspiration,
As my Pythoness erst sometimes erred from not knowing
If 'twere I or mere wind through her tripod was blowing;
Let his mind once get head in its favorite direction
And the torrent of verse bursts the dams of reflection,
While, borne with the rush of the meter along,
The poet may chance to go right or go wrong,
Content with the whirl and delirium of song;
Then his grammar's not always correct, nor his rimes,
And he's prone to repeat his own lyrics sometimes,
Not his best, though, for those are struck off at white heats
When the heart in his breast like a trip-hammer beats,
And can ne'er be repeated again any more
Than they could have been carefully plotted before. . . .

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;
A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet;
'Tis as if a rough oak that for ages had stood,
With his gnarled, bony branches like ribs of the wood,
Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe,
With a single anemone trembly and rathe;
His strength is so tender, his wildness so meek,
That a suitable parallel sets one to seek—
He's a John Bunyan Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck;
When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,
So, to fill out her model, a little she spared
From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared,
And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
For making him fully and perfectly Man...

"Here's Cooper, who's written six volumes to show
He's as good as a lord; well, let's grant that he's so.
If a person prefer that description of praise,
Why, a coronet's certainly cheaper than bays;
But he need take no pains to convince us he's not
(As his enemies say) the American Scott.
Choose any twelve men, and let C. read aloud
That one of his novels of which he's most proud,
And I'd lay any bet that, without ever quitting
Their box, they'd be all, to a man, for acquitting.
He has drawn you one character, though, that is new,
One wildflower he's plucked that is wet with the dew
Of this fresh Western world, and, the thing not to mince,
He has done naught but copy it ill ever since;
His Indians, with proper respect be it said,
Are just Natty Bumppo daubed over with red,
And his very Long Toms are the same useful Nat,
Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'wester hat— . . .

883. **Pythoness**, any woman supposed to possess a spirit of divination.

1006. **John Bunyan Fouqué**, etc., a combination of the sober thinking of the Puritan, John Bunyan, and the romantic ideas of Fouqué and Tieck, German authors.

"There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common-sense damn meters,
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind,
Who—but hey-day! What's this? Messieurs Mathews and Poe,
You mustn't fling mud-balls at Longfellow so,
Does it make a man worse that his character's such
As to make his friends love him (as you think) too much?
Why, there is not a bard at this moment alive
More willing than he that his fellows should thrive,
While you are abusing him thus, even now
He would help either one of you out of a slough;
You may say that he's smooth and all that till you're hoarse,
But remember that elegance also is force;
After polishing granite as much as you will,
The heart keeps its tough old persistency still;
Deduct all you can *that* still keeps you at bay;
Why, he'll live till men weary of Collins and Gray.
I'm not overfond of Greek meters in English,
To me rime's a gain, so it be not too jinglish,
And your modern hexameter verses are no more
Like Greek ones than sleek Mr. Pope is like Homer. . . .
But, set that aside, and 'tis truth that I speak,
Had Theocritus written in English, not Greek,
I believe that his exquisite sense would scarce change a line
In that rare, tender, virgin-like pastoral Evangeline.
That's not ancient nor modern, its place is apart
Where time has no sway, in the realm of pure Art,
'Tis a shrine of retreat from Earth's hubbub and strife
As quiet and chaste as the author's own life. . . .

"What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
And the gravest sweet humor that ever were there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;
Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching—
I shan't run directly against my own preaching,
And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,
Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel—
To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain,
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives

1295. **Barnaby Rudge**, a half-witted lad in Dickens's novel *Barnaby Rudge*; his companion is a raven. 1301. **Mathews**, a New York writer, who, as well as Poe, accused Longfellow of plagiarism. 1314. **Collins and Gray**, eighteenth-century English poets. 1318. **Mr. Pope**, Alexander Pope (1688–1744), an English poet, who translated Homer's *Iliad* into English heroic couplets.

1328. **Theocritus**, a Greek pastoral poet of the third century B. C. 1440. **Cervantes** (1547–1616), a celebrated Spanish poet and novelist, whose whole life was a struggle with poverty. His greatest work is *Don Quixote*. 1443. **Raphael** (1483–1520), a famous Italian painter. **Dante** (1265–1321), Italy's greatest poet. 1446. **Dick Steele . . . Addison**, Richard Steele (1672–1729), and Joseph Addison (1672–1719), authors of *The Spectator*.

From the warm, lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee—just Irving. . . .

"There's Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit;
A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit;
In long poems 'tis painful sometimes and invites
A thought of the way the new Telegraph writes,
Which pricks down its little sharp sentences spitefully
As if you got more than you'd title to rightfully,
And you find yourself hoping its wild father Lightning
Would flame in for a second and give you a fright'ning.
He has perfect sway of what *I* call a sham meter,
But many admire it, the English pentameter,
And Campbell, I think, wrote most commonly worse,
With less nerve, swing, and fire in the same kind of verse,
Nor e'er achieved aught in't so worthy of praise
As the tribute of Holmes to the grand *Marseillaise*.
You went crazy last year over Bulwer's New Timon—
Why, if B. to the day of his dying, should rime on,
Heaping verses on verses and tomes upon tomes,
He could ne'er reach the best point and vigor of Holmes.
His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satyric
In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes
That are trodden upon are your own or your foes."

"There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rime;
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and bowlders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders;
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching. . . . "

1556. **Leyden-jar**, a glass jar used to accumulate electricity. 1566. **Campbell**, Thomas (1777–1844), an English poet. 1570. **New Timon**, a satire published by the English novelist Bulwer-Lytton in 1847.

From A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER

"Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is," says Shelley; and I am apt to think there are a good many other things concerning which their knowledge might be largely increased without becoming burdensome. Nor are they altogether reluctant to be taught —not so reluctant, perhaps, as unable —and education is sure to find one fulcrum ready to her hand by which to get a purchase on them. For most of us, I have noticed, are not without an amiable willingness to assist at any spectacle or entertainment (loosely so called) for which no fee is charged at the door.

* * *

This being so, I have sometimes wondered that the peep-shows which Nature provides with such endless variety for her children, and to which we are admitted on the bare condition of having eyes, should be so generally neglected. To be sure, eyes are not so common as people think, or poets would be plentier, and perhaps also these exhibitions of hers are cheapened

in estimation by the fact that in enjoying them we are not getting the better of anybody else. Your true lovers of Nature, however, contrive to get even *this* solace; and Wordsworth looking upon mountains as his own peculiar sweethearts, was jealous of anybody else who ventured upon even the most innocent flirtation with them. As if *such* fellows, indeed, could pretend to that nicer sense of what-d'ye-call-it which was so remarkable in him! Marry come up! Mountains, no doubt, may inspire a profounder and more exclusive passion, but on the whole I am not sorry to have been born and bred among more domestic scenes, where I can be hospitable without a pang. I am going to ask you presently to take potluck with me at a board where Winter shall supply whatever there is of cheer.

I think the old fellow has hitherto had scant justice done him in the main. We make him the symbol of old age or death, and think we have settled the matter. As if old age were never kindly as well as frosty; as if it had no reverend graces of its own as good in their way as the noisy impertinence of childhood, the elbowing self-conceit of youth, or the pompous mediocrity of middle life! As if there were anything discreditable in death, or nobody had ever longed for it! Suppose we grant that Winter is the sleep of the year, what then? I take it upon me to say that his dreams are finer than the best reality of his waking rivals.

> Sleep, Silence' child, the father of soft Rest,

is a very agreeable acquaintance, and most of us are better employed in his company than anywhere else. For my own part, I think Winter a pretty wide-awake old boy, and his bluff sincerity and hearty ways are more congenial to my mood, and more wholesome for me, than any charms of which his rivals are capable. Spring is a fickle mistress, who either does not know her own mind, or is so long in making it up, whether you shall have her or not have her, that one gets tired at last of her pretty miffs and reconciliations. You go to her to be cheered up a bit, and ten to one catch her in the sulks, expecting you to find enough good-humor for both. After she has become Mrs. Summer she grows a little more staid in her demeanor; and her abundant table, where you are sure to get the earliest fruits and vegetables of the season, is a good foundation for steady friendship; but she has lost that delicious aroma of maidenhood, and what was delicately rounded grace in the girl gives more than hints of something like redundance in the matron. Autumn is the poet of the family. He gets you up a splendor that you would say was made out of real sunset; but it is nothing more than a few hectic leaves, when all is done. He is but a sentimentalist, after all; a kind of Lamartine whining along the ancestral avenues he has made bare timber of, and begging a contribution of good spirits from your own savings to keep him in countenance. But Winter has his delicate sensibilities too, only he does not make them as good as indelicate by thrusting them forever in your face. He is a better poet than Autumn, when he has a mind, but, like a truly great one as he is, he brings you down to your bare manhood, and bids you understand him out of that, with no adventitious helps of association, or he will none of you.

* * *

75. **Lamartine,** Alphonse (1790–1869), a celebrated French poet, one of the forerunners of the Romantic movement.

The preludings of Winter are as beautiful as those of Spring. In a gray December day, when, as the farmers say, it is too cold to snow, his numbed fingers will let fall doubtfully a few star-shaped flakes, the snowdrops and anemones that harbinger his more assured reign. Now, and now only, may be seen, heaped on the horizon's eastern edge, those "blue clouds" from forth which Shakespeare says that Mars "doth pluck the masoned turrets." Sometimes also, when the sun is low, you will see a single cloud trailing a flurry of snow along the southern hills in a wavering fringe of purple. And when at last the real snowstorm comes, it leaves the earth with a virginal look on it that no other of the seasons can rival—compared with which, indeed, they seem soiled and vulgar.

And what is there in Nature so beautiful as the next morning after such confusion of the elements? Night has no silence like this of busy day. All the batteries of noise are spiked. We see the movement of life as a deaf man sees it, a mere wraith of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare. The earth is clothed in innocence as a garment. Every wound of the landscape is healed; what was unsightly has been covered gently with a soft splendor, as if, Cowley would have said, Nature had cleverly let fall her handkerchief to hide it. If the Virgin (*Nôtre Dame de la neige*) were to come back, here is an earth that would not bruise her foot nor stain it. It is

> The fanned snow
> That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er—
> *Soffiata e stretta dai venti Schiavi,*
> Winnowed and packed by the Sclavonian winds—

packed so hard sometimes on hillslopes that it will bear your weight. What grace is in all the curves, as if every one of them had been swept by that inspired thumb of Phidias's journeyman!

Poets have fancied the footprints of the wind in those light ripples that sometimes scurry across smooth water with a sudden blur. But on this gleaming hush the aërial deluge has left plain marks of its course; and in gullies through which it rushed torrent-like, the eye finds its bed irregularly scooped like that of a brook in hard beach-sand, or, in more sheltered spots, traced with outlines like those left by the sliding edges of the surf upon the shore. The air, after all, is only an infinitely thinner kind of water, such as I suppose we shall have to drink when the state does her whole duty as a moral reformer. Nor is the wind the only thing whose trail you will notice on this sensitive surface. You will find that you have more neighbors and night visitors than you dreamed of. Here is the dainty footprint of a cat; here a dog has looked in on you like an amateur watchman to see if all is right, slumping clumsily about in the mealy treachery. And look! before you were up in the morning, though you were a punctual courtier at the sun's levee, here has been a squirrel zigzagging to and fro like a hound gathering the scent, and some tiny bird searching for unimaginable food—perhaps for the tinier creature, whatever it is, that drew this slender continuous trail like those made on the wet beach by light borderers of the sea. The earliest autographs were as frail as these. Poseidon traced his lines, or giant birds made their mark, on preadamite sea-margins; and the thunder-gust left

36. **Cowley, Abraham** (1618–1667), an English minor poet. 39. **Nôtre Dame de la neige**, "Our Lady of the Snows." 44. The Italian is translated by line 45.

50. **Phidias** (500B.C.–430B.C.), most famous of Greek sculptors. 89. **Poseidon**, Greek god of the sea.

the tear-stains of its sudden passion there; nay, we have the signatures of delicatest fern-leaves on the soft ooze of æons that dozed away their dreamless leisure before consciousness came upon the earth with man. Some whim of Nature locked them fast in stone for us after-thoughts of creation. Which of us shall leave a footprint as imperishable as that of the Ornithorhynchus, or much more so than that of these Bedouins of the snow-desert? Perhaps it was only because the ripple and the raindrop and the bird were not thinking of themselves, that they had such luck. The chances of immortality depend very much on that. How often have we not seen poor mortals, dupes of a season's notoriety, carving their names on seeming-solid rock of merest beach-sand, whose feeble hold on memory shall be washed away by the next wave of fickle opinion! Well, well, honest Jaques, there are better things to be found in the snow than sermons.

* * *

12. **Bedouins**, nomadic desert tribes. Here, the squirrel and the tiny bird mentioned on page 536.

24. **Jaques**, the "melancholy Jaques," of *As You Like It*. But see *As You Like It*, II, i., page 375.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

A Letter. 1. This and the two following selections are from *The Biglow Papers*. Does this kind of introduction arouse your interest in what is to follow?

2. For Lowell's use of dialect, and for the general plan and purpose of *The Biglow Papers*, see page 525.

What Mr. Robinson Thinks. 1. Governor Briggs was a Whig candidate for reëlection in 1847. General Cushing, his opponent, was a general in the Mexican War. John P. Robinson, a lawyer and Whig member of the Massachusetts legislature, went over to Cushing's side in the contest.

2. Who is the speaker? What sort of man is he? Does he really mean what he says, or is he speaking ironically? Look up *irony* in the dictionary and be prepared to give a clear definition, with illustrations. How does *irony* differ from *satire*? From *sarcasm*? From *caricature*?

The Courtin'. This poem is a New England pastoral idyl, written in a rustic dialect, as are some other pastoral poems. You should compare it with "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by Robert Burns, where the rustic lover is also characterized. You might also compare the Scottish dialect used by Burns with Lowell's Yankee dialect, and report on your findings.

Selections from *A Fable for Critics*. 1. For a discussion of this poem and its relation to Lowell's work, see page 525.

2. The title-page imitates the old-fashioned title-pages of early printed books, in which the contents of the book and various other matters were included instead of merely the title, the name of the author and the publisher, and the date of publication. Compare the title-page of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet's poems, cited on page 419. If you will read Lowell's title-page aloud, you will discover something interesting about it. In what other form might it have been written?

3. What follows, though it is apparently a Preface in prose, continues the joke already found in the title-page. Why did Lowell print it in this form instead of in verse? What should the Preface of a book contain?

4. You will find it good practice in scanning verse, to mark the accents in this preface and to separate the lines by a vertical mark. What do you observe about some of Lowell's rimes?

5. Lowell's rimed criticisms of American writers should be compared with the discussion of these authors in the text of this chapter, and with your readings in the works of the authors named. Why did he include himself?

From *A Good Word for Winter*. This selection introduces Lowell as an essayist. The essay as a form of prose may seek to give information, such as a biographical essay or an essay on some scientific topic in an encyclopedia. It may be philosophical or present the author's reflections on life; Bacon's essays and the essays of Emerson are examples. Or it may be personal, the intimate, friendly chat of a man of delightful and rich personality; the extracts from *The Autocrat* on pages 517-523 are examples. In "A Good Word for Winter," Lowell talks about winter and the other seasons, half seriously, half humorously, as Holmes talks about conceit or punning. You feel the informal nature of it;

there is no rigid outline; the author does not try to instruct you or to dictate what you shall think; he chats delightfully about one of the commonest topics of conversation in the world, the *weather*. But how different is this talk from our ordinary comments on winter and summer or the temperature of the day! Some of it may puzzle you a bit; no matter about that. You are listening to the talk of a man who has read much and traveled much. Recall what Emerson said, in the essay on "Friendship," about rising higher than our natural abilities when we meet some traveled stranger, and apply it to your reading of this selection.

Theme Topics. 1. Why you think Lowell made a good diplomat (he was foreign minister to England). 2. Other literary men you know, or have known, through your reading, in the diplomatic service. 3. Look up a number of title-pages, old and new, that you may be able to find in the library or at home, and make a report. Draw up a title-page for a book that you would like to write. Write a Preface for the book you have planned. 4. Write a little sketch on some common topic; try to make it as interesting as Lowell's chat on the weather.

Previously Read. In *Literature and Life, Book One*, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "Washington," "Rhœcus."

Library Reading. Increase your knowledge of Lowell by reading in the library the following poems. Prepare a report on the ones you liked best. *The Biglow Papers* (further reading from), "To the Spirit of Keats," "The Present Crisis," "An Indian Summer Reverie," "She Came and Went," "The First Snowfall," "Singing Leaves," "Commemoration Ode," "The Miner," "To Whittier," "To Holmes," "The Recall." You will enjoy Lowell's prose as well. Read "My Garden Acquaintance."

A GROUP OF HISTORIANS

The period after 1830 produced all kinds of writing. While we are here mainly concerned with the authors of pure literature, at times we must recall other workers in the creation of books. Americans soon became keenly alive to the fascination of historical material. Our earliest colonial literature is mainly historical. Irving turned from the romance of New York, England, Italy, and Spain to authentic records of memorable deeds of the past. Historical writing has engrossed the attention and employed the pen of many of the best trained and most gifted minds of this land.

William H. Prescott (1796-1859). Earliest of these was William H. Prescott. While a student in college he was struck by a piece of bread jokingly thrown by another youth, and lost the sight of one eye. Total blindness was averted only by the utmost care. Despite his handicap he devoted himself to the history of Spanish-speaking peoples. Documents in all parts of the world he had copied for his use. With the aid of a secretary and a mechanical guide for his hand in writing he produced a large number of volumes. The romance of Spain attracted him as it had Irving. His first book was *The History of Ferdinand and Isabella*. Six years of toil were necessary for the next book—*The Conquest of Mexico*. The amazing adventures of the small bands of Spanish conquerors in the New World fascinated Prescott. He returned to their exploits in *The Conquest of Peru*. At his death he had almost completed all of the projected four volumes of *The History of Philip II*—Spain's most famous monarch during the fifteen hundreds.

Prescott's chief popularity—he is still widely read—is due to two things. He was the first to see the appeal of the Spanish conquest of the tropical regions of this continent. The clash of races was a gigantic drama with its hair-raising climaxes, its spectacular processions, its surprising defeats and successes, the unbelievable wealth it brought to the conquerors, its astounding effects upon the Empire of Spain. In addition to this abundance of picturesque material, Prescott put into his histories something else—his readable style. Portions are as engrossing as any novel. The two works dealing with monarchs are interesting to students of Spanish history and life; but

the two depicting the conquest of Mexico and Peru should be read by every American. The story of the ambitions, battles, and treasures of Pizarro and Cortez is as fascinating as romance.

George Bancroft (1800-1891). George Bancroft was educated at Harvard and abroad. During his long life he served in several public capacities, such as Secretary of the Navy and as Minister to England. In 1834 he published the first volume of his *History of the United States*, in 1882 the last, the tenth. Beginning with the discovery of this continent, he traces our development through the Revolution, then describes the forming of our constitutional government, and ends with the inauguration of Washington as President.

John Lothrop Motley (1814-1877). After taking up, in succession, law, diplomacy, and novel writing, John Lothrop Motley at length found his true calling in the writing of history. He planned to write the history of the struggle of the Dutch against Philip II of Spain. The same feelings that stirred American patriots before and during our War for Independence thrilled Motley as he contemplated this heroic attempt of a small nation of trading and sailing men to wrench their land and laws from an unsympathetic foreigner. Motley's picture of Spanish personality and history is a brilliant contrast to that by Prescott. Two works show this struggle—*The Rise of the Dutch Republic* and *The United Netherlands*. Prescott showed the Spaniard successful over the Indians of Central and South America; Motley showed the Spaniards defeated by the sturdy dwellers of the lowlands beside the North Sea. Both writers dealt with momentous movements in which every detail was a thrilling event. The latter, however, was stirred by sympathetic feelings to show the valor of the weaker party. His disposition colors the treatment. This adds to the vivacity of the style, the dash of the movement, the distinctness of the portraits of the leaders.

Francis Parkman (1823-1893). The last and greatest of this group of historians was Francis Parkman. Even when he was a boy he began his life work, for in college he decided to prepare a history of the French in America. A trip to Europe acquainted him with French religious habits, and gave him an understanding of much in their early settlements in this land. Life in the woods enabled him to comprehend pioneer conditions. He knew the peaceful Indians of New England, but he desired to know the savages who still roamed the western plains. To strengthen his constitution he exercised in the college gymnasium and under a circus manager. In 1846 he took his famous journey west along the Oregon Trail. On this, he saw and experienced all the realities of frontier life. He lived among warlike tribes. His escapes seem miraculous now—for weeks he rode over the Black Hills "reeling in the saddle with weakness and pain." This journey almost ruined his health, but it gave him knowledge which enabled him to reproduce the great West.

When he returned to the East he could hardly see; his body was almost a total wreck; for long periods he had to use a wheeled chair. On many days a half-hour's work was his maximum. Frequently a day's writing was only six lines. All his notes had to be read to him. But after this, he made five trips to Europe to gather material. In the end, he actually finished and published twelve volumes, an achievement that seems almost miraculous.

To Americans his subject-matter must always be of supreme importance, for it reflects the struggle between France and England in the New World. Before embarking on his theme, he published *The Oregon Trail*, which every high school student should read. A few titles indicate the contents of his strictly historical volumes: *Pioneers of France in the New World*, *La Salle or the Discovery of the Great West*, *The Old Regime in Canada*, *Montcalm and Wolfe*, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*. All this material centers about the French and Indian Wars.

Parkman was equipped for his work as few historians are. He knew the woods, he knew the Indians, he knew all the places he described. His knowledge was seconded by accuracy. Then, finally, he could write in a remarkable style. Unless

you are careful to notice it, this style will seem merely natural. That is its greatness. It is at all times and for every purpose everything that is needed and no more. The events he details are more exciting than any in usual fiction dealing with the West; his Indians and all other characters are living individuals.

SELECTIONS FROM PARKMAN

From THE OREGON TRAIL

CHAPTER XIV

THE OGALLALA VILLAGE

Such a narrative as this is hardly the place for portraying the mental features of the Indians. The same picture, slightly changed in shade and coloring, would serve with very few exceptions for all the tribes that lie north of the Mexican territories. But with this striking similarity in their modes of thought, the tribes of the lake and ocean shores, of the forests and of the plains, differ greatly in their manner of life. Having been domesticated for several weeks among one of the wildest of the wild hordes that roam over the remote prairies, I had extraordinary opportunities of observing them, and I flatter myself that a faithful picture of the scenes that passed daily before my eyes may not be devoid of interest and value. These men were thorough savages. Neither their manners nor their ideas were in the slightest degree modified by contact with civilization. They knew nothing of the power and real character of the white man, and their children would scream in terror at the sight of me. Their religion, their superstitions, and their prejudices were the same that had been handed down to them from immemorial time. They fought with the same weapons that their fathers fought with, and wore the same rude garments of skins.

Great changes are at hand in that region. With the stream of immigration to Oregon and California, the buffalo will dwindle away, and the large wandering communities who depend on them for support must be broken and scattered. The Indians will soon be corrupted by the example of the whites, abased by whisky, and overawed by military posts; so that within a few years the traveler may pass in tolerable security through their country. Its danger and its charm will have disappeared together.

As soon as Raymond and I discovered the village from the gap in the hills, we were seen in our turn; keen eyes were constantly on the watch. As we rode down upon the plain, the side of the village nearest us was darkened with a crowd of naked figures gathering around the lodges. Several men came forward to meet us. I could distinguish among them the green blanket of the Frenchman Reynal. When we came up, the ceremony of shaking hands had to be gone through with in due form, and then all were eager to know what had become of the rest of my party. I satisfied them on this point, and we all moved forward together toward the village.

"You've missed it," said Reynal; "if you'd been here day before yesterday, you'd have found the whole prairie over yonder black with buffalo as far as you could see. There were no cows, though; nothing but bulls. We made a 'surround' every day till yesterday. See the village there; don't that look like good living?"

In fact I could see, even at that distance, that long cords were stretched from lodge to lodge, over which the

meat, cut by the squaws into thin sheets, was hanging to dry in the sun. I noticed, too, that the village was somewhat smaller than when I had last seen it, and I asked Reynal the cause. He said that old Le Borgne had felt too weak to pass over the mountains, and so had remained behind with all his relations, including Mahto-Tatonka and his brothers. The Whirlwind, too, had been unwilling to come so far, because, as Reynal said, he was afraid. Only half a dozen lodges had adhered to him, the main body of the village setting their chief's authority at naught, and taking the course most agreeable to their inclinations.

"What chiefs are there in the village now?" said I.

"Well," said Reynal, "there's old Red-Water, and the Eagle-Feather, and the Big Crow, and the Mad Wolf and the Panther, and the White-Shield, and—what's his name?—the half-breed Cheyenne."

By this time we were close to the village, and I observed that while the greater part of the lodges were very large and neat in their appearance, there was at one side a cluster of squalid, miserable huts. I looked toward them, and made some remark about their wretched appearance. But I was touching upon delicate ground.

"My squaw's relations live in those lodges," said Reynal very warmly, "and there isn't a better set in the whole village."

"Are there any chiefs among them?" asked I. "Chiefs?" said Reynal; "yes, plenty!"

"What are their names?" I inquired.

"Their names? Why, there's the Arrow-Head. If he isn't a chief he ought to be one. And there's the Hail-Storm. He's nothing but a boy, to be sure; but he's bound to be a chief one of these days!"

Just then we passed between two of the lodges, and entered the great area of the village. Superb naked figures stood silently gazing on us.

"Where's the Bad Wound's lodge?" said I to Reynal.

"There, you've missed it again! The Bad Wound is away with the Whirlwind. If you could have found him here, and gone to live in his lodge, he would have treated you better than any man in the village. But there's the Big Crow's lodge yonder, next to old Red-Water's. He's a good Indian for the whites, and I advise you to go and live with him."

"Are there many squaws and children in his lodge?" said I.

"No; only one squaw and two or three children. He keeps the rest in a separate lodge by themselves."

So, still followed by a crowd of Indians, Raymond and I rode up to the entrance of the Big Crow's lodge. A squaw came out immediately and took our horses. I put aside the leather flap that covered the low opening, and stooping, entered the Big Crow's dwelling. There I could see the chief in the dim light, seated at one side, on a pile of buffalo robes. He greeted me with a gutteral, "How, cola!" I requested Reynal to tell him that Raymond and I were come to live with him. The Big Crow gave another low exclamation. If the reader thinks that we were intruding somewhat cavalierly, I beg him to observe that every Indian in the village would have deemed himself honored that white men should give such preference to his hospitality.

The squaw spread a buffalo robe for us in the guest's place at the head of the lodge. Our saddles were brought in, and scarcely were we seated upon them before the place was thronged with Indians, who came crowding in

81. **How, cola!** A common Indian expression of greeting.

to see us. The Big Crow produced his pipe and filled it with the mixture of tobacco and *shongsasha*, or red willow bark. Round and round it passed, and a lively conversation went forward. Meanwhile a squaw placed before the two guests a wooden bowl of boiled buffalo meat, but unhappily this was not the only banquet destined to be inflicted on us. Rapidly, one after another, boys and young squaws thrust their heads in at the opening, to invite us to various feasts in different parts of the village. For half an hour or more we were actively engaged in passing from lodge to lodge, tasting in each of the bowl of meat set before us, and inhaling a whiff or two from our entertainer's pipe. A thunderstorm that had been threatening for some time now began in good earnest. We crossed over to Reynal's lodge, though it hardly deserved this name, for it consisted only of a few old buffalo robes supported on poles, and was quite open on one side. Here we sat down, and the Indians gathered round us.

"What is it," said I, "that makes the thunder?"

"It's my belief," said Reynal, "that it is a big stone rolling over the sky."

"Very likely," I replied; "but I want to know what the Indians think about it."

So he interpreted my question, which seemed to produce some doubt and debate. There was evidently a difference of opinion. At last old Mene-Seela, or Red-Water, who sat by himself on one side, looked up with his withered face, and said he had always known what the thunder was. It was a great black bird; and once he had seen it, in a dream, swooping down from the Black Hills, with its loud roaring wings; and when it flapped them over a lake, they struck lightning from the water.

"The thunder is bad," said another old man, who sat muffled in his buffalo robe; "he killed my brother last summer."

Reynal, at my request, asked for an explanation; but the old man remained doggedly silent, and would not look up. Some time after I learned how the accident occurred. The man who was killed belonged to an association which, among other mystic functions, claimed the exclusive power and privilege of fighting the thunder. Whenever a storm which they wished to avert was threatening, the thunder-fighters would take their bows and arrows, their guns, their magic drum, and a sort of whistle made out of the wingbone of the war eagle. Thus equipped, they would run out and fire at the rising cloud, whooping, yelling, whistling, and beating their drum, to frighten it down again. One afternoon a heavy black cloud was coming up, and they repaired to the top of a hill, where they brought all their magic artillery into play against it. But the undaunted thunder, refusing to be terrified, kept moving straight onward, and darted out a bright flash which struck one of the party dead as he was in the very act of shaking his long, iron-pointed lance against it. The rest scattered and ran yelling in an ecstasy of superstitious terror back to their lodges.

The lodge of my host Kongra-Tonga, or the Big Crow, presented a picturesque spectacle that evening. A score or more of Indians were seated around in a circle, their dark, naked forms just visible by the dull light of the smoldering fire in the center, the pipe glowing brightly in the gloom as it passed from hand to hand round the lodge. Then a squaw would drop a piece of buffalo-fat on the dull embers. Instantly a bright, glancing flame would leap up, darting its clear light to the very apex of the tall, conical structure, where the

tops of the slender poles that supported its covering of leather were gathered together. It gilded the features of the Indians, as with animated gestures they sat around it, telling their endless stories of war and hunting. It displayed rude garments of skins that hung around the lodge, the bow, quiver, and lance suspended over the resting-place of the chief, and the rifles and powder-horns of the two white guests. For a moment all would be bright as day; then the flames would die away, and fitful flashes from the embers would illumine the lodge, and then leave it in darkness. Then all the light would wholly fade, and the lodge and all within it be involved again in obscurity.

As I left the lodge next morning, I was saluted by howling and yelping from all around the village, and half its canine population rushed forth to the attack. Being as cowardly as they were clamorous, they kept jumping around me at the distance of a few yards, only one little cur, about ten inches long, having spirit enough to make a direct assault. He dashed valiantly at the leather tassel, which, in the Dakota fashion, was trailing behind the heel of my moccasin, and kept his hold, growling and snarling all the while, though every step I made almost jerked him over on his back. As I knew that the eyes of the whole village were on the watch to see if I showed any sign of apprehension, I walked forward without looking to the right or left, surrounded wherever I went by this magic circle of dogs. When I came to Reynal's lodge I sat down by it, on which the dogs dispersed, growling, to their respective quarters. Only one large white one remained, who kept running about before me and showing his teeth. I called him, but he only growled the more. I looked at him well. He was fat and sleek, just such a dog as I wanted. "My friend," thought I, "you shall pay for this! I will have you eaten this very morning!"

I intended that day to give the Indians a feast, by way of conveying a favorable impression of my character and dignity; and a white dog is the dish which the customs of the Dakota prescribe for all occasions of formality and importance. I consulted Reynal; he soon discovered that an old woman in the next lodge was owner of the white dog. I took a gaudy cotton handkerchief, and laying it on the ground, arranged some vermilion, beads, and other trinkets upon it. Then the old squaw was summoned. I pointed to the dog and to the handkerchief. She gave a scream of delight, snatched up the prize, and vanished with it into her lodge. For a few more trifles I engaged the services of two other squaws, each of whom took the white dog by one of his paws, and led him away behind the lodges, while he kept looking up at them with a face of innocent surprise. Having killed him they threw him into a fire to singe; then chopped him up and put him into two large kettles to boil. Meanwhile I told Raymond to fry in buffalo fat what little flour we had left, and also to make a kettle of tea as an additional item of the repast.

The Big Crow's squaw was briskly at work sweeping out the lodge for the approaching festivity. I confided to my host himself the task of inviting the guests, thinking that I might thereby shift from my own shoulders the odium of fancied neglect and oversight.

When feasting is in question, one hour of the day serves an Indian as well as another. My entertainment came off about eleven o'clock. At that hour, Reynal and Raymond walked across the area of the village,

to the admiration of the inhabitants, carrying the two kettles of dog-meat slung on a pole between them. These they placed in the center of the lodge, and then went back for the bread and the tea. Meanwhile I had put on a pair of brilliant moccasins, and substituted for my old buckskin frock a coat which I had brought with me in view of such public occasions. I also made careful use of the razor, an operation which no man will neglect who desires to gain the good opinion of Indians. Thus attired, I seated myself between Reynal and Raymond at the head of the lodge. Only a few minutes elapsed before all the guests had come in and were seated on the ground, wedged together in a close circle around the lodge. Each brought with him a wooden bowl to hold his share of the repast. When all were assembled, two of the officials called "soldiers" by the white men, came forward with ladles made of the horn of the Rocky Mountain sheep, and began to distribute the feast, always assigning a double share to the old men and chiefs. The dog vanished with astonishing celerity, and each guest turned his dish bottom upward to show that all was gone. Then the bread was distributed in its turn, and finally the tea. As the soldiers poured it out into the same wooden bowls that had served for the substantial part of the meal, I thought it had a particularly curious and uninviting color.

"Oh!" said Reynal, "there was not tea enough, so I stirred some soot in the kettle, to make it look strong."

Fortunately an Indian's palate is not very discriminating. The tea was well sweetened, and that was all they cared for.

Now, the former part of the entertainment being concluded, the time for speech-making was come. The Big Crow produced a flat piece of wood on which he cut up tobacco and *shongsasha*, and mixed them in due proportions. The pipes were filled and passed from hand to hand around the company. Then I began my speech, each sentence being interpreted by Reynal as I went on, and echoed by the whole audience with the usual exclamations of assent and approval. As nearly as I can recollect, it was as follows: I had come (I told them) from a country so far distant that at the rate they travel they could not reach it in a year.

"How! how!"

"There the Meneaska were more numerous than the blades of grass on the prairie. The squaws were far more beautiful than any they had ever seen, and all the men were brave warriors."

"How! how! how!"

Here I was assailed by sharp twinges of conscience, for I fancied I could perceive a fragrance of perfumery in the air, and a vision rose before me of white kid gloves and silken mustaches with the mild and gentle countenances of numerous fair-haired young men. But I recovered myself and began again. "While I was living in the Meneaska lodges, I had heard of the Ogallala, how great and brave a nation they were, how they loved the whites, and how well they could hunt the buffalo and strike their enemies. I resolved to come and see if all that I heard was true."

"How! how! how! how!"

"As I had come on horseback through the mountains, I had been able to bring them only a very few presents." "How!"

"But I had enough tobacco to give them all a small piece. They might smoke it and see how much better it was than the tobacco which they got from the traders."

24. soldiers, a sort of native police.

"How! how! how!"

"I had plenty of powder, lead, knives, and tobacco at Fort Laramie. These I was anxious to give them, and if any of them should come to the fort before I went away, I would make them handsome presents."

"How! how! how! how!"

Raymond then cut up and distributed among them two or three pounds of tobacco, and old Mene-Seela began to make a reply. It was quite long, but the following was the pith of it:

"He had always loved the whites. They were the wisest people on earth. He believed they could do everything, and he was always glad when any of them came to live in the Ogallala lodges. It was true I had not made them many presents, but the reason of it was plain. It was clear that I liked them, or I never should have come so far to find their village."

Several other speeches of similar import followed, and then this more serious matter being disposed of, there was an interval of smoking, laughing, and conversation; but old Mene-Seela suddenly interrupted it with a loud voice:

"Now is a good time," he said, "when all the old men and chiefs are here together, to decide what the people shall do. We came over the mountain to make our lodges for next year. Our old ones are good for nothing; they are rotten and worn out. But we have been disappointed. We have killed buffalo bulls enough, but we have found no herds of cows, and the skins of bulls are too thick and heavy for our squaws to make lodges of. There must be plenty of cows about the Medicine-Bow Mountain. We ought to go there. To be sure it is farther westward than we have ever been before, and perhaps the Snakes will attack us, for those hunting grounds belong to them. But we must have new lodges at any rate; our old ones will not serve for another year. We ought not to be afraid of the Snakes. Our warriors are brave, and they are all ready for war. Besides, we have three white men with their rifles to help us."

I could not help thinking that the old man relied a little too much on the aid of allies, one of whom was a coward, another a blockhead, and the third an invalid. This speech produced a good deal of debate. As Reynal did not interpret what was said, I could only judge of the meaning by the features and gestures of the speakers. At the end of it, however, the greater number seemed to have fallen in with Mene-Seela's opinion. A short silence followed, and then the old man struck up a discordant chant, which I was told was a song of thanks for the entertainment I had given them.

"Now," said he, "let us go and give the white man a chance to breathe."

So the company all dispersed into the open air, and for some time the old chief was walking around the village, singing his song in praise of the feast, after the custom of the nation.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

From *The Oregon Trail.* This picture of life among the Indians should be compared with Cooper's Indian stories and with Longfellow's *Hiawatha.*

Theme Topics. 1. A comparison of one of Parkman's Indians with one of Cooper's, or one in *Hiawatha.* 2. An account of some camping trip you have taken.

Library Reading. All, or other sections of, *The Oregon Trail;* if you are interested in a modern story of pioneer days, read *Vandemark's Folly,* Quick.

ORATORS AND STATESMEN

During the first half of the nineteenth century, champions and opponents of various constitutional theories met each other's views and moves squarely and forcefully. So many of these moves concerned legislation in state and nation that debates and speeches were frequent. Public discussion fostered a group of remarkable orators from both North and South, all of whom swayed voting audiences and molded general sentiment. The orator's fame in most cases is a temporary one—his speech moves while it is being delivered, and even if it effect its purpose, it has little claim for further consideration. But several American statesmen were so honored by their contemporaries that knowledge of their opinions, careers, and speeches is essential today.

Representing the South were men who, following in the paths marked by such predecessors as Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, served their section and their country gloriously. John C. Calhoun (1782-1850) of South Carolina, Yale graduate, Senator, Vice-President, Secretary of War and of State, threw himself into the long series of debates between 1830 and 1850. He firmly believed in the doctrine of states' rights. He interpreted the Constitution strictly. His mind worked along severely logical, analytical lines. His reasoning was more prominent than his emotions. He appealed to men's intellects, to their thinking power, to their knowledge. Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina debated in the Senate with Webster, drawing from the more able man his celebrated *Reply*. The idol of the people was Henry Clay (1777-1852) of Kentucky. His personal magnetism and brilliant speech held audiences spellbound; his mental and bodily control impressed even his opponents. He believed in the Union and tried with all his power to reconcile the radically differing sections. Time and time again he advanced plans for adjustment; his compromise measures won for him the title of "the great pacificator." Striving mainly for the success of the moment, Clay did not plan his speeches as logically as others, nor did he express his ideas as carefully as he might. Readers now are not attracted or held by his utterances as they appear in print. Yet everyone remembers with a conscious thrill his declaration, "I would rather be right than be president."

The North produced a group of famous speakers who were upon the other side in all the issues of the epoch. Wendell Phillips (1811-1884) represents the numerous abolitionist agitators. Eloquent, courageous, widely-read, he had the ability to sway audiences almost as he chose, frequently making them accept as their own, opinions of his which they would later repudiate. His absolute sincerity of belief in the cause he urged fired his utterances with enthusiasm. Edward Everett (1794-1865), a scholar of the old school, delighted audiences by lecturing to them. His style is typical of the old-fashioned oratory, in which sonority and dignity were sought by inflated vocabulary and involved sentences. His address on Washington was repeated almost one hundred times.

Daniel Webster (1782-1852). The most prominent of the New England orators was Daniel Webster, who rose from obscurity to fame by effort of will and perseverance. When he began to speak before juries, he imitated the old oratorical style, but he very soon noticed that while he made the best speeches, the other lawyer won the cases. He reformed his style, substituted simple, direct speech for ornate phrases, directed more effort to convincing than to "showing off," and thus vastly improved his pleas. As senator and public figure his speeches fall into two general groups—legislative debates and commemorative addresses. Of the first the famous example is the *Reply to Hayne* delivered in the Senate (1830), when Webster denied the right of a state to nullify a law passed by Congress, and explained the nature of our constitutional government. For years he was celebrated as the defender of the Constitution.

In occasional addresses Webster produced lasting literature. Two of these should be familiar to every American—the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, delivered in 1826, and the *First Bunker Hill Oration*, 1825.

Copyrighted 1922 by C. O. Buckingham, Washington, D. C.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865). It has already been observed that oratory rarely wins a place in the permanent literature of a people because it usually deals with matters of passing importance and depends for its effect on the voice and personality of the orator and on the emotions of an audience brought together for a special occasion. One result of this debt to voice, personality, and occasion is the style of expression that we sometimes call "oratorical." Often this word is used in a disparaging sense, as when we speak of a man as being a mere "orator" or of his style as "oratorical." As a matter of fact, sentences and paragraphs that are to be recited to an audience are necessarily different in many ways from the sort of prose composition that we find in books. We feel the presence of the oratorical style in the greatest masters of the art, in men like Webster, for example. Webster's magnificent voice and his commanding personality are matters now of tradition. His sentences do not sound, as we speak them, as they sounded when the master uttered them. When we read them silently, as we read other prose, the effect is even more disappointing. What Webster lives for, to us, is for the interpretation he gave of some of America's ideals about government. These appeal to permanent elements in the American character, and because of these rather than because of his work considered as literature, he is included in our record.

With Abraham Lincoln, however, the case is different. There is no need here to review the events of his life: his birth in poverty in a log cabin in Kentucky, the continuance of poverty and struggle, first in Indiana and then in Illinois; his lack of formal education. The men of letters whose lives and works we have been studying were brought up, except Whittier, in comparative freedom from care and with every educational advantage, in communities settled and prosperous, often with promise of foreign travel and further education definitely assured. But Lincoln's boyhood was destitute of most of what we regard as the advantages of civilization.

He had a few books, good ones like the Bible, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Aesop's *Fables*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and these he read over and over again. They are all books marked by simplicity of style, great concreteness of subject matter, and homely wisdom. These qualities Lincoln made his own, and they are, in part, the secret of his wonderful power.

Besides these books, the most powerful early influence upon Lincoln's life and writing was his experience among pioneers. Storekeeper, surveyor, country lawyer, he had the opportunity of learning the thoughts and lives of the men and women that make up the mass of our democracy. His later career in the legislature, in Congress, and as president during the greatest crisis in our history matured the power of realizing and giving expression to the thoughts of men. Here is one of the fundamental qualities of great literature. It does not depend, you see, upon a man's ability to express his own thoughts; he must also speak for his race, give expression to ideals, passions, questionings, that men and women everywhere feel.

Lincoln left abundant evidence of his effort to do this. Even as a boy he used to puzzle over things said by people in language that he could not understand, and he resolved that always he would speak so that even a boy could understand him. As a lawyer he followed the same method. He studied a case until he could look through the legal questions, the court decisions, and the statutes involved, into the real meaning of the problem. This he phrased with wonderful clearness and precision. The same is true, once more, of his state papers, written when he was president, and of all his speeches and writings about public affairs. At the Gettysburg commemoration in 1863, Edward Everett, a great orator, spoke for two hours. Lincoln delivered an address containing fewer than three hundred words. The polished oration is forgotten, but Lincoln's words are immortal because they phrased, in clearness and beauty, the noblest ideals of America.

These are the reasons, then, why Abraham Lincoln, lawyer and statesman, holds high place in any account of American literature; the reasons, also, why it is useful for anyone who wishes to learn to write what others will wish to read should study the life and writings of this man. He knew a few great books thoroughly. He knew and loved his fellow-men. He knew their language and their problems and ideals. Finally, he always studied simplicity of expression, studied how to phrase what his experience and keen insight showed him to be the truth. His very sympathy with the masses of men, with their perplexities in a time of trouble, gave rhythm, beauty, the fitting word. Thus his writings are not merely state papers, orations, letters; they are also literature.

SELECTION FROM WEBSTER

SACRED OBLIGATIONS

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing conditions, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular

liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, in form perhaps not always for the better, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The *principle* of free governments adheres to the American soil. It is imbedded in it, immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation and there is open to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be *our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.* And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

31. **Solon** (B. C. 639–559), Athenian sage and lawgiver. **Alfred**, Alfred the Great (849–901), of England.

SELECTION FROM LINCOLN

ADDRESS IN INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

[February 22, 1861]

MR. CUYLER: I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country.

I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to

the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it.

Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force, unless force is used against it.

My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something toward raising a flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Webster

Sacred Obligations. 1. This passage is found near the close of Webster's oration, "The Bunker Hill Monument," delivered June 17, 1825. Lafayette was present at the laying of the cornerstone of the monument on that day.

2. This selection, and indeed the entire oration from which it is taken, helps to define and interpret the nation as a great man reviewed the history of the first half century of our national existence. Observe that the first paragraph refers to the feeling still present in America in Webster's time, and in Europe as well, that democratic government might not be able to stand. In the second paragraph Webster shows that free government is an *American principle.* Why is this point important? In the third paragraph he names the sacred obligations that rested on his generation and that will rest on yours when you and your classmates are voting citizens.

Lincoln

From *Address in Independence Hall.* These paragraphs, from a speech delivered by Lincoln just before his inauguration, find the basis of the Union in the Declaration of Independence. Review the selection from the document (page 440), and also review what Webster said to the effect that the principle of free government is inherent in the American soil. Thus you have a series of interpretations of the meaning of America.

Theme Topics. 1. My sacred obligations and how I can fulfill them. 2. A speech I have heard, or read, recently in support of some cause.

Library Reading. Webster's *Bunker Hill Oration; Selections from Lincoln* (Lake English Classics).

LITERATURE IN THE SOUTH

We have traced the remarkable outburst of creative activity that characterized New England's contribution to our literature from 1830 to 1870, and have noted that it was produced by a group of poets and prose writers who were well acquainted with each other and had many ideas and traits in common. The contribution of the South during this time was smaller in amount and was produced by fewer men, but it was equally distinctive. In the first chapter of this STORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE it was pointed out that the town system of the northern colonies produced a community of thought and feeling lacking in the more scattered life of dwellers on the southern plantations. This distinction affords a clue to some of the differences between the literature of New England and that of the South. We find no homogeneous group of writers in Richmond or Charleston or Atlanta corresponding to the Boston group. The Southern writers are widely separated in time and place. Their poems and stories spring not from the contact of one mind upon another, the result of a great intellectual movement such as New England transcendentalism, but are the results of the thought and feeling of individuals. In a sense, therefore, these poets seem less significant as interpreters of the national life. Poe speaks not as a Southerner; he is not moved by any of the great currents of feeling that swept through the nation in its formative years.

Nevertheless, the greatest literature is often independent of time and place. Much of the writing that we recognize as thoroughly characteristic of Whittier (his anti-slavery poems, for example) or of Lowell (such as *The Biglow Papers*), has lost its appeal because of the passing of the occasions that gave it birth. Much of the inspiration of Emerson's prose and poetry, springing from his response to the thought-movement of his time, is due, not to its excellence as art, but to the excellence of the thought. Besides the literature that interprets passing events, besides the literature that inspires us by its appeal to our best instincts, there is also the literature of pure art, "the rhythmical creation of beauty," and beauty, as Emerson truly observed, is "its own excuse for being."

To this literature of pure art Southern writers contributed much during the past century. If Irving was the first of our writers to prove to English readers that America was not inhabited solely by crude pioneers, destitute of the finer traits of civilization, Poe was the first to exercise a commanding influence upon foreign writers and obtain recognition for the quality of his art. Lanier, next to Poe the outstanding man of letters of the South, contributed as much to the theory of English verse as Poe had contributed to the technique of the short story, and, like Poe, left us notable examples of his craftsmanship.

Besides these major writers, a number of poets and writers of fiction, isolated, not associated in place or time, transcribed, each, some bit of southern scenery or life, or phrased some aspect of the great world of romance, which we treasure as parts of our literature. Some of these writings are here reprinted, along with the selections from Poe and Lanier, to complete our chapter.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(1809-1849)

The greatest writer who can be claimed by the South is Edgar Allan Poe, who in spite of his small output has attained a secure place among authors of first rank. He was born in Boston in 1809, where his parents were acting in a theatrical troupe. He was left an orphan before he was three years old and was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy Richmond tobacco merchant. In 1815 when his foster-parents went to

England the boy accompanied them to be placed in a school near London, where he remained some five years. Once again in Virginia, he received excellent training under the care of tutors, so that at the age of seventeen he was ready to enter the University of Virginia. As a student he excelled in languages. Unfortunately in those days sons of wealthy families engaged rather recklessly in such diversions as gambling. Poe's debts angered his foster-father, who removed him from the university and put him to work in his business office. Within a year the high-tempered youth ran away to enlist in the army under an assumed name.

He was just eighteen, yet he had already written excellent verse. In 1827 he published a slender volume, *Tamerlane and Other Poems*. A little later he entered West Point. In 1829 a second volume of poems appeared, in 1831 a third. He soon found the daily regularity of a cadet's existence unbearable. His neglect—no doubt quite intentional—resulted in his dismissal. Poe could now expect no more aid from his former benefactor and was forced to depend entirely upon himself.

In obscurity in Baltimore he won a newspaper prize for a narrative. The attention following this success led to his being made editor of a Richmond magazine. But he soon moved from there to Philadelphia, later to New York, writing, editing, struggling for a mere existence, yet always producing criticism, stories, poems, which the world will not let die. Though nearly everything he wrote appeared first in the periodical he happened to be editing, his contributions were frequently reissued in volumes of collections.

His marriage with his beautiful young cousin might have been a transforming influence, had it not suffered the blight cast by his misfortunes. In a small cottage near New York she faded to an early death. Two years later, in 1849, Poe died in Baltimore, when only forty years old. His life is as moving as anything he wrote.

All his literary product falls naturally into three groups—criticism, tales, poems.

Sensitive to a high degree, Poe had definite theories concerning the composition of literature. His nature and tastes would induce one at first to suppose that he believed in the so-called "inspirational" method of literary production. Nothing was so far from Poe's belief and practice. He believed that there are recognizable and definable principles underlying every form of literature. When he reviewed the publications of the more regular and more popular New England authors he judged their works by his standards. When they fell below his ideal level he spoke clearly in disapproval, yet he always gave reasons for his judgments. He did not hesitate to object smartly to certain practices of Longfellow, yet he could fairly allot to him the chief rank among American poets. His review of the short stories of Hawthorne shows how clearly he had fixed his standards of criticism in his mind, and how he could praise an author who wrote masterpieces of an entirely different nature from his own.

Both by practice and precept Poe created the modern short story. He explained how great stories should be written, and he wrote them himself. Believing that unity of strong effect is more artistic than variety of interest, Poe placed the short story above the novel as a form of art. A single tone, incident, adventure, impression should, he thought, dominate any short story. His critical utterances concerning poetry are as keen. Poetry, he insisted, required painstaking revision and thought, until what he described as the "rhythmical creation of beauty" was attained. Its purpose was to produce the highest degree of pleasure. As poetry is the flower of emotion, and emotion can, he said, endure for only a short time, a long poem is a contradiction in terms. If such a poem really is poetry it is because it is a collection of short poems. A knowledge of these theories will help to an appreciation of both his prose and his verse. Two of his critical papers amplifying them are *The Poetic Principle* and *The Philosophy of Composition*.

Poe wrote more than sixty short stories. A few reflect the realism of everyday life, but most of them exhibit his literary theories of unity of effect. Each has some emphatic emotional note—what he called "totality of effect." These notes may be effects of mystery, terror, horror. Even the most apparently ordinary of his stories

soon escapes to the realm of the romantic. Fondness for romantic material interested Poe in such problems as the relation of the soul and the body, the difference between trance and death, the feelings of the after-life, hypnotism, insanity, crime, remorse. For many readers the excursions into the last three become too horrible. As the stories are told in the first person, many an unthinking person identifies as the thoughts and opinions of the author the sentiments and deeds of the narrator, but such interpretations are unwarranted.

Frequently Poe had to compose and invent so hastily that he was unsatisfied with his results. In other instances he revised a tale as he would a poem, until it represented his exact intention. It is a good test of your reading to express in a single sentence the theme of a story.

The entire world now accepts Poe as one of the masters of this kind of writing. He made the story of mystery—whether detective or other species—a modern world form. In France, where his perfection of plan and sparseness of detail are thoroughly appreciated, he became the model of their masters. Few later authors, none of his own period except Hawthorne, have left so many acknowledged masterpieces—"The Gold Bug," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Ligeia," "The Masque of the Red Death," "A Descent into the Maelstrom," "The Murder in the Rue Morgue," "The Pit and the Pendulum," "The Cask of Amontillado," "The Purloined Letter," "The Black Cat," "The Tell-Tale Heart."

The qualities listed as characteristic of Poe's prose appear in his verse. His poetry is not large in amount, or wide in range, but it is excellent in quality. To many readers he is the poet of a single poem, "The Raven." The selections printed on the following pages will enable you to correct this impression and to observe the fineness of his art. It is only just to consider these poems by the standards Poe used in writing them. Exactly as each of his short stories was designed to emphasize a single effect, so each poem was conceived and phrased to produce a single impression. Sadness allied to beauty is a usual element of his poems. Strong emotion is induced by the death of a beloved woman, sweetheart or wife. Beauty of expression he added to beauty of theme by three devices. He had a peculiar poetic vocabulary. He made the sound answer to the sense. He repeated words, phrases, sounds, until the recurrence became a marked characteristic of all his metrical compositions. The beautiful names of his women characters—Berenice, Morella, Ligeia, Eleonora, Lenore, Madeline, Annabel Lee—add to the singleness of sensory effect that he sought.

Writing a kind of poetry at the most distant pole from the usual, regular sort being produced by the New England group of moralizing versifiers, Poe with his pitiably short life of forty years gave to the world enough indications of genius to warrant the opinion of many readers of all nations that he is our single poet of the first rank.

SELECTIONS FROM POE

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
  The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece
  And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
  How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
  Ah, Psyche, from the regions w
  Are Holy Land!

2. **Nicæan**, from Nicæa, ancient seaport of Asia Minor.

14. **Psyche**, in classic mythology, a l
the personification of the soul.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

[illegible] the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
[illegible]f the beautiful Annabel Lee;
[illegible]he stars never rise, but I feel the
[illegible]bright eyes
[illegible]the beautiful Annabel Lee;
[illegible]ll the night-tide, I lie down by the
[illegible]e

Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE SLEEPER

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain-top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;
Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin molders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake.
All Beauty sleeps!—and lo! where lies
Irené, with her Destinies!

O lady bright! can it be right,
This window open to the night?
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,
Laughingly through the lattice drop;
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully, so fearfully,
Above the closed and fringéd lid
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!
O lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why and what art thou dreaming here?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden trees!
Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps. Oh, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
Forever with unopened eye,
While the pale, sheeted ghosts go by.

13. **Lethe**, a river of Hades, the drinking of whose waters produced forgetfulness of the past.

My love, she sleeps. Oh, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold—
Some vault that oft hath flung its black
And wingéd panels fluttering back,
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls
Of her grand family funerals;
Some sepulcher, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood many an idle stone;
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin,
It was the dead who groaned within!

TO ONE IN PARADISE

Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine;
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope, that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
"On! on!"—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
No more—no more—no more—
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

ULALUME

The skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crispéd and sear,
The leaves they were withering and sear.
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir;
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll,
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sear.
Our memories were treacherous and sear,
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!).
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here),
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn,
As the star-dials hinted of morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous luster was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian,
She rolls through an ether of sighs,
She revels in a region of sighs.
She has seen that the tears are not dry on

12. **Psyche**, see note on line 14, page 553. 37. **Astarte**, a Phoenician goddess, sometimes identified with the Greek Diana, goddess of the moon.

These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies,
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust,
Her pallor I strangely mistrust;
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming;
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its sibyllic splendor is beaming
With hope and in beauty tonight—
See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispéd and sear—
As the leaves that were withering and sear,
And I cried—"It was surely October
On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a dread burden down here—
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

44. **Lion**, the constellation Leo. 46. **Lethean**, see note on line 13, page 554. 64. **sibyllic**, mysterious.

ISRAFEL

And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—THE KORAN.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
Whose heart-strings are a lute;
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamored moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings,
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love's a grown-up god,
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

6. **Ceasing their hymns**, see note 6, page 380. 12. **levin**, lightning. 26. **Houri**, a beautiful nymph of the Mohammedan paradise.

Therefore thou art not wrong,
  Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
  Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
  With thy burning measures suit;
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
  With the fervor of thy lute—
  Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
  Is a world of sweets and sours;
  Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
  Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
  Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
  A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
  From my lyre within the sky.

THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.

There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently,
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free;
Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls,
Up fanes, up Babylon-like walls,
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers,
Up many and many a marvelous shrine
Whose wreathéd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves,
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye—
Not the gayly-jeweled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea;
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

THE COLISEUM

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length—at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie),
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness, and Age, and Memories of Eld!
Silence, and Desolation, and dim Night!
I feel ye now, I feel ye in your strength,
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!

O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls;
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat;
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle;
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, specter-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the hornéd moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones.

But stay! these walls, these ivy-clad arcades,
These moldering plinths, these sad and blackened shafts,
These vague entablatures, this crumbling frieze,
These shattered cornices, this wreck, this ruin,
These stones—alas! these gray stones—are they all,
All of the famed and the colossal left
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

"Not all"—the Echoes answer me—"not all!
Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever
From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men—we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not impotent, we pallid stones;
Not all our power is gone, not all our fame,
Not all the magic of our high renown,
Not all the wonder that encircles us,
Not all the mysteries that in us lie,
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

15. **rapt Chaldee.** The Chaldeans were profoundly interested in astrology. 36. **Memnon,** a celebrated statue in Egypt, said to emit harplike sounds when touched by the rays of the rising sun.

ELDORADO

Gayly bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old,
This knight so bold,
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow;
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be,
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

SHADOW—A PARABLE

Yea! though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow. *Psalm of David.*

Ye who read are still among the living; but I who write shall have long since gone my way into the region of shadows. For indeed strange things shall happen, and secret things be known, and many centuries shall pass away, ere these memorials be seen of men. And, when seen, there will be some to disbelieve, and some to doubt, and yet a few who will find much to ponder upon in the characters here graven with a stylus of iron.

The year had been a year of terror, and of feelings more intense than terror for which there is no name upon the earth. For many prodigies and

6. **Eldorado,** the Spanish word for *golden*; here, the land of the ideal.

signs had taken place, and far and wide, over sea and land, the black wings of the Pestilence were spread abroad. To those, nevertheless, cunning in the stars, it was not unknown that the heavens wore an aspect of ill; and to me, the Greek Oinos, among others, it was evident that now had arrived the alternation of that seven hundred and ninety-fourth year when, at the entrance of Aries, the planet Jupiter is conjoined with the red ring of the terrible Saturnus. The peculiar spirit of the skies, if I mistake not greatly, made itself manifest, not only in the physical orb of the earth, but in the souls, imaginations, and meditations of mankind.

Over some flasks of the red Chian wine, within the walls of a noble hall in a dim city called Ptolemais, we sat at night, a company of seven. And to our chamber there was no entrance save by a lofty door of brass; and the door was fashioned by the artisan Corinnos, and, being of rare workmanship, was fastened from within. Black draperies, likewise, in the gloomy room, shut out from our view the moon, the lurid stars, and the peopleless streets—but the boding and the memory of Evil, they would not be so excluded. There were things around us and about of which I could render no distinct account—things material and spiritual; heaviness in the atmosphere, a sense of suffocation, anxiety—and, above all, that terrible state of existence which the nervous experience when the senses are keenly living and awake, and meanwhile the powers of thought lie dormant. A dead weight hung upon us. It hung upon our limbs, upon the household furniture, upon the goblets from which we drank; and all things were depressed, and borne down thereby—all things save only the flames of the seven iron lamps which illumined our revel. Uprearing themselves in tall, slender lines of light, they thus remained burning, all pallid and motionless; and in the mirror which their luster formed upon the round table of ebony at which we sat, each of us there assembled beheld the pallor of his own countenance, and the unquiet glare in the downcast eyes of his companions. Yet we laughed and were merry in our proper way—which was hysterical; and sang the songs of Anacreon—which are madness; and drank deeply—although the purple wine reminded us of blood. For there was yet another tenant of our chamber in the person of young Zoilus. Dead and at full length he lay, enshrouded—the genius and the demon of the scene. Alas! he bore no portion in our mirth, save that his countenance, distorted with the plague, and his eyes, in which Death had but half extinguished the fire of the pestilence, seemed to take such interest in our merriment as the dead may haply take in the merriment of those who are to die. But although I, Oinos, felt that the eyes of the departed were upon me, still I forced myself not to perceive the bitterness of their expression, and, gazing down steadily into the depths of the ebony mirror, sang with a loud and sonorous voice the songs of the son of Teios. But gradually my songs they ceased, and their echoes, rolling afar off among the sable draperies of the chamber, became weak, and undistinguishable, and so faded away. And lo! from among those sable draperies where the sounds of the song departed, there came forth a

11. **Aries**, the name of a constellation.

63. **Anacreon**, a Greek lyric poet (B. C. 563–478), noted for his hilarious songs. 85. **son of Teios**, Anacreon, who was born in Teos, Asia Minor.

dark and undefined shadow—a shadow such as the moon, when low in heaven, might fashion from the figure of a man; but it was the shadow neither of man, nor of god, nor of any familiar thing. And quivering awhile among the draperies of the room, it at length rested in full view upon the surface of the door of brass. But the shadow was vague, and formless, and indefinite, and was the shadow neither of man nor of god—neither god of Greece, nor god of Chaldæa, nor any Egyptian god. And the shadow rested upon the brazen doorway, and under the arch of the entablature of the door, and moved not, nor spoke any word, but there became stationary and remained. And the door whereupon the shadow rested was, if I remember aright, over against the feet of the young Zoilus enshrouded. But we, the seven there assembled, having seen the shadow as it came out from among the draperies, dared not steadily behold it, but cast down our eyes, and gazed continually into the depths of the mirror of ebony. And at length I, Oinos, speaking some low words, demanded of the shadow its dwelling and its appellation. And the shadow answered, "I am SHADOW, and my dwelling is near to the catacombs of Ptolemais, and hard by those dim plains of Helusion which border upon the foul Charonian canal."

And then did we, the seven, start from our seats in horror, and stand trembling, and shuddering, and aghast; for the tones in the voice of the shadow were not the tones of any one being, but of a multitude of beings, and, varying in their cadences from syllable to syllable, fell duskily upon our ears in the well-remembered and familiar accents of many thousand departed friends.

THE PROSE TALE

But it is of his tales that I desire principally to speak. The tale proper, in my opinion, affords unquestionably the fairest field for the exercise of the loftiest talent, which can be afforded by the wide domains of mere prose. Were I bidden to say how the highest genius could be most advantageously employed for the best display of its own powers, I should answer, without hesitation—in the composition of a rimed poem, not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour. Within this limit alone can the highest order of true poetry exist. I need only here to say, upon this topic, that, in almost all classes of composition the unity of effect or impression is a point of the greatest importance. It is clear, moreover, that this unity cannot be thoroughly preserved in productions whose perusal cannot be completed at one sitting. We may continue the reading of a prose composition, from the very nature of prose itself, much longer than we can persevere, to any good purpose, in the perusal of a poem. This latter, if truly fulfilling the demands of the poetic sentiment, induces an exaltation of the soul which cannot be long sustained. All high excitements are necessarily transient. Thus a long poem is a paradox. And, without unity of impression, the deepest effects cannot be brought about. Epics were the offspring of an imperfect sense of Art, and their reign is no more. A poem *too* brief may produce a vivid, but never an intense or enduring, impression. Without a certain continuity of effort—without a certain duration or repetition of purpose—the soul is never deeply moved. There

49. his, Hawthorne's.

must be the dropping of the water upon the rock. De Béranger has wrought brilliant things, pungent and spirit-stirring; but, like all immassive bodies, they lack *momentum*, and thus fail to satisfy the Poetic Sentiment. They sparkle and excite, but, from want of continuity, fail deeply to impress. Extreme brevity will degenerate into epigrammatism; but the sin of extreme length is even more unpardonable. *In medio tutissimus ibis.*

Were I called upon, however, to designate that class of composition which, next to such a poem as I have suggested, should best fulfill the demands of high genius—should offer it the most advantageous field of exertion—I should unhesitatingly speak of the prose tale, as Mr. Hawthorne has here exemplified it. I allude to the short prose narrative, requiring from a half-hour to one or two hours in its perusal. The ordinary novel is objectionable, from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from *totality*. Worldly interests, intervening during the pauses of perusal, modify, annul, or counteract, in greater or less degree, the impression of the book. But simple cessation in reading would, of itself, be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fullness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or extrinsic influences—resulting from weariness or interruption.

A skillful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived with deliberate care a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tends not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one preëstablished design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem; but undue length is yet more to be avoided.

We have said that the tale has a point of superiority even over the poem. In fact, while the *rhythm* of this latter is an essential aid in the development of the poem's highest idea—the idea of the Beautiful—the artificialities of this rhythm are an inseparable bar to the development of all points of thought or expression which have their basis in *Truth*. But Truth is often, and in a very great degree, the aim of the tale. Some of the finest tales are tales of ratiocination. Thus the field of this species of composition, if not in so elevated a region on the mountain of Mind, is a tableland of far vaster extent than the domain of the mere poem. Its products are never so rich, but infinitely more numerous, and more appreciable by the mass of mankind. The writer of the prose tale, in short, may bring to his theme a vast variety

2. **De Béranger** (1780–1857) a French lyric poet. 12. **In medio tutissimus ibis**, a middle course is safest.

of modes or inflections of thought and expression—the ratiocinative, for example, the sarcastic, or the humorous —which are not only antagonistical to the nature of the poem, but absolutely forbidden by one of its most peculiar and indispensable adjuncts; we allude, of course, to rhythm. It may be added, here, *par parenthese*, that the author who aims at the purely beautiful in a prose tale is laboring at a great disadvantage. For Beauty can be better treated in the poem. Not so with terror, or passion, or horror, or a multitude of such other points. And here it will be seen how full of prejudice are the usual animadversions against those *tales of effect*, many fine examples of which were found in the earlier numbers of *Blackwood*. The impressions produced were wrought in a legitimate sphere of action, and constituted a legitimate, although sometimes an exaggerated, interest. They were relished by every man of genius; although there were found many men of genius who condemned them without just ground. The true critic will but demand that the design intended be accomplished, to the fullest extent, by the means most advantageously applicable.

We have very few American tales of real merit—we may say, indeed, none, with the exception of *The Tales of a Traveler*, of Washington Irving, and these *Twice-Told Tales* of Mr. Hawthorne. Some of the pieces of Mr. John Neal abound in vigor and originality; but, in general, his compositions of this class are excessively diffuse, extravagant, and indicative of an imperfect sentiment of Art. Articles at random are, now and then, met with in our periodicals which might be advantageously compared with the best effusions of the British magazines; but, upon the whole, we are far behind our progenitors in this department of literature.

20. **Blackwood**, a Scottish magazine published by William Blackwood (1776–1834).

39. **John Neal** (1793–1876), an American poet and miscellaneous writer.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

To Helen. Memorize lines 9 and 10. What is the difference between "glory" and "grandeur"?

Annabel Lee. Why is the name poetical? Find other illustrations of Poe's use of rhythmical proper names. Observe here and elsewhere his fondness for liquid consonants—*l*, *m*, *n*, and *r*.

The Sleeper. Do you find any story in this poem? Is it about a girl who really lived and died, or is it merely what the poet imagined?

To One in Paradise. Study the stanza-form and verse of this lyric. Read it aloud, and memorize the last stanza.

Ulalume. Study the proper names; are they real or fictitious? What is the situation, the suggestion of story? How does the poem represent Poe's fondness for expressing a mood, or state of feeling, in rhythmical language?

Israfel. Study the vowel and consonant melody in this lyric. Memorize the last stanza.

The City in the Sea; The Coliseum. Compare in as many ways as you can these two descriptive poems. One is purely imaginary; the other a description of ruins that may still be visited. "The Coliseum" may also be compared with Shelley's "Ozymandias," which is quoted and analyzed in the general Introduction. Turn to pages 3-5 and apply to your reading of Poe's poem what is there said about reading.

Shadow. In this prose piece, Poe is interested chiefly in mood, not in story. It should be compared, in detail, with "Ulalume." What mood does Poe here seek to impress? How does the quaintness of the language, as though it were a bit of writing centuries old, add to the effect? Find words and phrases that illustrate your points. What is the climax, and why is it effective? Who were "the multitude of beings"? Compare this view of death as the common heritage of man with Bryant's as given in "Thanatopsis."

The Prose Tale. This selection should be compared in detail with what is said of Poe's short stories (pages 277, 291) and with the analysis

of the technique of the short story (pages 263-264).

Theme Topic. The means by which Poe makes a story or a poem weird and mysterious.

Previously Read. In *Literature and Life, Book One*, "The Gold Bug"; in this book, "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "The Purloined Letter."

Library Reading. Increase your knowledge of Poe as a poet by reading in the library the following: "Tamerlane," "Song from Al Aaraf," "Lenore," "The Valley of Unrest," "Eulalie—a Song," "To My Mother." Poe's poems are best read aloud. Prepare at least one of them for reading, or giving from memory, before the class. On page 553 you will find a list of prose selections from Poe. Some of them you are already familiar with. Read several of the others and be prepared to report on the one that interested you most.

SIDNEY LANIER

(1842-1881)

The Southerner who, next to Poe, has been everywhere recognized by the critics as having high poetic ability is Sidney Lanier. A brilliant start in life was ruined by hardship and imprisonment in the Civil War and the beginnings of a lifelong struggle against consumption. He published a highly sensational novel on his war experiences, with the title *Tiger Lilies*, but it met with a cold reception. Such an unsuccessful start in literature, and the fairly certain prospects of a career in law, could not turn Lanier from what he firmly believed to be his destiny—a life of devotion to music and poetry. With the desperation displayed at times by genius he went from Georgia to Baltimore, a city where orchestras, libraries, and a university made possible the life he desired to live. There he became the first flutist of a famous orchestra. Feverishly, he studied literature to enrich the background for his poetry. Steadily he composed poem after poem. Recognition and encouragement finally came. He was then able to relinquish the preparation of railroad guidebooks, the retelling of famous stories in books for children, the lecturing wherever audiences could be gathered. Appointment as lecturer on English literature in the Johns Hopkins University brought a regular income and work of a congenial kind. He lived to enjoy this period of happiness for only two years.

Musical talent is an excellent help to the writer of beautiful verse, whether he uses it consciously or not. Lanier believed that words and phrases have a beauty of

sound as musical tones have. He knew that one quality of poetry is matching the sound of the expressions with their meaning. The poet who bases most of his poetry upon the desire for musical expression is likely to choose only subjects which most easily correspond with his theories, and he is disposed to treat such themes lyrically. This is the case with Lanier. The beauties of Nature, and their effect upon the feelings of the beholder, are the usual burdens of his songs. The waving of the corn, the songs of the birds, the dash of a stream, the color and fragrance of flowers, are reproduced in his lyrics.

When Lanier tries to produce longer poems he shows this same quality of matching sound to sense, but wherever it fits in appropriately, he adds some moral interpretation of life. "The Symphony" illustrates nearly every quality of Lanier's artistic purpose. Its title is a musical term. It attempts to reproduce the musical effects of musical instruments. In material it is a plea for wider and deeper sympathy in our modern commercial life. Social problems, industrial slavery, and the effect of beauty and music are the elements of the composition. A moral tone similar to the one just described is evident in his best poem, "The Marshes of Glynn." In it the poet passes from the mysterious beauty of the marshland to the comfort of a belief in the "greatness of God." The long, sweeping lines of this poem are admirably suited to the descriptive details of the low-lying stretches of Georgia marshland.

In narrative, Lanier is not always eminently successful, but one dramatic tale makes an indelible impression in a single reading. This is "The Revenge of Hamish." His descriptive, sympathetic poetry is his best. Its tonal beauty will be appreciated from listening to the words upon the lips of a careful reader.

SELECTIONS FROM LANIER

MY SPRINGS

In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that with unbroken flow
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie
Beneath the many-changing sky
And mirror all of life and time,
—Serene and dainty pantomime.

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,
—Thus heaven and earth together vie
Their shining depths to sanctify.

Always when the large Form of Love
Is hid by storms that rage above,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Love in his very verity.

Always when Faith with stifling stress
Of grief hath died in bitterness,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Faith that smiles immortally.

Always when Charity and Hope,
In darkness bounden, feebly grope,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Light that sets my captives free.

Always, when Art on perverse wing
Flies where I cannot hear him sing,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A charm that brings him back to me.

When Labor faints, and Glory fails,
And coy Reward in sighs exhales,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Attainment full and heavenly.

O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,
—My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet, celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure
And gray and wise and honor-sure;
Soft as a dying violet-breath
Yet calmly unafraid of death;

Thronged, like two dovecotes of gray doves,
With wife's and mother's and poor-folk's loves,
And home-loves and high glory-loves
And science-loves and story-loves,

And loves for all that God and man
In art and Nature make or plan,
And lady-loves for spidery lace
And broideries and supple grace,

And diamonds and the whole sweet round
Of littles that large life compound,
And loves for God and God's bare truth,
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth,

Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete—
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,
—I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns 'tis then ye shine!

THE WAVING OF THE CORN

Plowman, whose gnarly hand yet kindly wheeled
Thy plow to ring this solitary tree
With clover, whose round plat, reserved a-field,
In cool, green radius twice my length may be—
Scanting the corn thy furrows else might yield,
To pleasure August, bees, fair thoughts, and me,
That here come oft together—daily I,
Stretched prone in summer's mortal ecstasy,
Do stir with thanks to thee, as stirs this morn
With waving of the corn.

Unseen, the farmer's boy from round the hill
Whistles a snatch that seeks his soul unsought,
And fills some time with tune, howbeit shrill;
The cricket tells straight on his simple thought—
Nay, 't is the cricket's way of being still;
The peddler bee drones in, and gossips naught;
Far down the wood, a one-desiring dove
Times me the beating of the heart of love—
And these be all the sounds that mix, each morn,
With waving of the corn.

From here to where the louder passions dwell,
Green leagues of hilly separation roll;
Trade ends where yon far clover ridges swell.
Ye terrible Towns, ne'er claim the trembling soul
That, craftless all to buy or hoard or sell,
From out your deadly complex quarrel stole,
To company with large amiable trees,
Suck honey summer with unjealous bees,
And take Time's strokes as softly as this morn
Takes waving of the corn.

EVENING SONG

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands.
Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else-unlighted sands.
O Night! divorce our sun and sky apart,
Never our lips, our hands.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven

6. **Egypt's pearl.** According to Pliny, Cleopatra drank a goblet of wine in which she had dissolved a precious pearl.

Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs—
Emerald twilights—
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades
Of the dim, sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noonday fire—
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves—
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,
While the riotous noonday sun of the June-day long did shine,
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is await at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant, yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream—
Aye, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
The vast, sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,
For a mete and a mark
To the forest-dark—
So,
Affable live-oak, leaning low—
Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!),
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,
Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm, sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim, gray looping of light.
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands high?
The world lies east; how ample, the marsh and the sea and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies;
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh; lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast; full soon the time of the flood-tide must be.
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow; a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height;
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvelous marshes of Glynn.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

My Springs; Evening Song. Compare these two love lyrics with the love lyrics of Poe. Compare these, and Poe's, with what has already been said of the lyric as a form of poetry (page 477).

The Waving of the Corn. 1. Observe that this poem, one of several that Lanier wrote in praise of corn, is an example of the poet's ability to find inspiration in common things. The great fields of waving corn characteristic of the South and of the Middle West, have given rise to poems truly American in theme.

2. What feeling toward city life does Lanier share with Bryant?

The Marshes of Glynn. 1. This poem also illustrates the inspiration found by our poets in the natural scenery of America. What elements would not be found in a Nature poem by an English writer? What elements belong to the South, not to other parts of America? As a

poem of Nature, how does it differ from one of Bryant's poems?

2. The poem represents the poet's day. Where did he spend the daylight hours? Why had the broad marshes terrified him in former times? Why is he no longer afraid?

3. Observe the details in his description of the forest. Of the sea. Of the marshes.

4. In the last part of the poem, Lanier shows how, through the beauty of Nature, he is led to a perception of new truth. State this truth in your own words.

Theme Topics. 1. Be prepared to make a report on the likenesses and differences of Bryant, Poe, and Lanier as lyric poets. 2. Discuss a Nature poem you have recently read, written by a present-day author.

Previously Read. In *Literature and Life, Book One,* "Trees and the Master."

Library Reading. Increase your knowledge of Lanier by reading in the library the following poems. Even if you have already read some of them, it will prove interesting to reread them in the light of your present study of Lanier's place in American literature. Be prepared to make a report on poems that you liked best in this list: "The Revenge of Hamish," "Night and Day," "Marsh Song—At Sunset," "The Dying Words of Stonewall Jackson," "From the Flats," "Sunrise," "The Symphony."

OTHER SOUTHERN WRITERS

Poe wrote during the first half of the nineteenth century; Lanier belongs to its closing years. During this time many other writers expressed in song or story their love for the South, their response to beauty of field and stream and flower, their ideals of life. Here we may notice only four: Simms, Timrod, Hayne, and Ryan.

William Gilmore Simms (1806-1870). William Gilmore Simms is associated with Charleston. A grandmother filled his head with stories of Revolutionary days, and a visit to the wilds of Mississippi showed him Indian and frontier life. Periods of work in medicine and law did not permanently deter him from writing. Once launched he wrote in hasty succession dramas, essays, short stories, political pamphlets, poems, romances. He was one of the first Southerners who made literature a means of livelihood. He cultivated literary acquaintances. Although radically opposed to their political opinions, he had lifelong friends among the New England group—such as Bryant. In Charleston he was the center of a group of literary men.

Simms profited by the example of Cooper. As the New Yorker had made his locality famous in fiction, so did the Southerner. His best story of this class is *The Yemassee* (1835), based on an Indian uprising against the whites in the early seventeen-hundreds. It is as crowded with extraordinary adventures as any story by Cooper. The conspiracy of the Indians succeeds until they besiege the blockhouse, whose defenders, almost exhausted, are relieved by the opportune arrival of troops. As Simms's material recalls that used by Cooper, so does his style. There is disproportionate emphasis upon incidents. His style, while careless and sometimes poor, is lively and picturesque.

In his verse Simms further celebrated the historical achievements of his beloved South. A good example of his poetry is "The Swamp Fox," written to celebrate the heroism of General Francis Marion. In 1827 he published a collection of poems, and another appeared in 1846 under the title *Songs and Ballads of the South.*

Henry Timrod (1829-1867). Another Southern poet of about the same period was Henry Timrod, who aimed to glorify his state, South Carolina. His father left him practically nothing but bookish tastes, and so the young man tried law, only to find it uncongenial to his literary yearnings. His volume of poems appeared in Boston in 1860, at a time when, unfortunately, the absorbing political problems of a country rapidly hastening to war distracted men's minds from poetry. Too weak to serve as a soldier, Timrod became a war correspondent, and later an editor. His last years were darkened by disease and saddest poverty.

His sensitive nature and keen observation of all the things he loved made Tim-

rod distinctly a poet of lyric emotion. To embody these feelings he composed poems describing beautifully the flowers of his native state; he portrayed the return of Spring; he made readers see the field of snow-white cotton. Loving his friends, he expressed his feeling for them in beautiful verse. To him his state was a locality worthy of almost worshipful affection; this he tried to communicate in patriotic utterances. Artistic and desirous of practicing intricate form, he wrote fifteen sonnets, some of which rank with the best produced in this land. Most of his poems are short. He speaks simply, directly, as is consistent with sincere feeling. To his simplicity and directness he adds a touch of vivid descriptive power. Widely-read persons, when they have finished some of his poems, are reminded of a few great English poets, because with various themes he has a similar ability and an equal style.

Paul Hamilton Hayne (1830-1880). A close friend of Timrod's was Paul Hamilton Hayne, who, six years after the former's death prepared a memorial edition of his poems. Hayne as a youth spent much time in the household of his uncle, the senator who debated with Webster. Law he deserted (as has many another man) for literature. Three volumes of verse were published in Boston before the Civil War claimed his time. At its end he was ruined. The newly started career in a small cabin in Georgia was a hard one, but admiration from such sympathetic writers as Longfellow and Whittier relieved its drudgery.

In addition to his poetic sensitiveness to the beauty of the natural world, Hayne believed in the brotherhood of man. Because of this he did all he could to bring together again the two sections of the country after the war had ceased. He wrote a large amount of verse, most of it of high quality, divided into groups called Youthful Poems, Sonnets, Dramatic Sketches, Poems of the War, Legends and Lyrics, Humorous Poems, Poems for Children. Most characteristic are his descriptions of the trees among which he lived. Very much as Thoreau put into prose the calming effects of life with Nature, Hayne put into verse the relief to troubled minds afforded by the silent pines of the forest. Birds and winds, too, were full of meaning and consolation for him.

As is natural to persons who live in some degree of solitude, Hayne was disposed to meditate much. His meditation does not end in melancholy, but it is slightly tinged with sadness, a faint undercurrent to his musical phrases. In form he is one of our most finished lyricists. His skill is shown in the large number of his sonnets—more than any other native writer produced.

Abram Joseph Ryan (1839-1886). To the general spirit of patriotism in the South one poet added religious fervor. Abram Joseph Ryan, usually called Father Ryan, gave all he could to his section. He served as chaplain in the army, and inspired courage and love throughout the South by his patriotic poetry. His two best-known poems are "The Sword of Robert Lee" and "The Conquered Banner."

SELECTION FROM SIMMS

THE SWAMP FOX

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
  His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
  We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
  Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
  For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day and shun its light,
  But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
  And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
  The flashing saber blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
  And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
  That will not ask a kind caress

3. **Tarleton,** a noted British cavalry officer. 5. **hammock,** hummock.

To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press—
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore, the smiting brand—
And we are Marion's men, you see.

Now light the fire and cook the meal,
The last perhaps that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low—
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em, should they find the strife!
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life;
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then, not till then, they turn their steeds,
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire and lie at ease—
The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the Colonel bend his knees,
To take his slumbers, too. But hush!
He's praying, comrades; 'tis not strange;
The man that's fighting day by day
May well, when night comes, take a change,
And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoe-cake, boys, and hand
The sly and silent jug that's there;
I love not it should idly stand
When Marion's men have need of cheer.
'Tis seldom that our luck affords
A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
And dry potatoes on our boards
May always call for such a draft.

Now pile the brush and roll the log;
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
That's half the time in brake and bog
Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the plashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

What! 'tis the signal! start so soon,
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
And we, Heaven help us! half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
The Swamp Fox takes us out tonight;
So clear your swords and spur your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we.
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den;
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

19. **Santee**, a river of South Carolina.

62. **cooter**, a fresh-water turtle.

SELECTIONS FROM TIMROD

AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths today,
Than when some cannon-molded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned.

I KNOW NOT WHY, BUT ALL THIS WEARY DAY

I know not why, but all this weary day,
Suggested by no definite grief or pain,
Sad fancies have been flitting through my brain;
Now it has been a vessel losing way,
Rounding a stormy headland; now a gray
Dull waste of clouds above a wintry main;
And then a banner, drooping in the rain,
And meadows beaten into bloody clay.
Strolling at random with this shadowy woe
At heart, I chanced to wander hither! Lo!
A league of desolate marshland, with its lush,
Hot grasses in a noisome, tide-left bed,
And faint, warm airs that rustle in the hush,
Like whispers round the body of the dead.

MOST MEN KNOW LOVE

Most men know love but as a part of life;
They hide it in some corner of the breast,
Even from themselves; and only when they rest
In the brief pauses of that daily strife,
Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,
They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy),
And hold it up to sister, child, or wife.
Ah me! why may not love and life be one?
Why walk we thus alone, when by our side,
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble! and the street,
Worn like a dungeon floor by weary feet,
Seem then a golden courtway of the Sun!

SELECTIONS FROM HAYNE

THE MOCKING-BIRDS

Oh, all day long they flood with song
The forest shades, the fields of light;
Heaven's heart is stilled and strangely thrilled
By ecstasies of lyric might;
From flower-crowned nooks of splendid dyes,
Lone dells a shadowy quiet girds;
Far echoes, wakening, gently rise,
And o'er the woodland track send back
Soft answers to the mocking-birds.

The winds, in awe, no gusty flaw
Dare breathe in rhythmic Beauty's face;
Nearer the pale-gold cloudlets draw
Above a charmed, melodious place.
Entrancéd Nature listening knows
No music set to mortal words;
Nor nightingales that woo the rose,
Can vie with these deep harmonies
Poured from the minstrel mocking-birds.

But, vaguely seen through gulfs of green,
We glimpse the plumed and choral throng—
Sole poets born whose instincts scorn
To do Song's lowliest utterance wrong.
Whate'er they sing, a silvan art,
On each wild, wood-born note conferred,
Guides the hot brain and hurtling heart.
O magical flame, whence pulsing came
This passion of the mocking-bird?

Aye—pause and hark—be still, and mark
What countless grades of voice and tone
From bosk and tree, from strand and sea,
These small, winged genii make their own.
Fine lyric memories live again,
From tuneful burial disinterred,
To magnify the fiery strain
Which quivering trills and smites the hills
With rapture of the mocking-bird.

Aye—pause and hark—be still, and mark
How downward borne from Song's high clime
(No loftier haunts the English lark)
They revel, each a jocund mime.
Their glad sides shake in bush and brake;
And farm-girls, bowed o'er cream and curd,
Glance up to smile, and think the while
Of all blithe things that flit on wings
None match the jovial mocking-bird.

40. mime, mimic.

When fun protrudes gay interludes
  Of blissful, glorious unrestraint,
They run, all wild with motley moods,
  Through Mirth's rare gamut, sly and quaint.
Humors grotesque and arabesque
  Flash up from spirits brightly stirred;
And even the pedant at his desk,
Feeling in turn his spirit burn,
  Laughs with the loudest mocking-bird.

Oh, all day long the world with song
  Is flooded, till the twilight dim;
What time its whole mysterious soul
  Seems rippling to the conscious brim.
Arcadian Eve through tranquil skies
  Pastures her stars in radiant herds;
And still the unwearied echoes rise,
And down a silvery track send back
  Fond greeting to the mocking-birds.

At last, fair boon, the summer moon,
  Beyond the hazed horizon shines;
Ah, soon through night they wing their flight
  To coverts of Æolian pines.
A tremulous hush—then sweet and grand,
  From depths the dense, fair foliage girds,
Their love-notes fill the enchanted land;
Through leaf-wrought bars they storm the stars,
  These love songs of the mocking-birds.

IN HARBOR

I think it is over, over,
  I think it is over at last;
Voices of foeman and lover,
The sweet and the bitter have passed.
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over,
  For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah, few were the days of the rover
  That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release!
From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
  Which bides in the harbor at last—
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver
That throbs through the sanctified river,
  Which girdles the harbor at last,
  This heavenly harbor at last!

I *know* it is over, over,
  I know it is over at last!
Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
For the stress of the voyage has passed.
Life, like a tempest of ocean
  Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing to seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward;
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!

ASPECTS OF THE PINES

Tall, somber, grim, against the morning sky
  They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
  As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, somber, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
  Brightening to gold within the wood-land's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
  But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
  Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
  Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy and might
  Borne from the west when cloudless day declines—
Low, flute-like breezes sweep the waves of light,
  And, lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous — gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar,
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

SELECTION FROM RYAN

THE CONQUERED BANNER

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it—
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it—
But oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever—
For its people's hopes are fled!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Simms

The Swamp Fox. General Francis Marion was called "the swamp fox" by his men because with only a small band of volunteers he rendered great service to the American cause during the Revolution. His operations were mainly conducted in South Carolina. See Bryant's poem "The Song of Marion's Men."

Other Southern Writers

These lyrics by Timrod, Hayne, and Ryan should be compared with what is said of the authors in the text. Several of the poems are expressions by Southern poets of the feelings aroused by the Civil War. Others are Nature lyrics that belong particularly to the southern part of our country.

Previously Read. In *Literature and Life, Book One,* "Hark to the Shouting Wind," Timrod.

Library Reading. Increase your knowledge of the Southern poets by reading in the library the poems here listed. Be prepared to make a report on one poem by each of the four poets: "A Common Thought," "Spring," "The Cotton Boll," "Storm and Calm," Timrod; "The Grapevine Swing," Simms; "Lyric of Action," "A Storm in the Distance," "A Little While I Fain Would Linger Yet," Hayne; "The Sword of Robert Lee," Ryan.

CHAPTER FOUR

NEW FRONTIERS

Changes of vast importance in our national life came about in the last third of the nineteenth century. Before the Civil War the conduct of our national affairs was largely in the hands of the people who lived east of the Alleghanies or south of the Potomac. Our literature was altogether produced by writers of these sections. Shortly after the Civil War our national life was rapidly extended westward into the territory which was already politically a part of the Union, but which was so thinly populated and so far separated from the centers of the older parts of the country that it had small influence upon our government or upon our literature. The colonizing rush westward at this time was due partly to the unrest that followed the disbanding of the armies of both sides in the civil struggle and to the extension of the railroad lines to the Pacific coast. Many men were attracted to the unknown West by a spirit of adventure and by a desire to improve their conditions of life. Here the new citizens mingled with easy forgetfulness of the sections from which they had come. The great tide of immigration from northern Europe set in, also, about 1870, and large numbers of foreign-born citizens who had none of the traditions of earlier America behind them, mixed with the American pioneers in search of a new life. The break with tradition in this new colonization of America naturally made a freer life, where the chances of the average man were less hindered by lack of rank and position. On the new frontier democracy received a new birth on our continent, and the great middle class came to power.

The West did not, however, make its life apart from that of the rest of the country. Separation of hundreds of miles was lessened by increased speed of communication. Exchange of ideas was made easy by the newly invented telegraph and by the increased rapidity and lowered cost of printing. The number of readers of papers and books took a sudden growth. Opportunities for the ordinary man to receive an education were widely extended. The public school system received a fresh impetus from the new spirit and the new conditions that arose in these days.

With the entrance of the West into our national life came also changes in our economic existence. The Civil War had given a great incentive to manufacturing in the North, and at the same time the agricultural output of that section decreased. Industry tended to center near the sources of its raw materials and near its outlets for foreign trade. Around industrial plants grew the great cities, which called into their factories more and more of the rural population. Because of its agricultural life, the population of the West centered around the small towns, which appeared upon the prairies with marvelous rapidity. Through the improved means of transportation the crops of the fertile fields of the West were easily brought to the densely populated eastern centers, and business communication between the two sections was made close. A feeling of interdependence thus arose.

Life in America was broadened and at the same time made more complicated. America was coming out of its period of youth and growing into a larger and maturer nation. Different interests moved men's minds from the interests which had concerned the pioneers who first built our nation and the men who struggled with the problem of its threatened division. To appeal to this new class of readers, writing had to carry a wider interest than it had shown, and to attract the increased number of readers, it had to loosen its bonds. In response to these conditions the fixed forms of literature had to be liberalized. The earlier aristocratic tradition of literature gave way before the democratic impulse. Writers were not wanting to respond to the newer demands.

WALT WHITMAN

(1819-1892)

The earliest, and in some ways the fullest, expression of the broadened national consciousness that followed the extension of our frontiers at this time was made by Walt Whitman. Early in his life Whitman set out to see the United States. He made a leisurely journey across country, down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. He returned by way of the Great Lakes, Canada, and the Hudson, to New York. This long trip gave him an appreciation of the worth of the common man and made him realize the largeness and power of America. His nature was overwhelmed by the significance of these things; he experienced almost a religious conversion which dedicated him to expressing his emotions. Literary and patriotic concerns engrossed his ambitions from that time. He decided to write the poetry of democracy. The poems born of this resolve appeared in the book *Leaves of Grass* in 1855. This title he used for all subsequent volumes in which the original poems were reprinted with various additions.

The Civil War added another moving experience to Whitman's career. When his brother was wounded, the poet went to find him and nurse him. For three years he remained in Washington, ministering to wounded soldiers, helping them in their agonies, and himself going through the less glorious, perhaps, but all the more trying scenes of the national struggle. Here, too, he saw men as human beings, stripped of all pretense and sham, exposed in their true characters. It made him think better than ever of the native nobility of the individual soul. After the war he held a government clerkship in Washington, which he gave up when he suffered a stroke of paralysis. From 1873 until 1892 he lived in Camden, New Jersey, just across the Delaware from Philadelphia.

Whitman glorified the right of the individual to express himself. In this feeling he was more assertive than Emerson had ever dreamed of being. Man, the individual, was to Whitman the supreme achievement of the entire universe. As man was the highest creature conceivable, every quality, every trait, of his disposition was worth singing. As democracy was the only form of life which recognized the inherent merit of the individual, it was the highest form of government the world could attain. To him the essence of democracy was manly association with common toilers, the sturdy workmen doing the daily tasks of the world's activity. He enjoyed the friendship and company of printers, carpenters, bricklayers, ferryboat pilots, street-car drivers and conductors, farm hands, sailors. Having learned how to set type when he was fourteen, he worked on newspapers, rising through the ranks of contributor to editor. All this varied activity was his elementary education in the great school of life.

In America, democracy had been first instituted, and most consistently developed. He would, therefore, become the high priest of democracy, its challenging poet to the rest of the laggard world. The god-like man, in democracy, admits none to be greater than he. Old forms, traditional conditions, no longer obtain; the new, the young, the innovators, the vigorous, must control affairs and refashion the sluggish world according to their better ideals. Whitman was elemental, energetic, rugged, and as a consequence of these qualities, somewhat noisy and egotistical. Like all men of strong personalities, he had many enemies, who dismissed him as brutal or savage, and countless admirers who magnified his sincerity and originality.

Some of his poems have the common forms of rime, stanza, and meter. But his own idea of individual independence led him to cast off all influence of past poetry and to strike out in a form characteristic of himself. This new form freed its writer from any confines of length of line, number of syllables, regularity of accent, or use of rime. It is the fitting and artistic utterance of a man who could not restrain his rhapsody, tame his enthusiasm, or

cramp his expression. Long lines, short lines, repetitions, exclamations, ejaculations, sections, single lines, paragraphs, must come exactly as deep emotion projected them. While this is the effect intended by the author, and the impression made upon the reader, we know, from his own comment, that the resultant poetry is as much the product of definite theories and patient choosing, discarding, rephrasing, as the most complexly rimed stanza form. In endeavoring to mark his independence from traditional poetry, Whitman had to avoid using its vocabulary. He admits, "I had great trouble in leaving out the stock 'poetical' touches, but succeeded at last."

In the present period of genuine interest in poetic form we are not unfamiliar with the appearance of Whitman's verse, but when it appeared in the ten successive volumes between 1855 and 1891, readers were divided at once into deriders or admirers. At first glance there seem to be no aids to beauty, no marks of form. Rime is generally absent; so are stanza arrangement and regular rhythm. But as Whitman was fond of declaiming aloud passages from translations of Homer, Shakespeare, and the Bible, he worked into his own verse some chanting qualities. To feel and hear this, several lines should be read aloud, not taken in from the printed page. In this way we shall find in his verses a rhythm of language and sincerity of feeling which belong to the highest form of poetry.

Whitman had a clearer idea than any of his predecessors of the significance of democracy as made up of masses of men. In one of his most notable poems, "Pioneers," he phrases in ringing accents the great westward march by which America renewed its youth in successive generations. For centuries this process has gone on in this country, the repetition, over and over, of the conditions that confronted the first colonists on the Atlantic coast. With every new frontier the peculiar institutions of America have received new testing. Whitman is the poet who makes us grasp this great fact most clearly. He realizes the might of an awakened people. He holds that the greatness of America depends upon our clearly recognizing the worth of the individual, and the necessity of the individual to the mass. It is a democracy of comradeship, of brotherhood, that he sings, not a democracy that is merely a form of political government. In this double sense, therefore, that he realizes the significance of the pioneer spirit in American history, and that he interprets democracy not as a political system but as the brotherhood of all men, he is the interpreter of our past and the prophet of the new frontiers which America must occupy in the fulfillment of her destiny.

SELECTIONS FROM WHITMAN

FOR YOU, O DEMOCRACY

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,
I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the lifelong love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies,
I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's necks,
By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades.

For you these from me, O Democracy, to serve you, *ma femme!*
For you, for you I am trilling these songs.

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,

10. **ma femme**, French for *my wife*.

Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, plowing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles bow.

THICK-SPRINKLED BUNTING

Thick-sprinkled bunting! flag of stars!
Long yet your road, fateful flag—long yet your road, and lined with bloody death,
For the prize I see at issue at last is the world,
All its ships and shores I see interwoven with your threads, greedy banner;
Dreamed again the flags of kings, highest borne, to flaunt unrivaled?
O hasten, flag of man—O with sure and steady step, passing highest flags of kings,
Walk supreme to the heavens, mighty symbol—run up above them all,
Flag of stars! thick-sprinkled bunting!

LONG, TOO LONG, AMERICA

Long, too long, America,
Traveling roads all even and peaceful you learned from joys and prosperity only,
But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish, advancing, grappling with direst fate and recoiling not,
And now to conceive and show to the world what your children *en masse* really are,
(For who except myself has yet conceived what your children *en masse* really are?)

AS TOILSOME I WANDERED VIRGINIA'S WOODS

As toilsome I wandered Virginia's woods,
To the music of rustling leaves kicked by my feet (for 'twas autumn),
I marked at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier;
Mortally wounded he and buried on the retreat (easily all could I understand),
The halt of a mid-day hour, when up! no time to lose—yet this sign left,
On a tablet scrawled and nailed on the tree by the grave,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering,
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene of life,
Yet at times through changeful season and scene, abrupt, alone, or in the crowded street,
Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave, comes the inscription rude in Virginia's woods,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

NOT THE PILOT

Not the pilot has charged himself to bring his ship into port, though beaten back and many times baffled;
Not the pathfinder penetrating inland weary and long,
By deserts parched, snows chilled, rivers wet, perseveres till he reaches his destination,
More than I have charged myself, heeded or unheeded, to compose a march for these states,
For a battle-call, rousing to arms if need be, years, centuries hence.

JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleased to my soul at death I cry);
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long achorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy!

A NOISELESS, PATIENT SPIDER

A noiseless, patient spider,
I marked where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Marked how to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be formed, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.

PRAYER OF COLUMBUS

A battered, wrecked old man,
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,
Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows, twelve dreary months,
Sore, stiff with many toils, sickened and nigh to death,
I take my way along the island's edge,
Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe!
Haply I may not live another day;
I cannot rest, O God, I cannot eat or drink or sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, commune with Thee,
Report myself once more to Thee.

Thou knowest my years entire, my life,
My long and crowded life of active work, not adoration merely;
Thou knowest the prayers and vigils of my youth;
Thou knowest my manhood's solemn and visionary meditations;
Thou knowest how before I commenced I devoted all to come to Thee;
Thou knowest I have in age ratified all those vows and strictly kept them;
Thou knowest I have not once lost nor faith nor ecstasy in Thee;
In shackles, prisoned, in disgrace, repining not,
Accepting all from Thee, as duly come from Thee.

All my emprises have been filled with Thee,
My speculations, plans, begun and carried on in thoughts of Thee,
Sailing the deep or journeying the land for Thee;
Intentions, purports, aspirations mine, leaving results to Thee.

O I am sure they really came from Thee,
The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,
The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,
A message from the Heavens whispering to me even in sleep.
These sped me on.

By me and these the work so far accomplished,
By me earth's elder cloyed and stifled lands uncloyed, unloosed,
By me the hemispheres rounded and tied, the unknown to the known.

The end I know not, it is all in Thee,
Or small or great I know not—haply what broad fields, what lands,
Haply the brutish, measureless, human undergrowth I know,
Transplanted there may rise to stature, knowledge worthy Thee;
Haply the swords I know may there indeed be turned to reaping-tools;
Haply the lifeless cross I know, Europe's dead cross, may bud and blossom there.

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand;
That Thou, O God, my life hast lighted,
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,
Light rare untellable, lighting the very light,
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages—
For that, O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,
Old, poor, and paralyzed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balked, the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee.

My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,
My brain feels racked, bewildered,
Let the old timbers part, I will not part,
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet me,
Thee, Thee at least I know.

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving?
What do I know of life? what of myself?
I know not even my own work past or present,
Dim, ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,
Of newer, better worlds, their mighty parturition,
Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly—what mean they?
As if some miracle, some hand divine unsealed my eyes,
Shadowy, vast shapes smile through the air and sky,
And on the distant waves sail countless ships,
And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For You, O Democracy. This poem illustrates what is said in the text about Whitman as an interpreter of American democracy.

Beat! Beat! Drums! Written with reference to the beginning of the Civil War, this poem also interprets for us some of the scenes through which America passed in 1917-1918.

Thick-Sprinkled Bunting. Observe that in this poem Whitman prophesies a League of Nations of which America will be a member. The flag of America is to become the flag of man. How may this be so? Compare the next poem, "Long, Too Long, America," which expresses the same idea, and which also took on new meaning during the World War.

Not the Pilot. Another prophecy of the destiny of America. The "battle-call" was needed in 1917.

Joy, Shipmate, Joy! Compare this song of death with some of Poe's lyrics in which he speaks of death; with Bryant's "Thanatopsis," and "June"; and with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

A Noiseless, Patient Spider. Another poem in which some humble part of Nature becomes to the poet a symbol of spiritual truth. Compare Burns's "To a Mouse" and "To a Mountain Daisy."

Prayer of Columbus. You should compare this poem with Tennyson's "Ulysses" (page 38). What prophecy does the poet conceive the old explorer to have made? How does this prophecy fit Whitman's idea of the future of America?

Theme Topics. 1. Contrast Whitman's style with that of a conventional author, Longfellow,

for example. 2. Prepare a short talk on a poem by some other author, but on a subject similar to "A Noiseless, Patient Spider." 3. Be prepared to read aloud in class some patriotic poem written during, or since, the World War. 4. Make a report on Whitman's conception of America's mission. 5. Webster, Lincoln, and Whitman as interpreters of American ideals.

Library Reading. Increase your knowledge of Whitman by reading in the library the following selections. Be prepared to make a report on the poem you liked best in the list: "Song of the Open Road," "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," "Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood."

REGIONAL WRITERS

With the extension of our frontiers arose a curiosity as to what America was in this diverse life. Nationalism was a fairly easy question so long as it meant the protection of our rights against a foreign country or the saving of our political union. But with these problems settled, what was America? To answer, we had first to learn how we lived and what manner of men we were in our various and widely separated localities. Through a search into the nooks and corners of our land men sought to find a new meaning for America as a whole. Following this lead, local geography was for many years the largest interest in American literature. Writers came forward to interpret humanity anew through types found in unusual localities and in little-known districts. This tendency in our writing is frequently called "regionalism," or the cultivation of the "garden patch." It does not mean provincialism, a restricted local point of view; but, on the contrary, it means a widened nationalism. It realized that, though of varied patterns, we are after all of a common mold, influenced variously, to be sure, by our peculiar surroundings, but of one humanity, moved by the same emotions of love, hate, fear, kindness, and generosity.

The West. The interpretation of the peculiar elements in our national life found its earliest and widest expression in the short story. The peculiar form of the short story as distinguished from the novel and the long tale has been made plain earlier in this book (page 83), and an account of its use by earlier American writers, especially Poe, has been given you (page 263). The short stories of Poe, you will remember, depended not at all upon the exact location of their setting. As a matter of fact, vagueness of place is a great advantage to Poe in impressing you with the sense of mystery and awe which he sought to arouse. The short story first became highly localized in the hands of Bret Harte (1839-1902), who began using it for his tales of colonizing days in the far West. This new element in the short story may be dated from the appearance of Harte's best tale, "The Luck of Roaring Camp" (1871). This story weaves together tender feeling, rough life, humor, and pathos around the theme of the influence of a baby upon the hardened men of a mining camp. The best of Harte's other stories in the manner of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" are "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Tennessee's Partner," and "The Idyl of Red Gulch." Harte lived in California at just the right time for direct observation of its changing life. Try to picture to yourself the motley mass of people attracted there by the news of gold. Recall the lack of order and law, the primitive reign of human nature on these outskirts of civilization. What a different society from the restraint of New England and the staid romance of the South! All these conditions of life Harte observed with the keen eye of a reporter and put down with exactness of detail in order to convince you that he was a part of all he reported. This desire to make you feel that the writer knows his place material is an important element in this new form of the short story.

Harte was not alone in discovering the new West as literary material. The type of frontiersman who began his travels just after the Civil War had been immediately characterized by boisterous humorists in crude dialect sketches. The best

of the sketches of the immigrants-on-the-way were put into ballad form by John Hay, who had been secretary to President Lincoln, in six "Pike County Ballads," which appeared in 1871. In the same year was published in serial form Edward Eggleston's *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, a crude but sincere picture of early life in Indiana. Eggleston cared little for the form in which a novel should be written, but he wanted to write a genuine book about the newer America, in which he had lived as boy and man.

Mark Twain (1835-1910). Mark Twain is known to many Americans only as a humorist. In the full story of American literature, however, Samuel Langhorn Clemens—to give him his actual name—should be considered for the part he played in interpreting our new national spirit. Mark Twain was American to the core. He was born and reared in Missouri, spent his young manhood in Nevada and California in the gold-rush days, and passed his later life in the East. He traveled much in Europe. From all these points of view he saw his native land. No part of it did he love more than the scenes of his boyhood, the land along the Mississippi River. The romantic and adventurous life in early days along this great stream he has portrayed in the boyhood tales of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* and in the sketchbook, *Life on the Mississippi*. The Mississippi was more to Mark Twain than a long and broad river. The romance of the civilization that lined its banks, forever changed by the time he became a man, runs through practically all his writing. He saw the river as the feeding artery of his western country, a vital part of its life.

Mark Twain's boyhood provided excellent hints for books. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* shows the experiences of a lively, mischievous youngster in a river town before the war. The author declared that all the adventures, scrapes, plots, and misfortunes he described had actually occurred to him or two schoolmates. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* has more variety than *Tom Sawyer*. In it the hero runs away, and floats down the Mississippi on a raft, accompanied by a fugitive slave. The dangers natural to the journey of such a pair provide the suspense and a great deal of the humor of the story. Keen observation of all aspects of boy nature, deep appreciation of the beauty of the river scenery, knowledge of lowly men and women, ability to develop amazing situations, tricks of expression, exaggeration, surprise, ability to provide a chuckle, to spread a smile, or arouse laughter, make this book one of the everlasting delights of our literature.

In *Innocents Abroad*, Mark Twain gives an account of his first trip to Europe. It is not the ordinary travel-book, but a view of Europe by an alert young Westerner, ready to be impressed by all things worthy of respect and veneration, but with a decided dislike of all sham and sentimentality. *Innocents Abroad* is a highly amusing travel-book. In the presence of the worthy memorials of the past, Mark Twain was as much impressed as any person can be. But before trivial, unworthy, false shows, or disturbed by a hypocritical flow of sentimentality from some member of the party, he could be flippantly outrageous. Certain things in Europe and Asia did not please him. He frankly said so. Strong odors disgusted him. He made no secret of it. Dirt spoiled what should have been clean. He spoke of the dirt emphatically. He was modern, young, western, breezy, slightly too common-sensed, but hilariously funny over some of his experiences. Everyone who has traveled abroad has met eccentric persons—many from our own land—as Mark Twain did; but only he could make such laughable copy of them for books. He hated sham and affectation of every kind. As he knew better than to preach at such people, he ridiculed them.

Among the things which Mark Twain disliked was the old-fashioned idea of chivalry. He did not believe that the world was a glorious place to live in "when knights were bold." He decided to hold the age of chivalry up to ridicule. *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* was the result. You know enough of chivalry to imagine what could be made to happen if a nineteenth-century American should suddenly find himself forced to

live with lords and ladies, varlets and scullions of old. What could he do with his knowledge of explosives and bicycles? The affection one may have for the days of romantic knighthood will not be shattered by this clever burlesque. There is no danger of spoiling romance by reading it. The glamor of the past is too firmly ingrained in our natures to be torn up by a single story—especially when the story is so extravagantly humorous that you continually laugh at it instead of at the life it intends to make ridiculous.

Though Mark Twain could pretend to scoff at most of the past, he had to admit its sway. Going back to the fifteen hundreds he imagined what might have happened if a young London pauper should have been induced by the boy prince to enter the royal garden, and then exchange clothes with him. The prince, mistaken for the vagabond, is thrust out into the streets; the gutter gamin is treated as His Majesty. In this story, *The Prince and the Pauper*, there is not much rollicking humor, but there is a keen characterization and a picturing of the spacious times of Elizabethan England. The man who felt the romance of this adventurous period was more mature than the youthful reporter who jotted down *Innocents Abroad*. Another historical story attracted him—the life and fate of Joan of Arc. Pretending that the story was written by her secretary, he tells the story of the Maid of Orleans in *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*. When this first appeared Mark Twain feared that his reputation as a professional humorist might detract from the dignified impression he wished this work to make, and so he attached no name. Only when it had been accepted as a serious story did he claim it as his.

The South. The first portrayal of local regions in the South in the new literature came from the pen of George W. Cable, whose stories interpret the strange and picturesque life of New Orleans, where the civilization of the old South and that of France met. In this romantic suggestion of alien life Cable, who was born in New Orleans in 1844, found the material for the first short stories which made him famous. Picturesqueness is the chief charm of his stories, which are calm recitals of conditions rather than developments of plots. The atmosphere of the quaint "old days," the languid existence and luxuriant vegetation and abundant crops, the stirring of deep, outwardly quiet natures, the changes in fate wrought by small causes—these are the themes in the volume, *Old Creole Days*. As "situations" and plot incidents are rather rare in these stories, the style and the descriptions are depended upon to gain the reader's interest. In these respects Cable is the greatest of those many authors who have tried to reproduce the life of this same section. As examples of local-color writing Cable's stories are unsurpassed in American literature.

In the new era the life of the southeast was best represented from within by the stories of Thomas Nelson Page (1853-). Page's "Marse Chan" was printed in 1884 and appeared with other short stories of his in *In Ole Virginia* (1887). These stories portray the plantation life of the South before the Civil War in contrast with the conditions which followed the struggle. They are told by an old "fo' de wah" negro, who speaks in his natural dialect. From Bret Harte on, the local-color short story had made large use of the native language of the characters. Dialect was used to add to the impression of reality of the situation. With Page and Harris came a great flood of negro dialect writing.

The last named of these writers, Joel Chandler Harris (1848-1908), became the most popular of the dialect writers of the South and the truest interpreter of the vanished life of the old-time negro. In fact, Harris made this type of negro a figure in American literature, just as Cooper had established the Indian as a character of fiction in the early part of the same century. All of Harris's animal stories of negro folklore are related by Uncle Remus, an ex-slave—a treasure-house of 'Brer Rabbit and 'Brer Fox stories, and the joy of growing children and unspoiled grown-ups.

New England. The most popular interpreter of New England life in the regional movement was Sarah Orne Jewett (1849-1909). Mrs. Jewett's stories are

concerned with rural New England after the decay of the early Puritan civilization had set in. The mustering of armies, the growth of cities, and the westward emigration had changed the heart of New England from what it had been in an earlier day. Her stories, which began appearing in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1873, are centered around a village on the Maine coast, Deephaven. Life here is not represented as pleasant or easy. Romance and adventure have flown to the West, but Mrs. Jewett's characters triumph over their conditions, and the nobler qualities of their natures prevail.

Romance and Realism. It is significant that the first tone of depression comes from the part of America which was settled first. But, as has just been said, the life about Mrs. Jewett's characters in Deephaven could not dampen their spirits. The author does not feel that the struggle of man with life is unfair to man or beyond his power of conquest. The early regional writers were almost wholly romantic in their attitude toward life. They were delighted by the unusual and the unfamiliar regions they portrayed, and were enthusiastic about the goodness of life to be found there. Naturally they put before their readers the pleasant qualities of this new life and ignored or explained away the unpleasant and the repulsive. Nature was to them a kind protectress, and man a fortunate being fostered by her. Though he be rough, uncouth, and at times sinful, he was, in the end, essentially good and honest. The life was too new and interesting not to be viewed upon its romantic and humorous sides.

Life in the West and the changed life of the South too must at times have been wearisome and sometimes even bitter. And in the struggle the hardness and dullness of life must have overcome the better qualities of small and sometimes of ordinary people. A later generation of regional writers arose, who felt that this view of the picture should also be presented and that the histories of individuals who did not win over their circumstances should also be related. They turned to a hard realism in portraying life in the far-removed districts.

In the introduction to *Silas Marner* (page 137) you were told what realism is as George Eliot practiced it. In the latter part of the nineteenth century the realistic expression in literature went a step farther than it had gone when George Eliot wrote her tale of the Raveloe weaver. It was vigorously cultivated by French and Russian novelists, who without doubt had an influence upon this new group of American writers. In this advanced realism, which is sometimes called "naturalism," the uninviting sides of life are emphasized, the finer actions of men are forgotten, and the beauty of existence is lost in making a full record of its unpleasantnesses.

This newer attitude toward western life appears in the work of Hamlin Garland. Garland knew well the country of which he wrote—no writer had a better opportunity to know it—for he grew up with the advancing frontier. Born on a broken-down farm in Wisconsin in 1860, he made several stages of emigration westward with his family and came to manhood on a farm in Iowa. He saw about him much hardship; he felt that existence was full of drudgery and that life was drab. His impression of this unpleasant reality of his childhood and youth he wrote down in a series of sketches or short stories, beginning with *Main-Traveled Roads* (1892), continuing through *Prairie Folk* (1893), *Other Main-Traveled Roads* (1898), *A Son of the Middle Border* (1917), and *A Daughter of the Middle Border* (1921). In these books there is no attempt to soften reality, though Garland is not always somber. He is frequently impressed by the loveliness of Nature, as in "The Coming of Spring," in *Boy Life on the Prairie*, but he does not represent Nature as kindly toward man, nor man's struggle to win a living from the earth as an occupation full of ease and joy.

You feel in reading his stories that Garland is deeply in earnest in his representation of Western life and scenes. He seems to take the part of his people against what he regards as the injustice they received in the over-romantic pictures drawn by writers who have used them merely as figures for "literary material." The style

of Garland's writing, too, is kin to its spirit. Stripped of all decoration, it is trimmed to the bone in order to fit the bareness of its outlook upon life.

Under the spell of the realistic attitude, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman (1862-) presented a grim picture of rustic New England life, in twenty-four short stories, collected in *A Humble Romance* (1887). This has since been followed by other volumes of short stories, and several novels. The life she represents is a ceaseless and losing struggle against a harsh and cruel world, in which practically the only human virtue is endurance. Even more than Garland's, her style is devoid of all appeals to sentiment. She was intent upon giving, in a few strokes, the bare impression of a mood, and always of a depressed mood.

The spirit of telling the truth about life as the writer saw it was intentionally cultivated by Frank Norris (1870–1902). Norris set out to interpret modern industrial America. For this purpose he projected three novels, but his early death prevented his finishing the task. He published but two of the three: *The Octopus* (1901) and *The Pit* (1902). No matter how incomplete is his picture of America in 1900—he saw largely only the rougher, more brutal side of it—he was an eager soul earnestly curious as to the meaning of his nation's life. He thought he saw the secret of America in the growing and transportation of wheat; to him our whole life depends so largely upon this foodstuff that without the means to transport it we should cease to hold together as a nation. Norris did not give his realistic expression the restraint of Garland or Mrs. Freeman; he wrote in an energetic, a headlong fashion, which keeps pace with the rushing life he describes. With studied intent he disregarded the niceties of form and sought to substitute for them energy and sweep.

The purely material appeal was carried even farther in the stories of Jack London (1876–1916). London's popularity depended in part upon the old interest in the strange and unusual. It is significant of the changed conditions of London's day that he had to move his far-away world from his native state of California, the strange world of the earlier regional writers, to Alaska in the days of the gold rush, and later to the South Sea Islands. For a fresh appeal he had to present a different type of character. This type he found in the lowest ranks of life, where men, stripped of the restraints of custom and the opinions of their neighbors, reverted to their brutal instincts and obtained success or victory by their elemental cunning or their brute strength. Their acts are generally acts of horror; the moving element in London's world is ungoverned force. His world is millions of miles away from the kindliness of Uncle Remus and the romance of Cable's "Madame Delphine." London's popularity has, no doubt, been due partly to the sensational appeals of his stories, but his writing, equally without doubt, was a genuine protest against the softer literature which sometimes made it appear that the animal in man has been completely overcome in modern civilization.

That it is possible to represent the unusual, even the lower, sides of American life and neither over-idealize it on the one hand nor make it all mean and brutal on the other, is proved in the stories of William Sidney Porter (1867–1910), better known by his pen name, O. Henry. O. Henry is a cosmopolitan regional writer. He was born in North Carolina; the circumstances of his life brought him into contact with the Southeast, the Southwest, Central America, and New York City. In all these localities he was equally at home. His stories came fresh in their variety of setting and avoided the sameness of London's Alaska and Mrs. Freeman's New England. They introduced, also, several new elements into the short story, beyond the fresh characterization of cowboys, sheep-ranchers, tramps, old-time Southern gentlemen, and city shop-girls. More often than not the conclusion of an O. Henry story is a surprise, which at first startles us; but upon reflection we are usually able to see that the end is the result of some earlier detail in the story to which we may not have given sufficient attention when we read it. O. Henry wrote the racy vernacular of the streets; his stories are full of slang and the intentional

wrong use of words; but he chooses this manner of speech with the selection of an artist and mingles it with a fancy that is denied the ordinary journalistic writer. Behind the fun and the apparent flippancy of O. Henry's stories lies a keen insight into human nature hidden in his peculiar types, and a seriousness toward life, indeed sometimes an irony, that is not concealed by his humor and raciness.

If the early writers from 1870 to 1899 had gone beyond the limits of the true conditions in representing the pleasanter views of life and the better sides of human nature, the later group of realists went even farther in the opposite direction. They went out of their way to avoid seeing or recording the beauty and nobility that may be found in all circumstances of life. The kindness of existence and the laughter of men found no expression in their writing. This attitude did a service as a check upon sentimentality, and upon the falseness of the fiction that represents only characters always guided by their better selves. The conflict of view between those who see life as a continuously happy journey, in which every man does the unselfish thing upon every occasion, and those who never look upon the sun, is forever coming to representation in literature. This is the fight in the world between the idealist and the materialist. At one time, the romantic attitude is in favor; at another, realism is popular. At no time, however, is either sort of writing without its makers and readers; but the literary fashion swings from one to the other with the changing moods of national life. Great writers, whatever the fashion, succeed somehow in getting a balance that means authenticity.

The realistic fashion we have described had no lasting vogue. Indeed, a great storm of romantic fiction swept the country in the days of Garland's and Mrs. Freeman's popularity. It found its expression in the historical novel, which for half a dozen years around the turn of the centuries was the most widely read literature in our nation. The sales of many of the historical romances published about 1900 were enormous. Of Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel*, a romance of the Revolutionary War, half a million copies were sold, and of Mary Johnston's *To Have and to Hold*, a story of the early colony days in Virginia, at least three hundred thousand.

Realistic fiction finds its background and figures in contemporary life, preferably in commonplace existence or the lower walks of life. Romance tends to seek its pleasant, ideal surroundings in a past world. It is not, of course, necessary for romantic fiction to avoid the present, for you will recall Bret Harte's use of the life immediately about him; but you will remember, too, that Harte's country had the glamor of the far-away. You may also have read Owen Wister's *The Virginian*, in which the spirit of chivalry and the code of honor are as thoroughly upheld by a modern cowboy in Wyoming as by the courtiers of Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith*, one of the most popular historical romances, published in 1899. But the romantic novels of the late nineties and the early twentieth century were set in the first days of American history. The Spanish-American War in 1898 had called out a new expression of patriotic feeling the country over, and this national consciousness turned us toward a renewed interest in our past history. The novel thus responded to the uppermost national interest of the day.

Poetry. It has been frequently said that the period of American literature we have just been discussing is an age of prose. It is true that after Whitman and Lanier conspicuous writers of poetry do not stand out among its authors. But the main currents in the life of the period found plentiful expression in poetry. Many of the elements in the life of expanded America which we have found in the prose writers we shall find also in the makers of poetry.

The picturesque life and stirring times of Bret Harte's short stories are fully portrayed in the poetry of Joaquin Miller (1841–1913). Miller wrote, in fact, more nearly as a part of all he saw and sang than did Harte, who with all his sincerity still leaves you with the impression that he was reporting what he went out to observe. This peculiar poet was born in a covered

wagon as it crossed the middle Western plains in 1841. Eleven years later he made the journey to California with his parents.

The altered conditions of preparation for authorship on the new frontiers from those of the writers in the older sections of the country may be well illustrated in the case of Miller. He had little schooling to fit him for his work. He had no home traditions to guide and encourage him. In one of his poems, he called himself "unlearned, uncouth." But he had a passion for self-expression and a veneration for poetry that much learning may sometimes check. He had the enthusiasm for life that comes to one who believes all his own experiences to be original.

Miller's poems of Western life and scenery gained their appeal through the freshness of their matter and their manner. Readers found in his poetry a vitality and robustness that were lacking in the lifeless and correct verses of the current magazines. Here they got a vivid impression of great spaces, of large action, and uncontrolled emotion. Undoubtedly much of the early enthusiasm for Miller's poetry was due to the contemporary revival of the romantic; much of his verse, we may easily see, is strained and crude; but, at best, as in some of the *Songs of the Sierras*, "The Heroes of Oregon" and "Exodus for Oregon," he showed a fine imagination, which at times soared to a very high pitch. He had not the power to sustain his flights. But this ability to sustain a high quality of poetry is, after all, the difference between the greatest and the lesser poets.

Eugene Field (1850–1895), was thoroughly conscious of his Westernism. He published a collection of his poems under the title *A Little Book of Western Verse* (1890); and upon being invited to join the staff of the New York *Sun* is reported to have said that Chicago "was as far East as he could make his home without coming under the influences of those social and literary conventions that have squeezed so much of genuine literary flavor out of our literature." With Field, too, begins the large part that newspapers have since played in the distribution of our literature. Practically all of Field's work was published day by day in the Chicago *News*, where he conducted a special department which is the original of the countless "columns" of present-day newspapers. Field wrote under the rush of the call for copy. His poetry reveals him as a man who refused to grow up; through it runs a playful, whimsical spirit, but underneath this playfulness frequently lay a deeper thought than at first appears. He saw clearly the unimportance of many things that over-serious people considered deep and grave, and treated them with brilliant parody. Upon occasion genuine pathos finds expression in his poetry, sometimes phrased with a fine lyric touch.

A ready popularizer of poetry in the eighties and nineties of the last century was James Whitcomb Riley (1853-1919). His ballads of Indiana country life were widely published in the newspapers of that time and were carried directly to thousands of people by the author's platform readings. The journalistic ballad has followed Riley's pattern. Riley's pictures of life on the farm, as in *The Old Swimmin' Hole*, are native to the soil. Though they are exaggerated in their dialect and bear heavily upon the emotional side, they have a fresh quality that makes them popular with thousands of readers. Riley appeals strongly to the sentiment of town dwellers who remember their farm childhoods. He painted their recollections in beautiful colors; he made the old farm life simple, quiet, and true in contrast with the trials of the workaday world. This prevailing sentiment he expressed with a dash of homely humor and in an easy-flowing, swinging rhythm.

The more traditional forms of poetry, unaffected by time or place of composition, continued to be cultivated. Edward Rowland Sill (1841–1887), a contemporary of Miller, and a resident of the same state, was not moved by his surroundings as was Miller. Sill found himself in conflict of spirit with the life about him. His poetry records the old theme of the fight of the soul with its human habitation. He was too sensitive to this conflict to be enthusiastic over time or place or to avoid the doubt and hesitation with which he faced

problems that to most people seem quite simple.

The traditional type of poetry was continued in the work of Richard Hovey (1854–1900), who left out of his verses the interests of the rushing life about him and sought a larger beauty in his own fancies and yearnings. He wrote in an easy, flowing style which shows the influence of the sound and color poetry of the English poet Swinburne, whose vogue was high when Hovey wrote. Hovey's verse is far removed from the rough vigor of Whitman and the hurricane sweep of Joaquin Miller. But it takes all sorts of poets, as well as all sorts of men, to make a world.

The work of William Vaughn Moody (1869–1910) represents the height of the adorned poetry of the nineteenth century as opposed to the aggressively simple poetry of the twentieth. Into the traditional forms Moody poured a passionate genius for language and a searching thought which set him above his contemporary poets. His lyrical and occasional poems are of an almost uniform level of excellence. His *Poems* (1901), including "An Ode in Time of Hesitation," "The Quarry," and "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines," show an idealism as high and permanent as that expressed in Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." In "The Brute" and "I Am the Woman," Moody brought the same idealism into comment upon American social life; and if he was an optimist, he wrote in *Gloucester Moors* a poem calculated to make other optimists take stock of their attitude.

John Bannister (Father) Tabb (1845–1909) wrote a large number of charming lyrics on Nature, love, and life. These are collected in *An Octave to Mary, Poems Grave and Gay, Later Lyrics,* and *Rosary in Rhyme.* Tabb's interests were restricted; his tone was always restrained; but his daintiness in combining thought and form is unusual in American poetry.

The poetry of Madison Cawein (1865–1914) is of the countryside and the woods of Kentucky. It is, however, without the actual place-feeling of Riley. The life about him Cawein touches with neither question nor comment; he sings of universal Nature, true the world over. His country scenes are observed in fine detail and with a freshness that is pleasing. Cawein was a spendthrift with words; you cannot avoid being pleased with the joy he shows in throwing off figure after figure and piling up well-adorned phrases. His fancy was riotous. He wrote too much and pruned too little. But such exuberance is pleasing when one has had enough of shy, repressed writing.

NOTES

Previously Read. In *Literature and Life, Book One,* "How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed the Fence," Mark Twain; "Plowing on a Wheat Ranch," Norris; "The Romance of a Busy Broker," O. Henry; "Opportunity," Sill. In this volume, "The Third Ingredient," O. Henry.

Library Reading. Extend your knowledge of these regional writers by reading in the library several of the stories and poems in the following list: "The Luck of Roaring Camp," Harte; *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court,* Mark Twain; one or two stories from *Old Creole Days,* Cable; *In Ole Virginia,* Page; *Uncle Remus,* Harris; *Deephaven,* Jewett; *A Son of the Middle Border,* Garland; "The Revolt of Mother" in *A New England Nun and Other Stories,* Freeman; *The Call of the Wild,* London; other stories by O. Henry; *Songs of the Sierras,* Joaquin Miller; *A Little Book of Western Verse,* Field; *Songs of Cheer,* Riley; *Poems,* Sill; "Seaward," *Along the Trail,* Harvey; *Poems,* Moody; *Poems Grave and Gay,* Tabb; *A Voice on the Wind and Other Poems,* Cawein. Be prepared to make a report on the prose selection in the above list that most appealed to you, giving reasons for your choice; report on, or recite from memory, one of the poems you most enjoyed in the list.

CHAPTER FIVE

TENDENCIES OF TODAY

Writing in America today is done under circumstances different from those under which it was ever before done. The output of the printed page is enormous. Thousands of papers, magazines, and books serve the interests of an enormous number of readers. It is not easy to pick out writing of permanent value from the mass that falls from the presses; and it is difficult to say that that which pleases us today will be accepted tomorrow. Our literature of today presents, at all events, an interesting record of contemporary American life.

Before we consider our current literature, we should call to mind the shifting and disturbed conditions of life the world over during the past few years. Many of the movements described in Chapter Four increased in such proportion as to make new problems in our life: prosperity spread among a great part of the people; public education was enormously increased; industry further expanded; cities grew to tremendous size. In the process of change there has arisen a feeling of uncertainty about many of the affairs of life that once were considered settled. Much discontent with the old order of things has been expressed. These conditions and this feeling were with us before the World War, but that struggle intensified and increased them. The World War shattered the day-by-day run of affairs and turned an already disturbed world upside down. Since the war, problems of adjustment have been so many that the world which the incoming generation in America enters is filled with a new life, a wonderfully interesting life full of question and challenge.

Expression of these conditions of life has been widespread in our contemporary literature. Our writing has continued to show curiosity as to what we are, what we do, what we think and believe. It has refused to accept older ideas and older manners without inquiry into their origins and the basis of their existence. It has called for the right to express itself as it chooses. The lack of fixed standards that results is sometimes bewildering. Many of our current writers have undoubtedly tried to write in a manner different from accepted forms, merely for the sake of being different, and much of their work is eccentric—sometimes ludicrous. But this present-day literature has, as a whole, a great vitality. It shows a desire to experiment and a desire to draw the meaning of life from the conditions about us.

In their desire to find the meaning of life in its present appearance, American writers of today have sought to interpret the big city, this new situation in which a large part of our population lives. The big city could not, of course, have been a concern of early American writers. Today we wonder whether the city is merely a crowded group of buildings, filled with countless impersonal beings, where life is so hard and complex that the simpler, finer human emotions have been crushed out, and beauty has departed. You will find this interest expressed in Miss Monroe's "The Hotel," Miss Widdemer's "In an Office Building," and Sandburg's "Chicago."

The illustration given in the last paragraph is but one more indication of the way in which literature is related to life. Industry, commerce, the city, the small town, wherever men live and love and toil, these give themes for literature as truly as life in ancient Greece or in the age of chivalry gave themes to Homer and the writers of romance. These themes, drawn from today's life, are treated, with new vitality, in poetry, fiction, and drama. Under these old headings, therefore, we shall group some new examples of the way in which literature interprets life, with such comment as will enable you to understand the selections.

THE NEW POETRY

According to the belief of some people, poetry should find its material in quieter, more idyllic scenes than city life. This is not, however, the attitude of the present-day American poets. Carl Sandburg has sought his matter for song in the city of his residence. In "Chicago" (page 591), he attempts to impress you with the *thing* Chicago is. He does not, in romantic mood, pretend that it is beautiful as the English university city of Oxford is beautiful in its quiet and stateliness, but proclaims that Chicago has the beauty of strength, and that it has its exact place in the organization of our life. The mood of the city, in this poem, is not apologetic for what it is not, but defiant in what it is. In another poem, "The Skyscraper," Sandburg does not look upon merely a pile of almost countless stories one upon the other, but he sees the skyscraper as an artery of the world, through which flow its joys, loves hopes, and despairs as they come and go through wire and by letter. The building, too, is humanized in its making; it is founded upon the toil and the spirit of the men who sank its foundations. Sandburg does not fail to see, as in "The Harbor" (page 592), the city's "huddled and ugly walls," but even in their presence he comes, with the turn of a corner, upon "a blue burst of lake," suggesting romance. The common theme of sorrow in the anticipation of death Miss Widdemer localizes in an office building (page 592). Miss Monroe gives you a minute description of the bustling life of a city hotel, but in the confusion of it all she feels that the spirit of God is struggling in the souls of the people the hotel shelters (page 592). A modern industrial invention, you will notice, is the subject of Mrs. Eunice Tietjens's poem "The Steam Shovel" (page 593). The shovel reminds her of a giant of the "primal race," but lacks the spirit, the life of those creatures, their impulses and desires.

Recent poets have shown freedom in the choice of subjects for the expression of their imagination, and have drawn them largely from the actual conditions of modern life. They hold that poetry may be poetry if it is filled with imagination and written in an artistic form, no matter what its subject matter is. You will find this idea expressed in Untermeyer's "Songs and the Poet" (page 598).

A difference greater than that of subject matter you will notice in the style of much of the recent poetry. Instead of the regular flowing lines and the rimes to which you have been accustomed, except in the poetry of Walt Whitman, you will find very irregular meter, and in many cases no rime at all. You may be surprised to see that in Alfred Kreymborg's "America" (page 594) the capital letter is not used at the beginning of the line. This form of writing you have undoubtedly heard called "free verse," a term translated from the French, for the attempts at new forms of poetry have been made in other countries as well.

Free verse is the expression of a discontent with the poetry that has been handed down from the past. Many recent verse writers have felt that the form of poetry had become so fixed that freedom of expression was denied them if they wrote in the usual way. They believe that the regular verse rhythms based upon fixed time accent of syllables are too strict in form for their purposes. They discard the usual metrical divisions, which you have by this time learned to call iambus, trochee, anapest, and dactyl. Feeling rather than counting, they assert, should determine the occurrence of stress. A line of their poetry made up of a rapid group of syllables may be followed by a heavy, slow line. A succession of similarly accented lines may be used if an effect of monotony is desired. The modern poets who employ free verse discard also the stanza built upon a fixed plan. They substitute for it an irregular division which corresponds in general to the paragraph in prose. This they call the "strophe," but the word "section" is definite enough for the general reader. Free verse is no lawless arrangement, as it is sometimes thought to be, but merely an irregular scheme of rhythm and stanza.

Recent verse writers have also felt that the words and figures commonly used in

American poetry were trite and frequently only faint recollections of phrases from the great poets of the nineteenth century. This is another evidence of the present irritation with the past. It is quite true that in every age the language of poetry tends to become fixed and to get away from the speech round about it. Imitative poets get their words from the stock of poetical diction. Our moderns have claimed that, to be original and vital to our lives, poetry must be written in the language of today and must have its images drawn from the world we live in. Many of them balk at no word merely because it is considered unpoetical. Beauty they sacrifice for vividness and strength. The following expressions in recent poetry, for instance, are far removed from the usual poetical diction; they are merely phrases of colloquial speech: *grumpy water; girders that hold a skyscraper together; on patrol routes west; the sucking mud; to grunt and wiggle; a lap-dog dragoon; bell-boys marching in with cards.* The contemporary poet tries to impress you with a definite image of the thing he describes; he wishes to get away from blurred impressions and vague pictures.

If we cannot decide whether our protesting poets are right or wrong in their theories of poetry, we know that they have been hard-working, enthusiastic and full of zeal. And they have been responsible for much of the recent widespread interest in poetry in America. In the past few years some books of poetry have been included among the "best sellers." Several magazines devoted exclusively to printing verse have been established, as *Poetry, Contemporary Verse, The Sonnet,* and *The Measure.* Publishers have become interested in making books of verse, and poetry has again become an important and dignified division of book production.

Many critics, and some of the poets themselves, have without doubt overrated the newness of what is frequently called "the new poetry." The enthusiasm is unusual, but the poetry of today deals with the essential facts of life and the primal interests of humanity, as poetry has always done when it has been sincere. The unity of poetical material is perfectly plain to anyone who has read widely. Social disorders, poverty, politics, low life, have in the past been reflected in verse, just as they are presented in the new poetry. It is true that a few years ago a feeling against this sort of subject had grown up. Today, however, no subject can be too trivial, no aspect of human life too low. The familiarity of the subject matter of recent verse, and the vivid treatment make it seem strange to us. Discontent with the fixed forms of poetry expresses itself periodically, and the call for a new poetic diction nearer the usual speech of man comes in cycles.

The unrimed line and irregular meter of free verse you will find illustrated in many of the poems you will read in this book. One of the most significant books of poetry in the newer manner is Edgar Lee Masters's *Spoon River Anthology,* which was published in 1915. The regional interest of the short-story writers appears in this exhibit of the life of a small Illinois town. Masters gives you the history of this imaginary village in sketches of its prominent citizens. They recite their life histories to serve as epitaphs on their tombs if the secret acts and desires of their existence should be known. In its concentration upon the baser sides of the town's life, it is a dark and sordid picture that the author draws. Some of the Spoon River characters are, however, worthy citizens, as Fiddler Jones (page 594). No matter how overdrawn is the realistic and satirical spirit of the writer, the sketches exhibit wonderful skill of phrasing; their vivid imagery makes the characters stand out from the page, and you know the man as the author saw him.

In the poetry of Robert Frost, who is also a regional writer in his narratives and descriptions of New England rustic life, unconventionality appears in the simplicity and everydayness of his words. His diction, however, retains the power of suggestion, and his use of simple words does not at all mean a lack of imagination. Frost does not strive after simplicity and become eccentric, as many less well endowed poets of today have done. His verse loses no dignity in being written in colloquial language. He has gone to no extreme in the freedom of his verse form;

he usually employs an easy blank verse measure.

In the vocal quality of his verse Vachel Lindsay, poet of Springfield, Illinois, has departed from modern conventional forms of poetry. Lindsay believes that poetry should be sung, or chanted, as it was in primitive days. The printed page, he feels, has made poetry too much a concern of the eye, whereas it should be a matter for the ear. His poetry depends for its effects upon a thumping meter, in which the stresses are heavily marked. So desirous is Lindsay that his poetry be read properly that he has printed some of it, as, for instance, "The Santa Fe Trail," with reading directions. Lindsay's interests are centered upon the life of the prairies and in our small towns. He believes that art should be popularized by means of recited poetry and the moving picture. He once made a journey through the Southwest, preaching the "gospel of beauty" and selling sheets of his own verses. He undertook this trip in the belief that ordinary people are interested in poetry and that he was doing, under modern conditions, what the ancient minstrels had done in their day. One result of this journey is "The Santa Fe Trail." The poet stands by this national highway and hears and sees America go honking by in automobiles. The modernness of the scene he does not, however, allow to get away from elemental Nature, for he hears other sounds, as "Rachel Jane" sings in the grass the simple songs of "love and life" and "love and truth."

Not all of our recent poets have adopted exclusively the newer fashion of free verse. Amy Lowell, spokesman of the new movement in poetry, writes also in the conventional manner. Edwin Arlington Robinson's simplicity of words and directness of effect are similar to Robert Frost's, but he is not to be associated with the radical verse writers. Louis Untermeyer, though his social conscience is strong in his later poetry, writes charmingly simple lyrics without unusual form or diction. Sara Teasdale and some other living poets continue the lyrical tradition in fresh and graceful songs.

SELECTIONS FROM THE NEW POETRY

CHICAGO

CARL SANDBURG

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads, and the
Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked, and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again.

And they tell me you are brutal, and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall, bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,

Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter
laughs who has never lost a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his
wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the
heart of the people,
Laughing!
Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling
laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating,
proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker,
Stacker of Wheat, Player with Rail-
roads, and Freight Handler to the
Nation.

THE HARBOR

CARL SANDBURG

Passing through huddled and ugly walls,
By doorways where women haggard
Looked from their hunger-deep eyes,
Haunted with shadows of hunger-hands,
Out from the huddled and ugly walls,
I came sudden, at the city's edge,
On a blue burst of lake,
Long lake waves breaking under the sun
On a spray-flung curve of shore;
And a fluttering storm of gulls,
Masses of great gray wings
And flying white bellies
Veering and wheeling free in the open.

IN AN OFFICE BUILDING

MARGARET WIDDEMER

I went down the old passage
Between the lighted doors
To your lighted door,
Knowing that I should find you there,
Find your swift smile and quickened words.
Comfort and welcome there,
Guardianship and greeting,
As it has always been,
As it shall always be.

And suddenly
As my hand touched the door, I knew,
Knowing you quick and warm
And waiting me,
That I should dream, some far-off night
from this
Of coming down this passageway to you
Between the lighted doors
To your lighted door
Knowing that I should find you there,
And opening, find
An empty, frightening place
And you away,
And wake
Remembering you were dead.

THE HOTEL*

HARRIET MONROE

The long, resounding marble corridors, the shining parlors with shining women in them.

The French room, with its gilt and garlands under plump little tumbling painted Loves.

The Turkish room, with its jumble of many carpets and its stiffly squared un-Turkish chairs.

The English room, all heavy crimson and gold, with spreading palms lifted high in round, green tubs.

The electric lights in twos and threes and hundreds, made into festoons and spirals and arabesques, a maze and magic of bright, persistent radiance.

The people sitting in corners by twos and threes, and cooing together under the glare.

The long rows of silent people in chairs, watching with eyes that see not, while the patient band tangles the air with music.

The bell-boys marching in with cards, and shouting names over and over into ears that do not heed.

The stout and gorgeous dowagers in lacy white and lilac, bedizened with many jewels, with smart little scarlet or azure hats on their gray-streaked hair.

The business men in trim and spotless suits, who walk in and out with eager steps, or sit at the desks and tables, or watch the shining women.

The telephone girls forever listening to far voices, with the silver band over their hair and the little black caps obliterating their ears.

The telegraph tickers sounding their perpetual *chit—chit-chit* from the uttermost ends of the earth.

*This selection, from *You and I* by Harriet Monroe, is used by permission of the author and The Macmillan Company, publisher.

The waiters, in black swallowtails and white aprons, passing here and there with trays of bottles and glasses.

The quiet and sumptuous barroom, with purplish men softly drinking in little alcoves, while the barkeeper, mixing bright liquors, is rapidly plying his bottles.

The great bedecked and gilded café, with its glitter of a thousand mirrors, with its little white tables bearing gluttonous dishes whereto bright forks, held by pampered hands, flicker daintily back and forth.

The white-tiled, immaculate kitchen, with many little round blue fires, where white-clad cooks are making spiced and flavored dishes.

The cool cellars filled with meats and fruits, or layered with sealed and bottled wines mellowing softly in the darkness.

The invisible stories of furnaces and machines, burrowing deep down into the earth, where grimy workmen are heavily laboring.

The many-windowed stories of little homes and shelters and sleeping-places, reaching up into the night like some miraculous, high-piled honeycomb of wax-white cells.

The clothes inside of the cells—the stuffs, the silks, the laces; the elaborate, delicate disguises that wait in trunks, drawers, and closets, or bedrape and conceal human flesh.

The people inside of the clothes, the bodies white and young, bodies fat and bulging, bodies wrinkled and wan, all alike veiled by fine fabrics, sheltered by walls and roofs, shut in from the sun and stars.

The souls inside of the bodies—the naked souls; souls wizened and weak, or proud and brave; all imprisoned in flesh, wrapped in woven stuffs, enclosed in thick and painted masonry, shut away with many shadows from the shining truth.

God inside of the souls, God veiled and wrapped and imprisoned and shadowed in fold on fold of flesh and fabrics and mockeries; but ever alive, struggling and rising again, seeking the light, freeing the world.

THE STEAM SHOVEL

EUNICE TIETJENS

Beneath my window in a city street
A monster lairs, a creature huge and grim
And only half believed; the strength of him,
Steel-strung and fit to meet
The strength of earth,
Is mighty as men's dreams that conquer force.
Steam belches from him. He is the new birth
Of old Behemoth, late-sprung from the source
Whence Grendel sprang, and all the monster clan
Dead for an age, now born again of man.

The iron head,
Set on a monstrous, jointed neck,
Glides here and there, lifts, settles on the red,
Moist floor, with nose dropped in the dirt, at beck
Of some incredible control.
He snorts, and pauses couchant for a space,
Then slowly lifts, and tears the gaping hole
Yet deeper in the earth's flank. A sudden race
Of loosened earth and pebbles trickles there
Like blood-drops in a wound.
But he, the monster, swings his load around—
Weightless it seems as air.
His mammoth jaw
Drops widely open with a rasping sound
And all the red earth vomits from his maw.

O thwarted monster, born at man's decree,
A lap-dog dragon, eating from his hand
And doomed to fetch and carry at command,
Have you no longing ever to be free?
In warm, electric days to run amuck,
Ranging like some mad dinosaur,
Your fiery heart at war
With this strange world, the city's restless ruck,
Where all drab things that toil, save you alone,
Have life;

8. **Behemoth**, an animal described in *Job* xl, 15-24.
9. **Grendel**, a monster in the Anglo-Saxon epic, *Beowulf*.

And you the semblance only, and the strife?
Do you not yearn to rip the roots of stone
Of these great piles men build,
And hurl them down with shriek of shattered steel,
Scorning your own sure doom, so you may feel,
You too, the lust with which your fathers killed?
Or is your soul in very deed so tame,
The blood of Grendel watered to a gruel,
That you are well content
With heart of flame
Thus placidly to chew your cud of fuel
And toil in peace for man's aggrandizement?

Poor helpless creature of a half-grown god,
Blind of yourself and impotent!
At night,
When your forerunners, sprung from quicker sod,
Would range through primal woods, hot on the scent,
Or wake the stars with amorous delight,
You stand, a soiled, unwieldy mass of steel,
Black in the arc-light, modern as your name,
Dead and unsouled and trite;
Till I must feel
A quick creator's pity for your shame,
That man, who made you and who gave so much,
Yet cannot give the last transforming touch;
That with the work he cannot give the wage—
For day, no joy of night,
For toil, no ecstasy of primal rage.

AMERICA

Alfred Kreymborg

Up and down he goes
with terrible, reckless strides,
flaunting great lamps
with joyous swings—
one to the East
and one to the West—
and flaunting two words
in a thunderous call
that thrills the hearts of all enemies:
All, One, All, One; All, One; All, One!
Beware that queer, wild, wonderful boy
and his playground; don't go near!
All, One, All, One; All, One; All, One;
Up and down he goes.

FIDDLER JONES*

Edgar Lee Masters

The earth keeps some vibration going
There in your heart, and that is you.
And if the people find you can fiddle,
Why, fiddle you must, for all your life.
What do you see, a harvest of clover?
Or a meadow to walk through to the river?
The wind's in the corn; you rub your hands
For beeves hereafter ready for market;
Or else you hear the rustle of skirts
Like the girls when dancing at Little Grove.
To Cooney Potter a pillar of dust
Or whirling leaves meant ruinous drought;
They looked to me like Red-Head Sammy
Stepping it off, to "Toor-a-Loor."
How could I till my forty acres
Not to speak of getting more,
With a medley of horns, bassoons, and piccolos
Stirred in my brain by crows and robins
And the creak of a windmill—only these?
And I never started to plow in my life
That someone did not stop in the road
And take me away to a dance or picnic.
I ended up with forty acres;
I ended up with a broken fiddle—
And a broken laugh, and a thousand memories,
And not a single regret.

HARE DRUMMER*

Edgar Lee Masters

Do the boys and girls still go to Siever's
For cider, after school, in late September?
Or gather hazelnuts among the thickets
On Aaron Hatfield's farm when the frosts begin?
For many times with the laughing girls and boys

*From *Spoon River Anthology* by Edgar Lee Masters. Used by permission of the author and The Macmillan Company, publisher.

Played I along the road and over the hills
When the sun was low and the air was cool,
Stopping to club the walnut tree
Standing leafless against a flaming west.
Now, the smell of the autumn smoke,
And the dropping acorns,
And the echoes about the vales
Bring dreams of life. They hover over me.
They question me:
Where are those laughing comrades?
How many are with me, how many
In the old orchards along the way to Siever's,
And in the woods that overlook
The quiet water?

BIRCHES

ROBERT FROST

When I see birches bend to left and right
Across the line of straighter, darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust—
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed
So low for long, they never right themselves;
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when Truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm
(Now am I free to be poetical?)
I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows—
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.

So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love;
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,

But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

THE WOOD-PILE

ROBERT FROST

Out walking in the frozen swamp one gray day
I paused and said, "I will turn back from here.
No, I will go on farther—and we shall see."
The hard snow held me, save where now and then
One foot went down. The view was all in lines
Straight up and down of tall, slim trees
Too much alike to mark or name a place by
So as to say for certain I was here
Or somewhere else; I was just far from home.
A small bird flew before me. He was careful
To put a tree between us when he lighted,
And say no word to tell me who he was
Who was so foolish as to think what *he* thought.
He thought that I was after him for a feather—
The white one in his tail; like one who takes
Everything said as personal to himself.
One flight out sideways would have undeceived him.
And then there was a pile of wood for which
I forgot him and let his little fear
Carry him off the way I might have gone,
Without so much as wishing him good-night.
He went behind it to make his last stand.
It was a cord of maple, cut and split
And piled—and measured, four by four by eight.
And not another like it could I see.
No runner tracks in this year's snow looped near it.
And it was older sure than this year's cutting,
Or even last year's or the year's before.
The wood was gray and the bark warping off it
And the pile somewhat sunken. Clematis
Had wound strings round and round it like a bundle.
What held it, though, on one side was a tree
Still growing, and on one a stake and prop,
These latter about to fall. I thought that only
Someone who lived in turning to fresh tasks
Could so forget his handiwork on which
He spent himself, the labor of his ax,
And leave it there far from a useful fireplace
To warm the frozen swamp as best it could
With the slow, smokeless burning of decay.

A WINTER RIDE

AMY LOWELL

Who shall declare the joy of the running!
Who shall tell of the pleasures of flight!
Springing and spurning the tufts of wild heather,
Sweeping, wide-winged, through the blue dome of light.
Everything mortal has moments immortal,
Swift and God-gifted, immeasurably bright.

So with the stretch of the white road before me,
Shining snow crystals rainbowed by the sun,
Fields that are white, stained with long, cool, blue shadows.
Strong with the strength of my horse as we run.
Joy in the touch of the wind and the sunlight!
Joy! With the vigorous earth I am one.

A JAPANESE WOOD-CARVING

AMY LOWELL

High up above the open, welcoming door
It hangs, a piece of wood with colors dim.
Once, long ago, it was a waving tree
And knew the sun and shadow through the leaves
Of forest trees, in a thick eastern wood.

The winter snows had bent its branches down,
The spring had swelled its buds with coming flowers,
Summer had run like fire through its veins,
While autumn pelted it with chestnut burs,
And strewed the leafy ground with acorn cups.
Dark midnight storms had roared and crashed among
Its branches, breaking here and there a limb;
But every now and then broad sunlit days
Lovingly lingered, caught among the leaves.
Yes, it had known all this, and yet to us
It does not speak of mossy forest ways,
Of whispering pine trees or the shimmering birch;
But of quick winds, and the salt, stinging sea!
An artist once, with patient, careful knife,
Had fashioned it like to the untamed sea.
Here waves uprear themselves, their tops blown back
By the gay, sunny wind, which whips the blue
And breaks it into gleams and sparks of light.
Among the flashing waves are two white birds
Which swoop, and soar, and scream for very joy
At the wild sport. Now diving quickly in,
Questing some glistening fish. Now flying up,
Their dripping feathers shining in the sun,
While the wet drops like little glints of light,
Fall pattering backward to the parent sea.
Gliding along the green and foam-flecked hollows,
Or skimming some white crest about to break,
The spirits of the sky deigning to stoop
And play with ocean in a summer mood.
Hanging above the high, wide-open door,
It brings to us in quiet, firelit room,
The freedom of the earth's vast solitudes,
Where heaping, sunny waves tumble and roll,
And seabirds scream in wanton happiness.

THE MASTER*

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

A flying word from here and there
Had sown the name at which we sneered,
But soon the name was everywhere,
To be reviled and then revered—
A presence to be loved and feared,
We cannot hide it, or deny
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous,
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
And having made his note of us,
He pondered and was reconciled
Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
Would shame us whom he served unsought;
He knew that he must wince and wait—
The jest of those for whom he fought;
He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;
He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamor to the task
That he encountered and saw through;
But little of us did he ask,
And little did we ever do.
And what appears if we review
The season when we railed and chaffed?—
It is the face of one who knew
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
Again the venom that we flung,
Transfigured, to the world reveals
The vigilance to which we clung.
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold—
The face we see was never young,
Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we have applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,

*Supposed to have been written not long after the Civil War.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth;
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smoldering, and the flame
Of awful patience were his own;
With him they are forever flown
Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
As with inept, Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men;
'Twas ours to soar and his to see;
But we are coming down again,
And we shall come down pleasantly;
Nor shall we longer disagree
On what it is to be sublime,
But flourish in our perigee
And have one Titan at a time.

MAY DAY*

SARA TEASDALE

The shining line of motors,
The swaying motor-bus,
The prancing, dancing horses
Are passing by for us.

The sunlight on the steeple,
The toys we stop to see,
The smiling passing people—
Are all for you and me.

"I love you and I love you!"—
"And oh, I love you, too!"—
"All of the flower girl's lilies
Were only grown for you!"

Fifth Avenue and April
And love and lack of care—
The world is mad with music
Too beautiful to bear.

SONGS AND THE POET

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Sing of the rose or of the mire; sing strife
Or rising moons; the silence or the throng. . .
Poet, it matters not, if Life
Is in the song.

If Life rekindles it, and if the rimes
Bear Beauty as their eloquent refrain,
Though it were sung a thousand times,
Sing it again!

Thrill us with song—let others preach or rage;
Make us so thirst for Beauty that we cease
These struggles, and this strident age
Grows sweet with peace.

ROMANCE

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Romance with firm and eager tread
Walked at his shoulder;
He never turned his rapt, poetic head
Once to behold her.

He sought her in the skies, in dreams,
In mystic meadows;
He plunged through myths and lost her face in gleams,
Clasping her shadows.

"It is this age," he cried, "these things
Blind and bewilder!
Weep for Romance, with frail and trembling wings;
This world has killed her."

And still he seeks her, warm or dead—
The quest enthralling!
And still Romance, with strong and tireless tread,
Follows him calling. . .
Calling. . .

48. **Olympian**, with nobleness of mind, like that of the mythological gods who dwelt on Mount Olympus. 56. **Icarian**. Icarus, in Greek legend, had a pair of wings made of wax. When he flew too near the sun, the wings melted, and Icarus fell into the Icarian Sea and was drowned. 64. **Titan**, in Greek mythology, a member of the giant race which first inhabited the earth.

*This selection, from *Rivers to the Sea* by Sara Teasdale, is used by permission of the author and The Macmillan Company, publisher.

A WINTER LYRIC

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

The winter winds were swift and stinging,
The day was growing old and dark;
And yet within the icy park
Birds in the leafless trees were singing.
Somehow the cold was not so clinging,
And homing people stopped to stare
At all the brave hearts clustered there—
Birds in the leafless trees! And singing!

Yes, Spring is sweet with new songs ringing,
And Summer's pageant moves all men;
But my heart leaps to Winter when
Birds in the leafless trees are singing.

THE FALCONER OF GOD

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I flung my soul to the air like a falcon flying.
I said, "Wait on, wait on, while I ride below!
I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon—
A strange white heron rising with silver on its wings,
Rising and crying
Wordless, wondrous things;
The secret of the stars, of the world's heart-strings
The answer to their woe.
Then stoop thou upon him, and grip and hold him so!"

My wild soul waited on as falcons hover.
I beat the reedy fens as I trampled past.
I heard the mournful loon
In the marsh beneath the moon.

And then—with feathery thunder—the bird of my desire
Broke from the cover
Flashing silver fire.
High up among the stars I saw his pinions spire.
The pale clouds gazed aghast
As my falcon stooped upon him, and gript and held him fast.

My soul dropped through the air—with heavenly plunder?—
Gripping the dazzling bird my dreaming knew?
Nay! but a piteous freight,
A dark and heavy weight
Despoiled of silver plumage, its voice forever stilled—
All of the wonder
Gone that ever filled
Its guise with glory. Oh, bird that I have killed,
How brilliantly you flew
Across my rapturous vision when first I dreamed of you!

Yet I fling my soul on high with new endeavor,
And I ride the world below with a joyful mind.
I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon—
A wondrous silver heron its inner darkness fledges!
I beat forever
The fens and the sedges.
The pledge is still the same—for all disastrous pledges,
All hopes resigned!
My soul still flies above me for the quarry it shall find!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Chicago. Chicago is characterized in the first strophe, or section. Accusations against the city are expressed in the next three strophes; then follows the defiant answer; the last strophe repeats the first in an exultant tone. Notice the complete freedom of form in the poem. Do you consider it a defect, or does it add to the effect of force the poet seeks to convey?

The Harbor. Notice the contrast between the conditions of city life described in the first five lines and the refreshing details of Nature life in the rest of the poem. Is the impression definitely stated, or is it left for you to draw it from the poem? Does the absence of rime displease you?

In an Office Building. Study this poem as

an example of free verse. Does it illustrate any of the points made in the discussion of free verse on pages 589-590?

The Hotel. The details of the rushing life of a big hotel are heaped one upon another in this poem. Are too many details given, or is the picture clearer on account of them? The last strophe gives point to the whole. What is the theme? Do you notice any peculiarity of sentence structure in "The Hotel"? Why is it poetry? Compare the style with that of Walt Whitman's poetry.

The Steam Shovel. The steam shovel is personified and compared with the romantic giants of early human history. This modern monster, however, is thwarted and is helpless under man's decree. What does this suggest to you as a difference between primitive life and the highly organized life we lead today? Is this a poetical idea? Notice the realistic imagery in the poem. Are the images definite? Are you able to visualize the picture?

America. Why are the first lines of this poem uncapitalized? With what is America compared? In what ways is this poem modern in the same sense that "The Steam Shovel" is modern? Compare it with any other poems on America you know.

Fiddler Jones. This poem and the next are from *Spoon River Anthology,* which is made up of epitaphs of citizens of Masters's imaginary town as the people themselves would write their histories if they told the whole truth about themselves. Fiddler Jones is a happy-go-lucky fellow who never took life seriously. Was he a man of imagination? Why was he happy?

Hare Drummer. Do you get a vivid picture of the life of Spoon River from Hare Drummer's curiosity as to whether things are as they were when he was alive? Does Masters express or suggest much in a few words? Point out unusually suggestive figures in the poem.

Birches. Pay particular attention to the details Frost chooses to present for his picture of bending birch trees. Are his figures fanciful or homely? Does he use natural and colloquial or unusual words? What meaning of life does Frost draw from his recollections of boyhood, beginning with the line,

"So was I once myself a swinger of birches"?

The Wood-Pile. The theme of the poem is expressed in the last seven lines. The details of the landscape presented in the earlier and larger part of the poem give an impression of cold desolation. At the end Frost seeks to find an interpretation of the deserted wood-pile in human terms. Compare the vocabulary, the use of images, and the rhythm with those of "The Birches."

A Winter Ride. This poem sings the joy of vigorous movement. Show how the rhythm of the poem expresses the swinging rush of horseback riding. How do the figures give you an impression of a crisp winter morning?

A Japanese Wood-Carving. What three stages of the life of the wood-carving does the poet describe? What mood does it bring to the poet? Make a list of the figures of speech the poet uses to describe the sea.

The Master. 1. What elements of Lincoln's character does the poet choose for his interpretation of the master's meaning? Compare this with other poems on Lincoln you have read.

2. Is the wording of the poem simple? Compare it in this respect with Frost's poems. Does it lose in any respect by using rime?

May Day. Does this poem follow the manner of the conventional lyric? Does it sing itself? Memorize the four stanzas.

Songs and The Poet. Apply the definition of poetry suggested here to the poetry you have read in the section "Tendencies of Today."

Romance. The statement is periodically made that romance is dead. You will find a good expression of this thought in Rudyard Kipling's "M'Andrews' Hymn." Romance, however, is a matter of individual feeling in every age; it forever beckons some men and women, as it does the poet of Untermeyer's "Romance."

A Winter Lyric. Compare this poem as to subject and the form of its treatment with "The Wood-Pile" and "A Winter Ride."

The Falconer of God. In elaborate fancy the poet expresses the age-old theme of the aspiration of the soul for higher things (see the last line). He imagines that he has projected his soul into an imaginary region where he will be free of worldly things and learn the "secret of the stars." His desire is greater, however, than his ability to sustain the heights which his soul reaches, and it drops back, "A dark and heavy weight." Yet the desire for the higher reaches is not killed, for with "new endeavor" he will fling his soul on high and overcome "the world below with a joyful mind." "The Falconer of God" and other poems of Benét are good examples of poems of imagination in current American literature with which to match the strong tendency toward realism.

Previously Read. In *Literature and Life, Book One,* "April — North Carolina" (Monroe); "Trees" (Carman); "Lilacs" (Lowell); "The Furrow and the Hearth" (Colum); "On the Great Plateau" (Wyatt).

Library Reading. Increase your knowledge of the new poetry by reading in the library other poems by the authors already discussed. Two good anthologies are: *The New Poetry,* Monroe and Corbin: *The Little Book of Modern Verse,* Rittenhouse.

PREVAILING TYPES OF PROSE

The Short Story. The short story continues in present-day literature the most popular form of prose writing. The demand of the public for short stories is so great that their makers outnumber the writers of all other forms of literature. The short story is given to the public through almost countless magazines. The large majority of the stories published weekly and monthly are intended only for the passing hour; they are not closely related to life, and lack artistic form. This criticism does not, of course, apply to the best of them, for many stories of enduring worth appear in our periodicals.

Magazine publication has had its effect upon the form of the short story. Its length is frequently determined by the space allowance of the magazine. A length of about eight thousand words, for instance, is usually demanded by one of our most popular monthlies. This same magazine has also developed a fixed type of story, with a definite time for the appearance of the leading character and a particular place for the climax. The practices of publication have always affected the form in which literature appears. But the essential form of the short story remains unchanged. We still have the three important groups: the story of plot; the story of setting; the story of character.

The story of plot, as the detective story, does not vary greatly from its earlier form. The story of setting changes its background material with the particular interests of the passing day. The local color tradition described in the last section of our Story of American Literature has been carried on by a large number of writers—with distinction by Wilbur Daniel Steele in his stories of the fisher-folk of the North Atlantic coast; by Irvin Cobb in his stories of small-town Kentucky life such as the admirable Old Judge Priest series; and by Alice Brown in her *Homespun and Gold* tales of New England. Current stories are busy with the cosmopolitan life of our racially mixed population. A certain type of Jewish life in New York City is represented in the stories of Fanny Hurst; East Side life in the same city, where rages a conflict between old-world manners and ideas and the customs of the newer life in America, is vividly portrayed in the stories of Anzia Yezierksa. Irish life in America is the theme of Rupert Hughes's *Long Ever Ago* stories. The Oriental's point of view toward America is expressed in the tales of Achmed Abdullah. The Italian and Portuguese settlement in San Francisco is the material Charles C. Dobie uses in his short stories. The American short story stretches its interest to include Africa in Steele's "The Marriage in Kairwan," and to Rumanian gypsy life in Konrad Bercovici's "Ghitza."

The types of character are as varied as the people of our changing life. No class, either high or low, either rich or poor, fails of representation. The trash-gatherer is the hero of Tristam Tupper's excellent story of "Grit"; two convicts furnish the interest in O. F. Lewis's "The Get-Away." The hero from higher walks of life appears in the stories of Edith Wharton and Katharine Fullerton Gerould. All types of American life pass in review in our short stories.

The Novel. The novel, like the short story, continues in great favor with the reading public. The majority of the hundreds of novels published every year are mildly pleasing romances, whether laid in a far-away world or in our own times and among our own people. The most popular novel of the day does not necessarily have any assurance of enduring. No reason exists, however, why a novel of real worth may not also be a popularly read book.

Some styles in present-day fiction, beyond the mere amusement novel, may be observed. Hard upon the close of the World War came a wave of realistic novels. The most widely read current book in America in 1920 and 1921 was Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*, a novel concerned with life in a small Minnesota town. Gopher Prairie, the scene of the novel, the author considered typical of the thousands of villages of its size scattered over the United States. Though a thin thread of plot runs through *Main Street*, the novel is concerned almost

altogether with a picture of the dull life and the commonplace people of Gopher Prairie. Sinclair Lewis has a remarkable power of observation; his industry in setting down the notebook record of his observations is unfailing. He has, too, caught for display some of the weaker sides of our life. In this way the novel is realistic. But still the book is not real. For the author has drawn but half the picture. To the better sides of life, the finer aspirations and acts to be found in some proportion almost everywhere, the novelist has refused representation. The author's attitude toward life is more than critical; all illusion is gone and no tinge of imagination remains. The same attitude of disillusion toward life, even of disgust and despair, is displayed in the fiction of Sherwood Anderson.

The writing of *Main Street* was not so remarkable as was its popularity. Published a few years before 1921, it would probably have been highly regarded by a fairly large number of readers, but it would scarcely have swept the country as it did. Its appearance fell in with a temporary letdown which followed as a natural result from the high pitch of idealism to which we had risen during the World War.

Pictures of the unrest in our social life that followed the war appear in many recent novels. The novel of social criticism appears in an honest and popular form in Booth Tarkington's *Alice Adams.* Tarkington's novel presents a picture of class relations in a Middle Western town, in which the heroine deludes herself into believing that she can succeed in rising in the world by pretending that she is something she is not. Through many a scene of disappointment, some of them described with a fine touch which mingles pathos with humor, Alice Adams is taught that true position in the world depends upon work and worth. At the end of the story she sets out to work and be of some worth.

Miscellaneous Prose. The scientific trend of the nineteenth century continues in the twentieth, and finds its outlet in the writings of many men who add to their knowledge of natural phenomena the culture which enables them to produce real literature. Scientific knowledge, in the writing of John Burroughs and William Beebe, for example, ceases to sound like laboratory notebooks and becomes as fascinating as any story in fiction. At times, the naturalist has been a figure of national importance, as was Theodore Roosevelt.

The relations between capital and labor, between the owner and the worker, are subjects of our poetry and our fiction, as you have learned in the earlier discussion of the tendencies of our literature today. These subjects have also been much discussed in the present-day essay. Of especial interest to the essayist is the relation of man to the industrial world by which he is surrounded. The amalgamation of our foreign population has become an even more acute problem since the outbreak of the World War. You have already noticed the use of this theme in fiction, and you have probably listened to debates or discussions of the subject. Their interesting experiences in becoming Americans have been recorded by some of our naturalized citizens. Two or three such books are notable: Jacob Riis's *The Making of an American;* Edward Bok's *The Americanization of Edward Bok;* and Mary Antin's *The Promised Land.*

The essay also continues to serve its age-old purpose, a means of communicating ideas about human conduct and ideas in regard to the nature of things. The essay may have a turn to sentiment, to humor, or to serious reasoning. Christopher Morley, Simeon Strunsky, and many others are writing delightful essays that record wise or humorous or penetrating comments on life.

SELECTIONS FROM CONTEMPORARY PROSE

SNARING A BOA CONSTRICTOR

WILLIAM BEEBE

My thoughts were far from poisonous serpents when Nupee came into our Kalacoon laboratory late on a Saturday afternoon. Outdoors he had deposited the coarser game intended for the mess, consisting, today, of a small deer, a tinamou, or maam, and two agoutis. But now with his quiet smile, he held out his lesser booty, which he always brought in to me, offering in his slender, effeminate hands his contribution to science. Usually this was a bird of brilliant plumage, or a nestful of maam's eggs with shells like great spheres of burnished emeralds. These he would carry in a basket so cunningly woven from a single palm frond that it shared our interest in its contents. Today, he presented two nestling trogons, and this was against rules. For we desired only to know where such nests were, there to go and study and photograph.

"Nupee—listen! You sabe we no want bird here. Must go and show nest, eh?"

"Me sabe."

Accompanied by one of us, off he started again, without a murmur. In the slanting rays of the sun he walked lightly down the trail from Kalacoon as if he had not been hunting since early dawn. An hour passed and the sun swung still lower when a panting voice gasped out:

"Huge labaria, yards long! Big as leg!"

The flight of queen bees and their swarms, the call to arms in a sleeping camp, creates somewhat the commotion that the news of the bushmaster aroused with us. For he is really what his name implies. What the elephant is to the African jungles and the buffalo to Malaysia, this serpent is to the Guiana wilderness. He fears nothing —save one thing, hunting-ants, before which all the world flees. And this was the first bushmaster of the rainy season.

Nupee had been left to mount guard over the serpent, which had been found near the trogon tree. Already the light was failing; so we walked rapidly with gun, snake-pole, and canvas bag. Parrakeets hurtled bambooward to roost; doves scurried off and small rails flew from our path and flopped into the reeds. Our route led from the open compound of Kalacoon, through the freshly cut Convict Trail, toward the edge of the high bush, and we did not slacken speed until we were in the dim light which filtered through the western branches.

At the top of the slope we heard a yell—a veritable Red Indian yell—and there our Akawai hunter was dancing excitedly about, shouting to us to come on. "Snake, he move! Snake, he move!" We arrived panting, and he tremblingly led me along a fallen tree and pointed to the dead leaves. I well knew the color and pattern of the bushmaster. I had had them brought to me dead and had killed them myself, and I had seen them in their cage behind glass. But now, though I was thinking bushmaster and looking bushmaster, my eyes insisted on registering dead leaves. Eager as I was to begin operations before darkness closed down, it was a full three minutes before I could honestly say, "This is a leaf; that is snake."

The pattern and pigment of the cunningly arranged coils were that of the jungle floor, anywhere; a design of dead leaves, reddish-yellow, pinkish, dark-brown, etched with mold, fungus, and decay, and with all the shadows

and high lights which the heaped-up plant tissues throw upon one another. In the center of this dread plaque, this reptilian mirage, silent and motionless, rested the head. I knew it was triangular and flattened, because I had dissected such heads in times past, but now my senses revealed to me only an irregularity in the contour, a central focus in this jungle mat, the unraveling of which spelled death.

It was a big snake, seven or eight feet long, and heavy bodied—by no means a one-man job. Again we carefully examined the screw-eyes on the pole, and each looked behind for a possible line of escape.

I quickly formed my method of attack. Nupee was sent to cut forked sticks, but his enthusiasm at having work to do away from the scene of immediate conflict was so sincere that he vanished altogether and returned with the sticks only when our shouts announced the end of the struggle. An Indian will smilingly undergo any physical hardship, and will face any creature in the jungle, except the bushmaster.

We approached from three sides, bringing snake-pole, free noose, and gun to bear. Slowly the noose on the pole pushed nearer and nearer. I had no idea how he would react at the attack, whether he would receive it quietly, or, as I have seen the king cobra in Burma, become enraged and attack in turn.

The cord touched his nose, and he drew back close to some bushy stems. Again it dangled against his head, and his tongue played like lightning. And now he sent forth the warning of his mastership—a sharp *whirrrrr;* and the tip of his tail became a blur, the rough scales rasping and vibrating against the dead leaves, and giving out a sound not less sharp and sinister than the instrumental rattling of his near relatives.

For a moment the head hung motionless, then the noose-man made a lunge and pulled his cord. The great serpent drew back like a flash, and turning, undulated slowly away toward the darker depths of the forest. There was no panic, no fear of pursuit in his movements. He had encountered something quite new to his experience, and the knowledge of his own power made it easy for him to gauge that of an opponent. He feared neither deer nor tapir, yet at their approach he would sound his warning as a reciprocal precaution, poison against hoofs. And now, when his warning had no effect on this new disturbing thing, he chose dignifiedly to withdraw.

I crept quickly along on one side and with the gun-barrel slightly deflected his course so that he was headed toward an open space, free from brush and bush-ropes. Here the pole-man awaited him, the noose spread and swaying a few inches from the leaves. Steadily the snake held to his course, and without sensing any danger pushed his head cleanly into the circle of cord. A sudden snap of the taut line and pandemonium began. The snake lashed and curled and whipped up a whirlpool of debris, while one of us held grimly on to the noose and the rest tried to disentangle the whirling coils and make certain of a tight grip close behind the head, praying for the screw-eyes to hold fast. Even with the scant inch of neck ahead of the noose, the head had such play that I had to pin it down with the gun-barrel before we dared seize it. When our fingers gained their safe hold and pressed, the great mouth opened wide, a gaping expanse of snowy white tissue, and the inch-long fangs appeared erect, each draped under the folds of its sheath like a rapier outlined beneath a courtier's cloak.

When once the serpent felt himself conquered, he ceased to struggle; and this was fortunate, for in the dim light we stumbled more than once as we sidled and backed through the maze of lianas and over fallen logs.

Nupee now appeared, unashamed and wide-eyed with excitement. He followed and picked up the wreck of battle—gun, hats, and bags which had been thrown aside or knocked off in the struggle. With locked step, so as not to wrench the long body, we marched back to Kalacoon. Now and then a great shudder would pass through the hanging loops and a spasm of muscular stress that tested our strength. It was no easy matter to hold the snake, for the scales on its back were as rough and hard as a file, and a sudden twist fairly took the skin off one's hand.

I cleaned his mouth of all dirt and debris, and then we laid him upon the ground and, without stretching, found that he measured a good eight feet and a half. With no relaxing of care we slid him into the wired box which would be his home until he was liberated in his roomier quarters in the Zoölogical Park in New York.

SOME AFRICAN GUN-BEARERS*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Of all my wilder hunting companions those to whom I became most attached—although some of them were the wildest of all—were those Kermit and I had with us in Africa for eleven months. Disregarding a very problematical Christian, these were either Mohammedans or heathens. However, after having been in our employ a little while, and after having adopted the fez, jersey, and short trousers—and, as a matter of pure pride and symbolism, boots—they all regarded themselves as of an elevated social status, and openly looked down on the unregenerated "shenzis," or natives who were still in the kirtle-of-banana-leaves cultural stage. They represented many different tribes. Some of them were file-toothed cannibals. Many of them had come from long distances; for—as philanthropists will do well to note—being even a porter in a white man's service in British East Africa or Uganda or the Soudan, meant an amount of pay and a comfort of living and (although this, I think, was subordinate in their minds) a justness of treatment which they could by no possibility achieve in their own homes under native conditions. As for the personal attendants, the gun-bearers, tent-boys, and saises, as well as the head men and askaris, or soldiers, they felt as far above the porters as the latter did above the shenzis. The common tongue was Swahili, a negro-Arab dialect, originally spoken by the descendants, mainly negro in blood, of the Arab conquerors, traders, and slave-traders of Zanzibar. This is a lingo found over much of central Africa. But only a few of our men were Swahilis by blood.

Of course, most of them were like children, with a grasshopper inability for continuity of thought and realization of the future. They would often act with an inconsequence that was really puzzling. Dog-like fidelity, persevered in for months, would be ended by a fit of resentment at something unknown, or by a sheer volatility which made them abandon their jobs when it was even more to their detriment than to ours. But they had certain fixed standards of honor; the porter would not abandon his load, the gun-bearer would not abandon his

*From *A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open;* copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

master when in danger from a charging beast—although, unless a first-class man, he might at that critical moment need discipline to restrain his nervous excitability. They appreciated justice, but they were neither happy nor well behaved unless they were under authority; weakness toward them was even more ruinous than harshness and over severity.

The personal attendants of Kermit and myself established a kind of "chief petty officers' mess" in the caravan. Not only his own boys, but mine, really cared more for Kermit than they did for me. This was partly because he spoke Swahili; partly because he could see game, follow its tracks, and walk as I could not; and partly because he exercised more strict control over his men and yet more thought and care in giving them their pleasures and rewards. I was apt to become amused and therefore too lenient in dealing with grasshopper-like failings—which was bad for the grasshoppers themselves; and, moreover, I was apt to announce to a man who had deserved well that he should receive so many rupees at the end of the trip, which to him seemed a prophecy about the somewhat remote future, whereas Kermit gave less, but gave it in more immediate form, such as sugar or tea, and rupees to be expended in the first Indian or Swahili trader's store we met; on which occasions I would see Kermit head a solemn procession of both his followers and mine to the store, where he would superintend their purchases, not only helping them to make up vacillating minds but seeing that they were not cheated.

An exception was my head tent-boy, Ali. He had a good deal of Arab blood in him, he spoke a little English, he was really intelligent, he was an innately loyal soul, and he was keenly alive to the honor of being the foremost attendant of the head of the expedition. He was distinctly an autocrat to the second tent-boy, whose tenure was apt to be short, and he regarded Somalis with professional rivalry and distrust. He always did his work excellently, and during the eleven months he was with me I never had to correct or rebuke him, and whenever I had a bout of fever he was devotion itself. Once, while at a friend's house, his Somali stole some silver from me, after which Ali always kept my silver himself with scrupulous honesty. I still now and then get a letter from him, but as the letters are sent through some professional Hindoo scribe they are of value chiefly as tokens of affection. The last one, written in acknowledgment of a gift sent him, contained a rather long letter in Swahili, a translation into Arabic, and then a would-be translation into English, which, however, went no further than the cumulative repetition of all the expressions of ceremonious regard known to the scribe.

My head gun-bearer, named Hartebeest—Kongoni—also did his work so well that I never had to reprove him; he was cool and game, a good tracker and tireless walker. But the second gun-bearer, Gouvimali, although a cheerful and willing soul, tended to get rattled when near dangerous animals. Unless his master is really in the grip of an animal, the worst sin a gun-bearer can commit, next to running away, is to shoot the gun he is carrying; for, if the master is fit to hunt dangerous game at all, it is he who must do the killing, and, if in a tight place, he must be able to count with absolute certainty on the gun-bearer's handing him a loaded rifle when his own has been fired. On one occasion I was covering a rhino which Kermit was trying to photograph. The beast was very close and seemed

about to begin hostilities. Gouvimali became very much excited and raised his rifle to shoot. I overheard Kongoni chide him, and I spoke to him sharply, but he still kept the rifle at his shoulder; whereupon I slapped his face just before shooting the rhino. This prevented his firing and brought him to his senses, but was not a sufficient punishment. The really dreadful punishment would have been to send him back to the ranks of the porters. But I wished to give him another chance; so next morning I instructed Ali that he was to be my interpreter, and that Gouvimali was to be brought up for justice before my tent. To make it impressive, Kongoni and the second tent-boy were summoned to attend, which they did with pleased anticipation. But they were not alone. All of Kermit's attendants rushed gleefully over, including his two first-class gun-bearers, his camera-bearer, the wild 'Nmwezi ex-cannibal whom he had turned into a devoted and excellent tent-boy, and the cheerful Kikuyu savage who had taken naturally to being sais for his and my little mules. The sympathies of all of them were ostentatiously against the culprit, and they were prepared for the virtuous enjoyment characteristic of the orthodox sure-of-their-salvation at a heresy trial.

Court opened with me in my camp-chair in front of the tent. Ali stood beside me, erect with gratified horror, and eager to show that he was not merely an interpreter but a prosecutor and assistant judge. Abject Gouvimali stood in front, with head hanging. The others ranged themselves in a semicircle, and filled the function of a Greek chorus. The proceedings were as follows:

I (with frowning majesty): "Tell Gouvimali he knows that I have treated him very, very well; besides his wages, I have given him tea and sugar and tobacco and a red blanket."

Ali translates with the thunderous eloquence of Cicero against Verres; Verres writhes.

Chorus (with hands raised at the thought of such magnificent generosity): "Oh, *what* a good Bwana!"

I (reproachfully): "Whenever I shot a lion or an elephant I gave him some silver rupees."

Ali translates this with a voice shaken by emotion over the human baseness that could forget such gifts.

Chorus (in ecstatic contemplation of my virtue): "Oh, *what* a generous Bwana!"

I (leaning forward toward the accused): "And yet he started to shoot a rhinoceros the Bwana Merodadi (Dandy Master, the Master who was a dandy to shoot and ride and get game) was photographing."

Ali fairly hisses this statement; malefactor shudders:

Chorus (almost bereft of speech at the revelation of a depravity of which they had never hitherto dreamed): "Hau! W-a-u!!"

I (severe, but melancholy): "You didn't stop until I had to slap your face."

Chorus (with unctuous relish): "The Bwana ought to have beaten you!"

I: "Do you wish to become a porter again? There's a Kavirondo porter very anxious to get your job!" (Deceitfully concealing a vagueness of recollection about this aspirant, who had been pronounced worthless.)

Malefactor (overcome by suggestion of the semi-mythical Kavirondo rival): "Oh, Bwana, have me beaten, but keep me as gun-bearer!"

I (with regal beneficence): "Well, I'll fine you ten rupees; and if you make another break, out you go; and you're to do all Kongoni's gun-cleaning for a week." (Kongoni, endeavoring

to look both austere and disinterested, pokes malefactor in back.)

Chorus (disappointed of a tragedy, but fundamentally kind-hearted): "What a merciful Bwana! And now Gouvimali will always be careful! Good Gouvimali!"

OUR MOTHERS

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

When one becomes a father, then first one becomes a son. Standing by the crib of one's own baby, with that world-old pang of compassion and protectiveness toward this so little creature that has all its course to run, the heart flies back in yearning and gratitude to those who felt just so toward oneself. Then for the first time one understands the homely succession of sacrifices and pains by which life is transmitted and fostered down the stumbling generations of men.

Every man is privileged to believe all his life that his own mother is the best and dearest that a child ever had. By some strange racial instinct of taciturnity and repression most of us lack utterance to say our thoughts in this close matter. A man's mother is so tissued and woven into his life and brain that he can no more describe her than describe the air and sunlight that bless his days. It is only when some Barrie comes along that he can say for all of us what fills the eye with instant tears of gentleness. Is there a mother, is there a son, who has not read Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy?* Turn to that first chapter, "How My Mother Got Her Soft Face," and draw aside the veils that years and perplexity weave over the inner sanctuaries of our hearts.

Our mothers understand us so well! Speech and companionship with them are so easy, so unobstructed by the thousand teasing barriers that bar soul from eager soul! To walk and talk with them is like slipping on an old coat. To hear their voices is like the shake of music in a sober evening hush.

There is a harmony and beauty in the life of mother and son that brims the mind's cup of satisfaction. So well we remember when she was all in all: strength, tenderness, law, and life itself. Her arms were the world; her soft cheek our sun and stars. And now it is we who are strong and self-sufficing; it is she who leans on us. Is there anything so precious, so complete, as that return of life's pendulum?

And it is as grandmothers that our mothers come into the fullness of their grace. When a man's mother holds his child in her gladdened arms he is aware (with some instinctive sense of propriety) of the roundness of life's cycle; of the mystic harmony of life's ways. There speaks humanity in its chord of three notes; its little capture of completeness and joy, sounding for a moment against the silent flux of time. Then the perfect span is shredded away and is but a holy memory.

The world, as we tread its puzzling paths, shows many profiles and glimpses of wonder and loveliness; many shapes and symbols to entrance and astound. Yet it will offer us nothing more beautiful than our mother's face; no memory more dear than her encircling tenderness. The mountain tops of her love rise as high in ether as any sun-stained alp. Lakes are no deeper and no purer blue than her bottomless charity. We need not fare further than her immortal eyes to know that life is good.

How strangely fragmentary our memories of her are, and yet (when we piece them together) how they erect a comfortable background for all we are and dream. She built the earth about us and arched us over with the sky. She created our world, taught us to dwell therein. The pas-

sion of her love compelled the rude laws of life to stand back while we were soft and helpless. She defied gravity that we might not fall. She set aside hunger, sleep, and fear, that we might have plenty. She tamed her own spirit and crushed her own weakness that we might be strong. And when we passed down the laughing street of childhood and turned that corner that all must pass, it was her hand that waved good-by. Then, smothering the ache, with one look into the secret corner where the old keepsakes lie hid, she set about waiting the day when the long-lost baby would come back anew. The grandchild—is he not her own boy returned to her arms?

Who can lean over a crib at night, marveling upon that infinite innocence and candor swathed in the silk cocoon of childish sleep, without guessing the throb of fierce gentleness that runs in maternal blood? The earth is none too rich in compassion these days; let us be grateful to the mothers for what remains. It was not they who filled the world with spies and quakings. It was not a cabal of mothers that met to decree blood and anguish for the races of men. They know that life is built at too dear a price to be so lathered in corruption and woe. Those who create life, who know its humility, its tender fabric and its infinite price, who have cherished and warmed and fed it, do not lightly cast it into the pit.

Mothers are great in the eyes of their sons because they are knit in our minds with all the littlenesses of life, the unspeakably dear trifles and odds of existence. The other day I found in my desk a little strip of tape on which my name was marked a dozen times in drawing-ink, in my mother's familiar script. My mind ran back to the time when that little band of humble linen was a kind of passport into manhood. It was when I went away from home and she could no longer mark my garments with my name, for the confusion of rapacious laundries. I was to cut off the autographed sections of this tape and sew them on such new vestments as came my way. Of course I did not do so; what boy would be faithful to so feminine a trust? But now the little tape, soiled by a dozen years of wandering, lies in my desk drawer as a symbol and souvenir of that endless forethought and loving kindness.

They love us not wisely but too well, it is sometimes said. Ah, in a world where so many love us not well but too wisely, how tremulously our hearts turn back to bathe in that running river of their love and ceaseless charm!

ROMANCE

SIMEON STRUNSKY

At 5:15 in the afternoon of an exceptionally sultry day in August, John P. Wesley, forty-seven years old, in business at No. 634 East Twenty-sixth Street as a jobber in tools and hardware, was descending the stairs to the downtown platform of the Subway at Twenty-eighth Street, when it occurred to him suddenly how odd it was that he should be going home. His grip tightened on the hand rail and he stopped short in his tracks, his eyes fixed on the ground in pained perplexity. The crowd behind him, thrown back upon itself by this abrupt action, halted only for a moment and flowed on. Cheerful office-boys looked back at him and asked what was the answer. Stout citizens elbowed him aside without apology. But Wesley did not mind. He was asking himself why it was that the end of the day's work should invariably find him descending the stairs to the downtown platform

of the Subway. Was there any reason for doing that, other than habit? He wondered why it would not be just as reasonable to cross the avenue and take an uptown train instead.

Wesley had been taking the downtown train at Twenty-eighth Street at 5:15 in the afternoon ever since there was a Subway. At Brooklyn Bridge he changed to an express and went to the end of the line. At the end of the line there was a boat which took him across the harbor. At the end of the boat ride there was a trolley car which wound its way up the hill and through streets lined with yellow-bricked, easy-payment, two-family houses, out into the open country, where it dropped him at a cross road. At the end of a ten minutes' walk there was a new house of stucco and timber, standing away from the road, its angular lines revealing mingled aspirations toward the Californian bungalow and the English Tudor. In the house lived a tall, slender, gray-haired woman who was Wesley's wife, and two young girls who were her daughters. They always came to the door when his footsteps grated on the garden path, and kissed him welcome. After dinner he went out and watered the lawn, which, after his wife and the girls, he loved most. He plied the hose deliberately, his eye alert for bald patches. Of late the lawn had not been coming on well, because of a scorching sun and the lack of rain. A quiet chat with his wife on matters of domestic economy ushered in the end of a busy day. At the end of the day there was another day just like it.

And now, motionless in the crowd, Wesley was asking whether right to the end of life this succession of days would continue. Why always the south-bound train? He was aware that there were good reasons why. One was the tall gray-haired woman and the two young girls at home who were in the habit of waiting for the sound of his footsteps on the garden path. They were his life. But apparently, too, there must be life along the uptown route of the Interborough. He wanted to run amuck, to board a north-bound train without any destination in mind, and to keep on as far as his heart desired, to the very end perhaps, to Van Cortlandt Park, where they played polo, or the Bronx, where there was a botanical museum and a zoo. Even if he went only as far as Grand Central Station, it would be an act of magnificent daring.

Wesley climbed to the street, crossed Fourth Avenue, descended to the uptown platform, and entered a train without stopping to see whether it was Broadway or Lennox Avenue. Already he was thinking of the three women at home in a remote, objective mood. They would be waiting for him, no doubt, and he was sorry, but what else could he do? He was not his own master. Under the circumstances it was a comfort to know that all three of them were women of poise, not given to making the worst of things, and with enough work on their hands to keep them from worrying overmuch.

Having broken the great habit of his life by taking an uptown train at 5:15, Wesley found it quite natural that his minor habits should fall from him automatically. He did not relax into his seat and lose himself in the evening paper after his usual fashion. He did not look at his paper at all, but at the people about him. He had never seen such men and women before, so fresh-tinted, so outstanding, so electric. He seemed to have opened his eyes on a mass of vivid colors and sharp contours. It was the same sensation he experienced when he used to break his gold-rimmed spectacles, and after he had groped for a day in the mists of

myopia, a new, bright world would leap out at him through the new lenses.

Wesley did not make friends easily. In a crowd he was peculiarly shy. Now he grew garrulous. At first his innate timidity rose up and choked him, but he fought it down. He turned to his neighbor on the right, a thick-set, clean-shaven youth who was painfully studying the comic pictures in his evening newspaper, and remarked, in a style utterly strange to him:

"Looks very much like the Giants had the rag cinched?"

The thick-set young man, whom Wesley imagined to be a butcher's assistant or something of the sort, looked up from his paper and said, "It certainly does seem as if the New York team had established its title to the championship."

Wesley cleared his throat again.

"When it comes to slugging the ball you've got to hand it to them," he said.

"Assuredly," said the young man, folding up his paper with the evident design of continuing the conversation.

Wesley was pleased and frightened. He had tasted another new sensation. He had broken through the frosty reserve of twenty years and had spoken to a stranger after the free and easy manner of men who make friends in Pullman cars and at lunch counters. And the stranger, instead of repulsing him, had admitted him, at the very first attempt, into the fraternity of ordinary people. It was pleasant to be one of the great democracy of the crowd, something which Wesley had never had time to be. But on the other hand, he found the strain of conversation telling upon him. He did not know how to go on.

The stranger went out, but Wesley did not care. He was lost in a delicious reverie, conscious only of being carried forward on free-beating wings into a wonderful, unknown land. The grinding of wheels and brakes as the train halted at a station and pulled out again made a languorous, soothing music. The train clattered out of the tunnel into the open air, and Wesley was but dimly aware of the change from dark to twilight. The way now ran through a region of vague apartment houses. There were trees, stretches of green field waiting for the builder, and here or there a colonial manor house with sheltered windows, resigned to its fate. Then some cottages with gardens. And in one of them Wesley, shocked into acute consciousness, saw a man with a rubber hose watering a lawn. Wesley leaped to his feet.

The train was at a standstill when he awoke to the extraordinary fact that he was twelve miles away from South Ferry, and going in the wrong direction. The imperative need of getting home as soon as he could overwhelmed him. He dashed for the door, but it slid shut in his face and the train pulled out. His fellow passengers grinned. One of the most amusing things in the world is a tardy passenger who tries to fling himself through a car door and flattens his nose against the glass. It is hard to say why the thing is amusing, but it is. Wesley did not know that he was being laughed at. He merely knew that he must go home. He got out at the next station, and when he was seated in a corner of the south-bound train, he sighed with unutterable relief. He was once more in a normal world where trains ran to South Ferry instead of away from it. He dropped off at his road crossing, just two hours late, and found his wife waiting.

They walked on side by side without speaking, but once or twice she turned and caught him staring at her with a peculiar mixture of wonder and unaccustomed tenderness.

Finally he broke out.

"It's good to see you again!"

She laughed and was happy. His voice stirred in her memories of long ago.

"It's good to have you back, dear," she said.

"But you really look remarkably well," he insisted.

"I rested this afternoon."

"That's what you should do every day," he said. "Look at that old maple tree! It hasn't changed a bit!"

"No," she said, and began to wonder.

"And the girls are well?"

"Oh, yes."

"I can hardly wait till I see them," he said; and then, to save himself, "I guess I am getting old, Alice."

"You are younger tonight than you have been for a long time," she said.

Jennie and her sister were waiting for them on the porch. They wondered why father's kiss fell so warmly on their cheeks. He kissed them twice, which was very unusual; but being discreet young women they asked no questions. After dinner Wesley went out to look at the lawn.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Snaring a Boa Constrictor. This selection is taken from William Beebe's *Jungle Peace.* The author is curator of ornithology of the New York Zoölogical Society and director of the British Guiana Zoölogical Station. In his articles and books on animal life in the tropics, Beebe has made natural history intelligible and interesting to the ordinary man, and has at the same time remained true to the facts of science. In this way he is to be compared with John Burroughs.

You will notice from reading the selection given above that Beebe's scientific training has not hampered his ability to write well. The adventure with the tropical snake is told with simple words and in a straightforward manner, and at the same time with vividness. What is the difference between the native's and the American's attitude toward danger?

Some African Gun Bearers. This selection is taken from Theodore Roosevelt's *A Booklover's Holidays in the Open;* it is an account of the big-game hunting expedition Roosevelt and his son Kermit made to Africa after the "Rough Rider" President's term of office expired.

Our Mothers. The author of this essay, after employment with the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger,* became connected in 1920 with the *New York Evening Post,* for which he conducts the column, "The Bowling Green."

"Our Mothers" is one of a number of essays in Mr. Morley's volume *Mince Pie.* The topic is a difficult theme to treat, because the relationship between mother and child is so deep that we cannot endure any note of falseness or insincerity in the expression of it. Notice how Morley has avoided any of the trite phrases that frequently lead to a suspicion of insincerity. His words are full of *sentiment,* but avoid being *sentimental;* what is the difference?

Romance. Simeon Strunsky (born in Russia in 1879) has been an editorial writer for the *New York Evening Post* since 1906, and is the author of several books of delightful essays. It is from one of these, *Post-Impressions,* that the selection in our book is taken.

What is the significance of the title? Where did Mr. Wesley find romance? Do you notice any elements of an O. Henry short story here?

ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY DRAMA

It is not easy to determine the qualities of the dramas produced during the past twenty-five years, because elements other than literary standards enter into the judgment. As dramas are written to be acted upon the stage, shall the critic declare that any play which lasts a long time in the theater is good drama? If this be the only standard, we shall have to call real drama a vast amount of unworthy clap-trap and sentimental sensationalism. On the other hand it will never do to praise highly as drama some production which cannot stand the test of actual performance. From the

literary standpoint we shall have to exclude all those plays which do not reach the level of good novels in their form, intent, style, and character, for when once they pass from the stage no one will care to read them. Such a popular stage piece is *The First Year*. American authors of the highest rank have usually been indisposed to write for the theater, feeling that popular taste is too fickle to be worthy of sincere effort. For a long time an unbridged gap has existed between literature and the stage. Recently hopeful indications have appeared that this gap will be spanned, for in response to an awakening of interest in dramatics everywhere, more serious authors have been induced to attempt the play form. Unfortunately many of these dramas have been no more than attempts, quite sufficient to please small audiences in little theaters or community theaters, but lacking that sense of authority and command of universal emotion which is necessary for impressing the large audience of the commercial theater. Yet there are proofs that if the literary craftsman begins with the small theater, and convinces the world that he has dramatic ability worth regarding, he will forge upward into general appeal and widespread popularity. The United States may witness within the next quarter century a dramatic rebirth.

Experimenting dramatists have seemed forced to choose between the bid for popularity and the attainment of literary distinction. To preserve the latter, many have imitated masterpieces of the past, adding to tried forms merely newer details of treatments. Social drama has furnished most of the specimens of this kind of play, such as Miss Rachel Crothers's *Nice People*.

Many of the successful dramatists (judged by both literary and production standards) have been in the main producers of fiction. Their dramas generally reproduce plots and ideas which might have been treated in novels; in fact, many of their successful plays are dramatizations of already popular fiction. Booth Tarkington turned both his delightful boys' books, *Penrod* and *Seventeen*, into plays. More recently he has felt greater assurance, and has placed his plays directly upon the stage. He has a power of delineating boys and girls at all ages of their 'teens, and the ability to make commonplace settings and characters seem unusual and humorous, such as an applicant for a position in an office, a sister and a brother speaking disagreeable truths to each other, a middle-aged man annoyed by the over-gushing talk of a citified caller. If at times the plots are rather thin, one is willing to make allowances because of the other details which please while they are being acted.

As small town life engrosses the attention of many novelists, it is quite natural to find its citizens brought to life upon the stage. Not many plays of this kind are both dramatic and literary. One, however, deserves mention. It is *Miss Lulu Bett*, made from the novel of the same title by Zona Gale. What Sinclair Lewis did in his *Main Street* for one side of small town existence, Miss Gale has done here for another. The published play affords an interesting comparative study with the novel.

A few dramatists, usually with varying success, attempt in dramatic form the larger problems of life and destiny. Susan Glaspell in *Bernice*, *The Verge*, and *Inheritors*, has pleased the critical few, but has not yet won general approval. Eugene O'Neill, on the other hand, beginning in the same small way in the same cramped theater with amateur lovers of the unusual in plays, has been accepted by regular producers, and now has several successes and long runs to justify his ideals and originality. Among his best plays are *Emperor Jones*, *The Straw*, *Beyond the Horizon*, and *The Hairy Ape*.

A RECENT DRAMA

WHERE BUT IN AMERICA*

OSCAR M. WOLFF

CAST

MRS. ESPENHAYNE
MR. ESPENHAYNE
HILDA

SCENE: *The Espenhayne dining-room.*

The curtain rises on the Espenhayne dining-room. It is furnished with modest taste and refinement. There is a door, center, leading to the living-room, and a swinging door, left, leading to the kitchen.

The table is set, and ROBERT *and* MOLLIE ESPENHAYNE *are discovered at their evening meal. They are educated, well-bred young Americans.* ROBERT *is a pleasing, energetic business man of thirty;* MOLLIE *an attractive woman of twenty-five. The bouillon cups are before them as the curtain rises.*

BOB. Mollie, I heard from the man who owns that house in Kenilworth. He wants to sell the house. He won't rent.

MOLLIE. I really don't care, Bob. That house was too far from the station, and it had only one sleeping-porch, and you know I want white-enameled woodwork in the bedrooms. But, Bob, I've been terribly stupid!

BOB. How so, Mollie?

MOLLIE. You remember the Russells moved to Highland Park last spring?

BOB. Yes; Ed Russell rented a house that had just been built.

MOLLIE. A perfectly darling little house! And Fanny Russell once told me that the man who built it will put up a house for anyone who will take a five-year lease. And she says that the man is very competent and they are simply delighted with their place.

BOB. Why don't we get in touch with the man?

MOLLIE. Wasn't it stupid of me not to think about it? It just flashed into my mind this morning, and I sat down at once and sent a special-delivery letter to Fanny Russell. I asked her to tell me his name at once, and where we can find him.

BOB. Good! You ought to have an answer by tomorrow or Thursday and we'll go up north and have a talk with him on Saturday.

MOLLIE. [*With enthusiasm.*] Wouldn't it be wonderful if he'd build just what we want! Fanny Russell says every detail of their house is perfect. Even the garage; they use it—

BOB. [*Interrupting.*] Mollie, that's the one thing I'm afraid of about the North Shore plan. I've said repeatedly that I don't want to buy a car for another year or two. But here you are, talking about a garage already.

MOLLIE. But you didn't let me finish what I was saying. The Russells have fitted up their garage as a playroom for the children. If we had a garage we could do the same thing.

BOB. Well, let's keep temptation behind us and not even talk to the man about a garage. If we move up north it must be on an economy basis for a few years; just a halfway step between the apartment and the house we used to plan. You mustn't get your heart set on a car.

MOLLIE. I haven't even thought of one, dear. [BOB *and* MOLLIE *have now both finished the bouillon course and lay down their spoons. Reaching out her hand to touch the table button, and at the same time leaning across the table and speaking very impressively.*] Bob, I'm about to ring for Hilda!

BOB. What of it?

MOLLIE. [*Decidedly and with a touch of impatience.*] You know very well, what of it. I don't want Hilda to hear us say *one* word about moving away from the South Side!

BOB. [*Protesting.*] But, Mollie—

MOLLIE. [*Interrupting hurriedly and holding her finger to her lips in warning.*] Psst!

*Copyright, 1917, by Oscar M. Wolff. All rights reserved. First printed in *Smart Set*.
Application for the right to perform "Where but in America" must be made to Oscar M. Wolff, 105 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

[*The next instant* HILDA *enters, left. She is a tall, blond Swedish girl, about twenty-five years old. She is very pretty and carries herself well and looks particularly charming in a maid's dress, with white collars and cuffs and a dainty waitress's apron. Every detail of her dress is immaculate.*

MOLLIE. [*Speaking the instant that* HILDA *appears and talking very rapidly all the time that* HILDA *remains in the room. While she speaks* MOLLIE *watches* HILDA *rather than* ROBERT, *whom she pretends to be addressing.*] In the last game Gert Jones was my partner. It was frame apiece and I dealt and I bid one no trump. I had a very weak no trump. I'll admit that, but I didn't want them to win the rubber. Mrs. Stone bid two spades and Gert Jones doubled her. Mrs. Green passed and I simply couldn't go to three of anything. Mrs. Stone played two spades, doubled, and she made them. Of course, that put them out and gave them the rubber. I think that was a very foolish double of Gert Jones, and then she said it was my fault, because I bid one no trump.

[*As* MOLLIE *begins her flow of words* BOB *first looks at her in open-mouthed astonishment. Then as he gradually comprehends that* MOLLIE *is merely talking against time he too turns his eyes to* HILDA *and watches her closely in her movements around the table. Meanwhile* HILDA *moves quietly and quickly and pays no attention to anything except the work she has in hand. She carries a small serving-tray, and, as* MOLLIE *speaks,* HILDA *first takes the bouillon cups from the table, then brings the carving-knife and fork from the sideboard and places them before* ROBERT, *and then, with the empty bouillon cups, exits left.* BOB *and* MOLLIE *are both watching* HILDA *as she goes out. The instant the door swings shut behind her,* MOLLIE *relaxes with a sigh, and* ROBERT *leans across the table to speak.*

BOB. Mollie, why not be sensible about this thing! Have a talk with Hilda and find out if she will move north with us.

MOLLIE. That's just like a man! Then we might not find a house to please us and Hilda would be dissatisfied and suspicious. She might even leave. [*Thoughtfully.*] Of course, I must speak to her before we sign a lease, because I really don't know what I'd do if Hilda refused to leave the South Side. [*More cheerfully.*] But there! we won't think about the disagreeable things until everything is settled.

BOB. That's good American doctrine.

MOLLIE. [*Warningly and again touching her finger to her lips.*] Psst!

[HILDA *enters, left, carrying the meat plates with a heavy napkin under them.*

MOLLIE. [*Immediately resuming her monologue.*] I think my last year's hat will do very nicely. You know it rained all last summer and I really only wore the hat half a dozen times. Perhaps not that often. I can make a few changes on it; put on some new ribbons, you know, and it will do very nicely for another year. You remember that hat, don't you, dear? [BOB *starts to answer, but* MOLLIE *rushes right on.*] Of course you do, you remember you said it was so becoming. That's another reason why I want to wear it this summer.

[HILDA, *meanwhile, puts the plates on the table in front of* BOB, *and goes out, left.* MOLLIE *at once stops speaking.*

BOB. [*Holding his hands over the plates as over a fire and rubbing them together in genial warmth.*] Ah, the good hot plates! She never forgets them. She *is* a gem, Mollie.

MOLLIE. [*In great self-satisfaction.*] If you are finally convinced of that, after three years, I wish you would be a little bit more careful what you say the next time Hilda comes in the room.

BOB. [*In open-mouthed astonishment.*] What!

MOLLIE. Well, I don't want Hilda to think we are making plans behind her back.

BOB. [*Reflectively.*] "A man's home is his castle." [*Pauses.*] It's very evident that the Englishman who first said that didn't keep any servants.

[*Telephone bell rings off stage.*

MOLLIE. Answer that, Bob.

BOB. Won't Hilda answer it?

MOLLIE. [*Standing up quickly and speaking impatiently.*] Very well, I shall answer it myself. I can't ask Hilda to run to the telephone while she is serving the meal.

BOB. [*Sullenly, as he gets up.*] All right! All right!

[BOB *exits, center. As he does so* HILDA *appears at the doors, left, hurrying to answer the telephone.*

MOLLIE. Mr. Espenhayne will answer it, Hilda.

[HILDA *makes the slightest possible bow of acquiescence, withdraws left, and in a moment reappears with vegetable dishes and small side dishes, which she puts before* MRS. ESPENHAYNE. *She is arranging these when* BOB *reënters, center.*

BOB. Somebody for you, Hilda.

HILDA. [*Surprised.*] For me? Oh! But I cannot answer eet now. Please ask the party to call later.

[HILDA *speaks excellent English, but with some Swedish accent. The noticeable feature of her speech is the precision and great care with which she enunciates every syllable.*

MOLLIE. Just take the number yourself, Hilda, and tell the party you will call back after dinner.

HILDA. Thank you, Messes Aispenhayne.

[HILDA *exits, center.* BOB *stands watching* HILDA, *as she leaves the room, and then turns and looks at* MOLLIE *with a bewildered expression.*

BOB. [*Standing at his chair.*] But I thought Hilda couldn't be running to the telephone while she is serving the dinner?

MOLLIE. But this call is for Hilda, herself. That's quite different, you see.

BOB. [*Slowly and thoughtfully.*] Oh, yes! Of course; I see! [*Sits down in his chair.*] That is—I don't quite see!

MOLLIE. [*Immediately leaning across the table and speaking in a cautious whisper.*] Do you know who it is?

[BOB *closes his lips very tightly and nods yes in a very important manner.*

MOLLIE. [*In the same whisper and very impatiently.*] Who?

BOB. [*Looking around the room as if to see if anyone is in hiding, and then putting his hand to his mouth and exaggerating the whisper.*] The Terrible Swede.

MOLLIE. [*In her ordinary tone and very much exasperated.*] Robert, I've told you a hundred times that you shouldn't refer to—to—the man in that way.

BOB. And I've told you a hundred times to ask Hilda his name. If I knew his name I'd announce him with as much ceremony as if he were the Swedish Ambassador.

MOLLIE. [*Disgusted.*] Oh, don't try to be funny! Suppose some day Hilda hears you speak of him in that manner?

BOB. You know that's mild compared to what you think of him. Suppose some day Hilda learns what you think of him?

MOLLIE. I think very well of him and you know it. Of course, I dread the time when she marries him, but I wouldn't for the world have her think that we speak disrespectfully of her or her friends.

[MOLLIE *and* BOB *sit back in their chairs to await* HILDA'S *return. Both sit with fingers interlaced, hands resting on the edge of the table in the attitude of school children at attention. A long pause.* MOLLIE *unclasps her hands and shifts uneasily.* ROBERT *does the same.* MOLLIE, *seeing this, hastily resumes her former attitude of quiet waiting.* ROBERT, *however, grows increasingly restless. His restlessness makes* MOLLIE *nervous and she watches* ROBERT, *and when he is not observing her she darts quick, anxious glances at the door, center.* BOB *drains and refills his glass.*

MOLLIE. [*She has been watching* ROBERT *and every time he shifts or moves she unconsciously does the same, and finally she breaks out nervously.*] I don't understand this at all! Isn't today Tuesday?

BOB. What of it?

MOLLIE. He usually calls up on Wednesdays and comes to see her on Saturdays.

BOB. And takes her to the theater on Thursdays and to dances on Sundays. He's merely extending his line of attack.

[*Another long pause—then Bob begins to experiment to learn whether the plates are still hot. He gingerly touches the edges of the upper plate in two or three places. It seems safe to handle. He takes hold of upper and lower plates boldly, muttering, as he does so, "Cold as—" Drops the plates with a clatter. Shakes his fingers and blows on them. Meanwhile* MOLLIE *sitting very rigid, regarding* BOB *with a fixed stare and beating a vigorous tattoo on the tablecloth with her fingers. Bob catches her eye and cringes under her gaze. He drains and refills his glass. He studies the walls and the ceiling of the room, meanwhile still nursing his fingers.* BOB *steals a sidelong glance at* MOLLIE. *She is still staring at him. He then turns his attention to the silverware and cutlery before him. He examines it critically, then lays a teaspoon carefully on the cloth before him, and attempts the trick of picking it up with the first finger in the bowl and the thumb at the point of the handle. After one or two attempts the spoon shoots on the floor, far behind him.* MOLLIE *jumps at the noise.* BOB *turns slowly and looks at the spoon with an injured air, then turns back to* MOLLIE *with a silly, vacuous smile. He now lays all the remaining cutlery in a straight row before him.*

BOB. [*Slowly counting the cutlery and silver, back and forth.*] Eeny, meeny, miney, mo. Catch a— [*Stops suddenly as an idea comes to him. Gazes thoughtfully at* MOLLIE *for a moment, then begins to count over again.*] Eeny, meeny, miney, mo; Hilda's talking to her beau. If we holler, she may go. Eeny, mee—

MOLLIE. [*Interrupting and exasperated to the verge of tears.*] Bob, if you don't stop all that nonsense, I shall scream! [*In a very tense tone.*] I believe I'm going to have one of my sick headaches! [*Puts her hand to her forehead.*] I know it; I can feel it coming on!

BOB. [*In a soothing tone.*] Hunger, my dear, hunger! When you have a good warm meal you'll feel better.

MOLLIE. [*In despair.*] What do you suppose I ought to do?

BOB. Go out in the kitchen and fry a couple of eggs.

MOLLIE. Oh! be serious! I'm at my wits' end! Hilda never did anything like this before.

BOB. [*Suddenly quite serious.*] What does that fellow do for a living, anyhow?

MOLLIE. How should I know?

BOB. Didn't you ever ask Hilda?

MOLLIE. Certainly not. Hilda doesn't ask me about your business; why should I pry into her affairs?

BOB. [*Taking out his cigarette case and lighting a cigarette.*] Mollie, I see you're strong for the Constitution of the United States.

MOLLIE. [*Suspiciously.*] What do you mean by that?

BOB. The Constitution says: "Whereas it is self-evident truth that all men are born equal"—[*With a wave of the hand.*] Hilda and you, and the Terrible Swede and I and—

MOLLIE. [*Interrupting.*] Bob, you're such a *heathen! That's not in the Constitution.* That's in the Bible!

BOB. Well, wherever it is, until this evening I never realized what a personage Hilda is.

MOLLIE. You can make fun of me all you please, but I know what's right! Your remarks don't influence me in the least—not in the least!

BOB. [*Murmurs thoughtfully and feelingly.*] How true! [*Abruptly.*] Why don't they get married? Do you know that?

MOLLIE. All I know is that they are waiting until his business is entirely successful, so that Hilda won't have to work.

BOB. Well, the Swedes are pretty careful of their money. The chances are Hilda has a neat little nest-egg laid by.

MOLLIE. [*Hesitating and doubtfully.*] That's one thing that worries me a little. I think Hilda puts money—into—into—into—the young man's business.

BOB. [*Indignantly.*] Do you mean to tell me that this girl gives her money to

that fellow and you don't try to find out a thing about him? Who is he or what he does? I suppose she supports the loafer.

MOLLIE. [*With dignity.*] He's not a loafer. I've seen him and I've talked with him, and I know he's a gentleman.

BOB. Mollie, I'm getting tired of all that kind of drivel. I believe nowadays women give a good deal more thought to pleasing their maids than they do to pleasing their husbands.

MOLLIE. [*Demurely.*] Well, you know, Bob, your maid can leave you much easier than your husband can—[*pauses thoughtfully*] and I'm sure she's much harder to replace.

BOB. [*Very angry, looking at his watch, throwing his napkin on the table and standing up.*] Mollie, our dinner has been interrupted for fifteen minutes while Hilda entertains her [*with sarcasm*] gentleman friend. If you don't stop it, I will. [*Steps toward the door, center.*]

MOLLIE. [*Sternly, pointing to* BOB'S *chair.*] Robert, sit down!

[BOB *pauses, momentarily, and at the instant* HILDA *enters, center, meeting* BOB, *face to face. Both are startled.* BOB, *in a surly manner, walks back to his place at the table.* HILDA *follows, excited and eager.* BOB *sits down and* HILDA *stands for a moment at the table, smiling from one to the other and evidently anxious to say something.* BOB *and* MOLLIE *are severe and unfriendly. They gaze at* HILDA *coldly. Slowly* HILDA'S *enthusiasm cools, and she becomes again the impassive servant.*

HILDA. Aixcuse me, Meeses Aispenhayne, I am very sorry. I bring the dinner right in. [*Hilda exits left.*]

BOB. It's all nonsense. [*Touches the plates again, but this time even more cautiously than before. This time he finds they are entirely safe to handle.*] These plates are stone cold now.

[HILDA *enters, left, with meat platter. Places it before* BOB. *He serves the meat and* MOLLIE *starts to serve the vegetables.* HILDA *hands* MOLLIE *her meat plate.*

MOLLIE. Vegetables? [BOB *is chewing on his meat and does not answer.* MOLLIE *looks at him inquiringly. But his eyes are on his plate. Repeating.*] Vegetables? [*Still no answer from* BOB. *Very softly, under her breath.*] H'mm.

[MOLLIE *helps herself to vegetables and then dishes out a portion, which she hands to* HILDA, *who in turn places the dish beside* BOB. *When both are served* HILDA *stands for a moment back of the table. She clasps and unclasps her hands in a nervous manner, seems about to speak, but as* BOB *and* MOLLIE *pay no attention to her she slowly and reluctantly turns, and exits left.* MOLLIE *takes one or two bits of the meat and then gives a quick glance at* BOB. *He is busy chewing at his meat, and* MOLLIE *quietly lays down her knife and fork and turns to the vegetables.*

BOB. [*Takes one or two hard bites.*] Mollie, I have an idea.

MOLLIE. I'm relieved.

BOB. [*Savagely.*] Yes, you will be when you hear it. When we get that builder's name from Fanny Russell, we'll tell him that instead of a garage, which we don't need, he can build a special telephone booth off the kitchen. Then while Hilda serves the dinner—

[BOB *stops short, as* HILDA *bursts in abruptly, left, and comes to the table.*

HILDA. Aixcuse, Meeses Aispenhayne, I am so excited.

MOLLIE. [*Anxiously.*] Is anything wrong, Hilda?

Hilda. [*Explosively.*] Meeses Aispenhayne, Meester Leendquist he say you want to move to Highland Park.

[BOB *and* MOLLIE *simultaneously drop their knives and forks and look at* HILDA *in astonishment and wonder.*

MOLLIE. What?

BOB. Who?

HILDA. [*Repeats very rapidly.*] Meester Leendquist, he say you look for house on North Shore!

MOLLIE. [*Utterly overcome at* HILDA'S *knowledge and at a loss for words of denial.*] We move to the North Shore? How ridiculous! Hilda, where did you get such an idea? [*Turns to* ROBERT.] Robert, did you ever hear of anything so laughable?

[*She forces a strained laugh.*] Ha! Ha! Ha! [*Robert has been looking at* HILDA *in dumb wonder. At* MOLLIE'S *question he turns to her in startled surprise. He starts to answer, gulps, swallows hard, and then coughs violently. Very sharply, after waiting a moment for* BOB *to answer.*] Robert Espenhayne, will you stop that coughing and answer me!

BOB. [*Between coughs, and drinking a glass of water.*] Egh! Egh! Excuse me! Something, eh! egh! stuck in my throat.

MOLLIE. [*Turning to* HILDA.] Some day we might want to move north, Hilda, but not now! Oh, no, not now!

BOB. Who told you that, Hilda?

HILDA. Meester Leendquist.

MOLLIE. [*Puzzled.*] Who is Mr. Lindquist?

HILDA. [*Surprised.*] Meester Leendquist— [*Pauses, a trifle embarrassed.*] Meester Leendquist ees young man who just speak to me on telephone. He come to see me every Saturday.

BOB. Oh, Mr. Lindquist, the—the—Ter—

MOLLIE. [*Interrupting frantically, and waving her hands at* BOB.] Yes, yes, of course. You know—Mr. Lindquist! [BOB *catches himself just in time and* MOLLIE *settles back with a sigh of relief, then turns to* HILDA *with a puzzled air.*] But where did Mr. Lindquist get such an idea?

HILDA. Mrs. Russell tell heem so.

MOLLIE. [*Now entirely bewildered.*] What Mrs. Russell?

HILDA. Meeses Russell—your friend.

MOLLIE. [*More and more at sea.*] Mrs. Edwin Russell, who comes to see me—every now and then?

HILDA. Yes.

MOLLIE. But how does Mrs. Russell know Mr. Lindquist and why should she tell Mr. Lindquist that we expected to move to the North Shore?

HILDA. Meester Leendquist, he build Meeses Russell's house. That ees hees business. He build houses on North Shore and he sell them and rent them.

[BOB *and* MOLLIE *look at each other and at* HILDA *in wonder and astonishment as the situation slowly filters into their brains. A long pause.*]

BOB. [*In awe and astonishment.*] You mean that Mr. Lindquist, the young man who comes to see you every—every—every now and then—is the same man who put up the Russell house?

HILDA. Yes, Meester Aispenhayne.

BOB. [*Slowly.*] And when Mrs. Espenhayne [*points to* MOLLIE] wrote to Mrs. Russell [*jerks his thumb to indicate the north*], Mrs. Russell told Mr. Lindquist [*jerks his thumb in the opposite direction*] and Mr. Lindquist telephoned to you? [*Points to* HILDA.]

HILDA. Yes, Meester Aispenhayne. [*Nodding.*]

BOB. [*Very thoughtfully and slowly.*] H'mm! [*Then slowly resuming his meal and speaking in mock seriousness, in subtle jest at* MOLLIE, *and imitating her tone of a moment or two back.*] But of course, you understand, Hilda, we don't want to move to the North Shore now! Oh, no, not now!

HILDA. [*Somewhat crestfallen.*] Yes, Meester Aispenhayne.

BOB. [*Reflectively.*] But, of course, if Mr. Lindquist builds houses we might look. Yes, we might look.

HILDA. [*In growing confidence and enthusiasm.*] Yes, Meester Aispenhayne, and he build such beautiful houses and so cheap. He do so much heemself. Hees father was carpenter and he work hees way through Uneeversity of Mennesota and study architecture and then he go to Uneeversity of Eelenois and study landscape and gardening and now he been in business for heemself sex years. And oh, Meeses Aispenhayne, you must sees hees own home! You will love eet, eet ees so beautiful. A little house, far back from the road. You can hardly see eet for the trees and the shrubs, and een the summer the roses grow all around eet. Eet is just like a picture book!

MOLLIE. [*In the most perfunctory tone, utterly without interest or enthusiasm.*] How charming! [*Pauses thoughtfully, then turns to* HILDA, *anxiously.*] Then I suppose, Hilda, if we should decide to move up to the North Shore you would go with us?

HILDA. [*Hesitatingly.*] Yes, Meeses Aispenhayne. [*Pauses.*] But I theenk I must tell you thees spring Meester Leend-

quist and I aixpect to get married. Meester Leendquist's business ees very good. [*With a quick smile and a glance from one to the other.*] You know, I am partner with heem. I put all my money een Meester Leendquist's business too.

[MOLLIE *and* BOB *gaze at each other in complete resignation and surrender.*

BOB. [*Quite seriously after a long pause.*] Hilda, I don't know whether we will move north or not, but the next time Mr. Lindquist comes here I want you to introduce me to him. I'd like to know him. You ought to be very proud of a man like that.

HILDA. [*Radiant with pleasure.*] Thank you, Meester Aispenhayne.

MOLLIE. Yes, indeed, Hilda, Mr. Espenhayne has often said what a fine young man Mr. Lindquist seems to be. We want to meet him, and Mr. Espenhayne and I will talk about the house, and then we will speak to Mr. Lindquist. [*Then weakly.*] Of course, we didn't expect to move north for a long time, but, of course, if you expect to get married, and Mr. Lindquist builds houses— [*Her voice dies out. Long pause.*]

HILDA. Thank you, Meeses Aispenhayne, I tell Mr. Leendquist.

[HILDA *stands at the table a moment longer, then slowly turns and moves toward door, left.* BOB *and* MOLLIE *watch her and as she moves away from the table* BOB *turns to* MOLLIE. *At this moment* HILDA *stops, turns suddenly, and returns to the table.*

HILDA. Oh, Meeses Aispenhayne, I forget one theeng!

MOLLIE. What now, Hilda?

HILDA. Meester Leendquist say eef you and Meester Aispenhayne want to look at property on North Shore, I shall let heem know and he meet you at station weeth hees automobile.

CURTAIN

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Is the representation of the social relations in America which this play gives true to life? What effect is produced by the added touch of the automobile at the end? Do you think that the play would act well?

2. Could this play be changed into a short story? What characteristics of the short story do you see in it? If written as a short story, what use would be made of the stage directions? Can you think of details that would be useful in a short story but are not given in the dramatic form?

Theme Topic. Find in a current magazine a short story that you think might be converted into a one-act play. Write a part or all of it in dramatic form.

Library Reading. Increase your knowledge of modern drama by reading some other plays in the library. Two good collections are: *Modern American Plays*, Baker; and *Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors*, Mayorga.

INDEX OF TOPICS AND SPECIAL TERMS

Alexandrine, 19 (note).
Anapestic, 80 (note).
Autobiography, 424, 602.

Ballad, 9, 428, 504 (note), 505, 586. See Stories in Verse.
Blank verse, 40 (note), 67, 358, 359.
Burlesque, 2, 514.

Cæsura, 359.
Color, local, see Local Color.
Comedy, 355-358.

Dialect, 312 (note), 537 (note), 582.
Diaries, 412, 414.
Diction, 590.
Drama, 351-364, 613.
  social, 613.

Epic, 40, 68 (note), 83, 427, 505.
Essay, 537, 538, 602.
  contemporary, 602.
  defined, 537-538.
Exposition, 257, 361.
  defined, 361.
  of play or story, 257 (note).

Fable, 83, 525.
Fatalism, 68.
Folklore, 73, 450, 582.
  Harris's use of, 582.
  Irving's use of, 450.
  "Tam O'Shanter" as example of, 73
Free verse, 589, 590.
  irregular meter in, 589.
  subject matter of, 589.

Hexameter, 505.
History, 83, 421.
  as prose story, 83.
  ecclesiastical, 421.
Homeric verse, 67.

Iambic, iambic pentameter, iambus, 4, 80, 359.
Idyl, 504, 505, 537.
Irony, 537.

Letters, 412, 414, 426.
Literature, 117, 479, 480
  defined, 117.
  purpose of, 479-480.
  realistic, 137.
  romantic, 137.
Local color, 582.

Lyric, 428, 477, 505, 524, 562, 568-569, 586, 587, 591.

Metaphor, 40.
Meter, 575, 589, 590, 591.
Monologue, dramatic, 40, 80 (note).

Narrative, verse, 525 (see Stories in Verse).
Novel, 11, 83, 84, 263.

Octave, 4, 512.
Ode, 524.
Onomatopœia, 277.
Oratory, 425.

Pageant, 352.
Pamphlets, political, 425.
Parable, 83.
Pastoral, 363-364.
Pentameter, 359.
Plays, kinds of, 352.
Plot, 138, 264, 360, 361.
  main, 138, 361.
  sub-, 138, 361.
Poetry, 427, 428, 505, 524, 562, 567, 568-569, 586, 587, 589-591.
  lyric, see Lyric.
  mock-heroic, 427.
  narrative, 505.
  the new, 589-591.
Proem, 503.
Pronunciation, 359.
Pyrrhic, 359.

Realism, 84, 137, 583-585, 590, 601-602.
Regionalism, 312, 580.
Rhythm, 359, 575-576, 589, 590.
Rime, absence of, 575-576, 589, 590.
Rime-scheme, 19.
Romance, 2, 9, 10, 11, 19, 38, 52, 83, 85, 137, 357, 450, 525, 582, 583, 585.
  burlesque, 450.
  defined, 10.
  hero of, 2, 10.
  historical, 85, 467-468.
  metrical, 9, 10, 19, 52.
  plot of, 10, 19.
  prose, 10.
  subjects of, 10.

Saga, 9.
Satire, 428, 524.
  verse, 524.
Sestet, 4, 513.

Setting, 264, 360.
Short Story, 83-84, 263-264, 584-585, 601.
  climax, 264.
  plot, 264.
  realistic, 83.
  romantic, 83.
Simile, 68.
Sonnet, 3-4, 512.
Spondee, 359.
Stanza, 19, 575, 589.
  lack of, 589.
  Spenserian, 19 (note).
Stories in prose, 9-11, 83-84.
Stories in verse, 83-84, 505, 524.
Story, mystery, 523.
Stress, 19, 589, 591.
Strophe, 589.

Tale, 263, 505-506.
  narrative, 505-506.
Transcendentalism, 480-481.
Trochaic, 359, 505.
Trochee, 359.

Vers de société, 515.
Verse,
  dialect, 525.
  narrative, 524.
  radical, 591.
  rimed, 358.
  romantic, 38.
  satire, 427, 524.

GENERAL INDEX

Abdullah, Achmed, 601
Address in Independence Hall, 549
America, 594
Anderson, Sherwood, 602
Annabel Lee, 554
Antin, Mary, 602
Antiquity of Freedom, The, 476
Arnold, Matthew, 11, 67, 68, 482
his style, 67; use of blank verse, 67. Selection: Sohrab and Rustum, 53
Arsenal at Springfield, The, 510
Aspects of the Pines, 572
As Toilsome I Wandered, 577
As You Like It, 365
Atalanta's Race, 40
At Magnolia Cemetery, 570
Autobiography, The, from, 430
Autocrat, The, from, 517
Autumn Woods, 471
Bancroft, George, 539
Barlow, Joel, 427
Barrie, James M., 312
biographical data, 312; dialect in his stories, 312. Selection: How Gavin Birse Put It to Mag Lownie, 308
Battlefield, The, 477
Bay Psalm Book, The, 419, 427
Beat! Beat! Drums! 576
Beebe, William, 612
Selection: Snaring a Boa Constrictor, 603
Bercovici, Konrad, 601
Birches, 595
Bok, Edward, 602
Bradford, William, 418-419
Bradstreet, Anne, 419-420, 537
Brown, Alice, 601
Brown, Charles Brockden, 429, 505
Bryant, William Cullen, 412, 449, 469-471, 480, 488, 503, 512, 513, 562, 568, 573, 579
biographical data, 469-471; compared with Burns, 470; his love of Nature, 470; as a translator, 470. Selections: Autumn Woods, 471; Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood, 472; Green River, 472; June, 473; A Forest Hymn, 474; The Antiquity of Freedom, 476; The Battlefield, 477.
Burns, Robert, 11, 73, 470, 498, 537
Selection: Tam o'Shanter, 69
Burroughs, John, 602, 612
Byrd, William, 414, 416-418
extract from his writings, 417
Byron, Lord, 4, 11, 20, 24, 38, 411
biographical data, 24. Selections: Sonnet on Chillon; The Prisoner of Chillon, 20
Cable, George W., 582, 584
Calhoun, John C., 479, 546
Cawein, Madison, 587
Chicago, 591
Children, 511
Christmas, 462
Churchill, Winston, 585
City in the Sea, The, 557
Clay, Henry, 479, 546
Cobb, Irvin, 601
Coliseum, The, 557
Compact, The Mayflower, 413
Conquered Banner, The, 573
Cooper, James Fenimore, 83, 412, 429, 449, 466-468, 480, 505, 545, 568.
biographical data, 466-468; as a writer of novels, 467; as interpreter of the new West, 467; his style, 468; elements of romance in his works, 468
Courtin', The, 527
Crothers, Rachel, 613
Declaration of Independence, The, 440
Dedication to Songs of Labor, 500
Dialogue Between Franklin and the Gout, 436
Dobie, Charles C., 601
Doyle, A. Conan, 307
Selection: The Red-Headed League, 292
Dr. Heidegger's Experiment, 128
Drake, Joseph Rodman, 468-469
Drowne's Wooden Image, 120
Dwight, Timothy, 427
Each and All, 486
Edwards, Jonathan, 421-422, 427, 429, 480
qualities of his writings, 422; quotation from, 422
Eggleston, Edward, 581
Eldorado, 558
Eliot, George, 6, 83, 84, 137-138, 312, 411, 583
biographical data, 137-138; as portrayer of character, 138; as a realist, 138. Selection: Silas Marner, 139
Eliot, John, 421
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 412, 449, 470, 479, 480, 480-482, 488, 489, 490, 503, 513, 551
biographical data, 480-483; his definition of the scholar, 481-482; as a transcendentalist, 480-481; his definition of the poet, 482; as an essayist, 482; as a Nature poet, 482. Selections: From the Essay on Friendship, 483; Forbearance, 485; The Past, 485; Each and All, 486; Woodnotes I, 486
Endymion, 507
Enoch Arden, 25
Essay on Friendship, The, from, 483
Evening Song, 565

Eve of St. Agnes, The, 13
Everett, Edward, 546, 548
Fable for Critics, A, from, 529
Falconer of God, The, 599
Fall of the House of Usher, The, 265
Farewell to the Army, from, 441
Federalist, The, 426, 447, 448
Fiddler Jones, 594
Field, Eugene, 586
Forbearance, 485
Ford, Paul Leicester, 585
Forest Hymn, A, 474
For You, O Democracy, 576
Franklin, Benjamin, 421, 423-424, 425, 446
biographical data, 423-425; his style, 424. Selections: From the Autobiography, 430; Dialogue with the Gout, 436
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins, 584, 585
Freneau, Philip, 428, 429
biographical data, 428, 447. Selections: To the Memory of the Brave Americans, 444; The Indian Burying Ground, 445; To a Katydid, 445; The Wild Honeysuckle, 446
Frost, Robert, 590
Gale, Zona, 613
Garland, Hamlin, 583-584, 585
Garrison, William Lloyd, 479
Gerould, Katharine Fullerton, 601
Glaspell, Susan, 613
Godfrey, Thomas, 428-429
Good Word for Winter, A, from, 534
Green River, 472
Halleck, Fitz-Greene, 468, 469
Hamilton, Alexander, 426, 447
Selection: The Value of the Union, 442
Harbor, The, 592
Hardy, Thomas, 339
biographical data, 339. Selection: The Three Strangers, 324
Hare Drummer, 594
Harris, Joel Chandler, 582
Harte, Bret, 580, 585
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 84, 117-118, 118-119, 137, 263, 411, 412, 414, 418, 419, 429, 481, 488, 495-498, 505, 511, 513, 523, 552
biographical data, 117-118; 495-497; as a romanticist, 84; his style, 118; use of short story, 118-119, 263; contrasted with Scott, 117-119; as writer of fiction, 495; the Brook Farm experiment, 495; as interpreter of Puritan New England, 497; his themes, 497; as writer of romances, 118. Selections: Drowne's Wooden Image, 120; Dr. Heidegger's Experiment, 128
Hawthorne (Longfellow), 511
Hay, John, 581
Hayne, Paul Hamilton, 569
biographical data, 569. Selections: The Mocking Birds, 571; In Harbor, 572; Aspects of the Pines, 572
Hayne, Robert Y., 546
Henry, O., 348, 584-585, 612
biographical data, 348, 584; characteristics of his short stories, 584-585; his themes, 348; as writer of the short story, 348. Selection: The Third Ingredient, 340.
Henry, Patrick, 413, 425, 546
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 480, 514, 523, 537
biographical data, 514-515; as writer of *vers de société*, 515. Selections: My Aunt, 515; The Last Leaf, 516; The Old Man Dreams, 516; The Living Temple, 517; From The Autocrat, 517
Homer, 10, 11, 39, 40, 67, 68, 470, 576
Hopkinson, Francis, 428
Hopkinson, Joseph, 428
Hotel, The, 592
Hovey, Richard, 587
How Gavin Birse Put It to Mag Lownie, 308
Hughes, Rupert, 601
Hurst, Fanny, 601
Hymn to the Night, 506
Ichabod, 503
I Know Not Why, 571
In an Office Building, 592
Indian Burying Ground, The, 445
In Harbor, 572
In School-Days, 501
Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood, 472
Irving, Washington, 73, 263, 412, 414, 449-451, 466, 468, 480, 497, 523, 526, 538, 551
biographical data, 449-451; his humor, 449, 450; patriotism in his works, 451; as a writer of legends, 450; as a writer of history, 450, 451. Selections: From A History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker, 451; From Life of Washington, 458; Christmas, 462
Israfel, 556
Japanese Wood-Carving, A, 596
Jay, John, 426
Jefferson, Thomas, 413, 426, 447, 546
biographical data, 426. Selection: The Declaration of Independence, 440
Jewett, Sarah Orne, 582
Johnston, Mary, 585
Joy, Shipmate, Joy! 578
June, 473
Keats, John, 3, 4, 6, 11, 38, 53, 84, 525
Selection: The Eve of St. Agnes, 13
Kipling, Rudyard, 323, 600
biographical data, 323; as writer of short stories, 323. Selection: The Man Who Was, 313
Knickerbocker History, The, from, 451
Knight, Sarah Kemble, 421
Kreymborg, Alfred, 589
Ladder of St. Augustine, The, 509
Lanier, Sidney, 480, 551, 563-564, 567, 585
biographical data, 563-564; as a Nature poet, 564; as writer of verse narrative, 564. Selections: My Springs, 564; The Waving of the

Corn, 565; Evening Song, 565; The Marshes of Glynn, 565
LAST LEAF, THE, 516
LEWIS, O. F., 601
LEWIS, SINCLAIR, 601-602, 613
LIFE OF WASHINGTON, FROM, 458
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM, 412, 479, 547-548, 550
biographical data, 547-548. Selection: Address in Independence Hall, 549
LINDSAY, VACHEL, 591
LIVING TEMPLE, THE, 517
LONDON, JACK, 584
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, 412, 414, 480, 503, 504-506, 512-513, 545, 569, 579
biographical data, 504-506; his lyrics, 505; his narrative poetry, 505; his use of the Indian in his works, 505. Selections: Hymn to the Night, 506; The Warden of the Cinque Ports, 507; Endymion, 507; Nature, 508; My Lost Youth, 508; The Ladder of St. Augustine, 509; Mezzo Cammin, 510; The Arsenal at Springfield, 510; Victor and Vanquished, 511; Children, 511; Hawthorne, 511; The Reaper and the Flowers, 512
LONG, TOO LONG, AMERICA, 577
LOWELL, AMY, 591
Selections: A Winter Ride, 596; A Japanese Wood-Carving, 596
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, 409, 412, 478, 512-513, 515, 524-526, 551, 587
biographical data, 524-526; his use of dialect, 525; as writer of prose, 525; as writer of verse satire, 525. Selections: What Mr. Robinson Thinks, 526; The Courtin', 527; From A Fable for Critics, 529; From A Good Word for Winter, 534
MADISON, JAMES, 426
MAN WHO WAS, THE, 313
MARSHES OF GLYNN, THE, 565
MASTER, THE, 597
MASTERS, EDGAR LEE, 9, 590
Selections: Fiddler Jones, 594; Hare Drummer, 594
MATHER, COTTON, 421, 423, 524
MATHER, INCREASE, 421
MATHER, RICHARD, 421
MAY DAY, 598
MEZZO CAMMIN, 510
MILLER, JOAQUIN, 585-586, 587
MOCKING-BIRDS, THE, 571
MONROE, HARRIET, 589
MOODY, WILLIAM VAUGHN, 587
MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER, 612
Selection: Our Mothers, 608
MORRIS, WILLIAM, 6, 11, 52, 84, 411
biographical data, 52. Selection: Atalanta's Race, 40
MOST MEN KNOW LOVE, 571
MOTLEY, JOHN LOTHROP, 539
MY AUNT, 515
MY LOST YOUTH, 508
MY SPRINGS, 564
NATURE, 508
NEW ENGLAND PRIMER, 420
NOISELESS, PATIENT SPIDER, A, 578
NORRIS, FRANK, 584
NOT THE PILOT, 578
NOYES, ALFRED, 9, 11, 80
Selection: The Tramp Transfigured, 73
OLD MAN DREAMS, THE, 516
O'NEILL, EUGENE, 613
OREGON TRAIL, THE, FROM, 540
OUR MOTHERS, 608
PAGE, THOMAS NELSON, 582
PAINE, THOMAS, 425, 426
PARKMAN, FRANCIS, 539-540
Selection: From The Oregon Trail, 540
PAST, THE, 485
PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD, 470
PHILLIPS, WENDELL, 479, 546
POE, EDGAR ALLAN, 73, 263, 277, 291, 308, 412, 429, 480, 495, 551-553, 562, 567, 580
biographical data, 277, 551-553; as creator of modern short story, 552-553; his use of words, 277, 291; as writer of criticism, 552; as writer of verse, 553. Selections: The Fall of the House of Usher, 265; The Purloined Letter, 278; To Helen, 553; Annabel Lee, 554; The Sleeper, 554; To One in Paradise, 555; Ulalume, 555; Israfel, 556; The City in the Sea, 557; The Coliseum, 557; Eldorado, 558; Shadow—a Parable, 558; The Prose Tale, 560
PRAYER OF COLUMBUS, 578
PRESCOTT, WILLIAM H., 538-539
PRISONER OF CHILLON, THE, 20
PROEM, 499
PROSE TALE, THE, 560
PURLOINED LETTER, THE, 278
QUENTIN DURWARD (Chaps. II, XIV, XXVII), 86
REAPER AND THE FLOWERS, THE, 512
RED-HEADED LEAGUE, THE, 292
RIIS, JACOB, 602
RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB, 586
ROMANCE (Strunsky), 609
ROMANCE (Untermeyer), 598
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, 602
Selection: Some African Gun-Bearers, 605
ROWLANDSON, MARY, 421
RYAN, ABRAM JOSEPH, 568, 569
Selection: The Conquered Banner, 573
SACRED OBLIGATIONS, 548
SANDBURG, CARL, 588, 589
Selections: Chicago, 591; The Harbor, 592
SANDYS, GEORGE, 414
SCOTT, SIR WALTER, 9, 10, 83, 84, 85, 117, 118, 119, 137, 411, 449, 450, 467
biographical data, 85; characteristics of his novels, 119; contrasted with Hawthorne, 84, 117; materials of his romances, 117; as an

objective writer, 118; as a romanticist, 84; his style, 117; as writer of romances, 85. Selection: Quentin Durward (Chaps. II, XIV, XXVII, and Plan for Library Work), 86
Sewall, Samuel, 420-421
Shadow—A Parable, 558
Shakespeare, William, 6, 83, 351-364, 408, 411, 416, 418, 470, 513, 576
biographical data, 351, 354, 357, 362, 363; characteristics of his comedies, 355-357; his dramatic verse, 358-359; as a dramatist, 357-358; his greatness, 362; kinds of drama written by him, 357; purpose in writing his plays, 358; variety in his characters, 361. Selection: As You Like It, 365
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 3, 4, 5
Silas Marner, 139
Sill, Edward Rowland, 586
Simms, William Gilmore, 568
Selection: The Swamp Fox, 569
Skipper Ireson's Ride, 502
Sleeper, The, 554
Smith, Captain John, 414-416
Snaring a Boa Constrictor, 603
Sohrab and Rustum, 53
Some African Gun-Bearers, 605
Songs and the Poet, 598
Sonnet on Chillon, 20
Steam Shovel, The, 593
Steele, Wilbur Daniel, 601
Strachey, William, 414, 416
Strunsky, Simeon, 612
Selection: Romance, 609
Swamp Fox, The, 569
Tabb, John Bannister, 587
Tam o' Shanter, 69
Tarkington, Booth, 602, 613
Teasdale, Sara, 591
Selection: May Day, 598
Telling the Bees, 500
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 11, 38, 52, 579
biographical data, 38. Selections: Enoch Arden, 25; Ulysses, 38
Thick-Sprinkled Bunting, 577
Third Ingredient, The, 340
Thoreau, Henry David, 481, 489-490, 494, 513
biographical data, 489-490; as interpreter of the pioneer instinct, 490; as lover of Nature, 489. Selections: From Walden: Choosing a Farm, 490; Reading, 492; Solitude, 493
Three Strangers, The, 324
Timrod, Henry, 568-569
biographical data; 568-569. Selections: At Magnolia Cemetery, 570; I Know Not Why, 571; Most Men Know Love but as a Part of Life, 571
To a Katydid, 446
To Helen, 553
To One in Paradise, 555
To the Memory of the Brave Americans, 444
Tramp Transfigured, The, 73
Trumbull, John, 427
Tupper, Tristam, 601
Twain, Mark, 581-582
Ulalume, 555
Ulysses, 38
Untermeyer, Louis, 589
Selections: Songs and the Poet, 598; Romance, 598; A Winter Lyric, 598
Value of the Union, The, 442
Victor and Vanquished, 511
Warden of the Cinque Ports, The, 507
Washington, George, 412, 426, 447, 467, 546
Selection: From Farewell to the Army, 441
Waving of the Corn, The, 565
Webster, Daniel, 412, 448, 479, 504, 546-547, 550, 569, 580
Selection: Sacred Obligations, 548
Wharton, Edith, 601
What Mr. Robinson Thinks, 526
Where but in America, 614
Whitman, Walt, 503, 575-576, 580, 585, 587, 589, 600
biographical data: 575-576; lack of rime, stanza, and meter in his poetry, 575-576; as writer of "poetry of democracy," 575. Selections: For You, O Democracy, 576; Beat! Beat! Drums! 576; Thick-Sprinkled Bunting, 577; Long, Too Long, America, 577; As Toilsome I Wandered Virginia's Woods, 577; Not the Pilot, 578; Joy, Shipmate, Joy! 578; A Noiseless, Patient Spider, 578; Prayer of Columbus, 578
Whittier, John Greenleaf, 412, 480, 498-499, 503, 513, 551, 569
biographical data, 498-499; characteristics of his verse, 498-499; as writer of ballads, 499; as writer of Nature poems, 499; as writer of religious lyrics, 499. Selections: Proem, 499; Dedication to Songs of Labor, 500; Telling the Bees, 500; In School-Days, 501; Skipper Ireson's Ride, 502; Ichabod, 503
Widdemer, Margaret, 588
Selection: In an Office Building, 592
Wigglesworth, Michael, 419
Wild Honeysuckle, The, 446
Winter Lyric, A, 598
Winter Ride, A, 596
Winthrop, John, 419
Wister, Owen, 585
Wolff, Oscar M.
Selection: Where But in America, 614
Woodnotes I, 486
Wood-Pile, The, 596
Woodworth, Samuel, 470
Yezierska, Anzia, 601

Ever remember June 15, 1925 Bot. pg